

THE



SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

Chamberlain's "Great Expectations"

BY DENIS GWYNN

The Holy Oak

BY ENID DINNIS

Fidelis Goes South

BY E. FRANCIS McDEVITT

The Holy Shroud

BY PETER M. RINALDI

Is Evolution True?

BY ARNOLD LUNN

The Colored Harvest

BY JOHN T. GILLARD

Whither Civilization?

BY P. W. BROWNE

Religion and Humanity

BY JAMES H. MOYNIHAN

The Soviet War On Women

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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A LEAGUE OF DECENCY

AMERICAN Catholics, as a body, have taken a long time in waking up to the dangers and evil influences of the moving pictures as at present produced. To our shame it must be admitted that, in the past, we have remained in the background in most movements against indecent films. Just where the blame should be placed it is hard to say. Still there is no denying that "Catholics have been slow in coming to the conclusion that there was no hope for improving the movies by the Hays method of 'self-reform.'" Certain well-known organizations of Catholic women, in particular, can be accused of favoring a policy of coöperation with the Hays office and its methods. Week after week, not a few of our diocesan newspapers have been cluttered with columns of syndicated reviews of current or forthcoming productions, sent out by these women's organizations, which smacked suspiciously of commercialism and Hollywood publicity methods. Quite some time ago THE SIGN called attention to this fact.

EVEN though we American Catholics were inarticulate and dormant, the Holy See was fully cognizant of and genuinely alarmed at existing conditions. His Excellency, Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, the Apostolic Delegate, in one of his first public appearances shortly after arriving in the country, at the Catholic Charities Conference a year ago, warned us in no uncertain terms of the dangers and baneful influences of the movies. Time went on and his seemed to be the still small voice crying in the wilderness. However, at last there appeared evident signs of vigorous and imperative Catholic action in the perennial problem of the movies.

FIRST came the forthright and complete condemnation of the movies by the Bishop of Los Angeles, the Most Reverend John J. Cantwell, in whose diocese Hollywood is situated. His stirring address at the Bishops' Annual Meeting is by far the most devastating and thorough denunciation of the movies by a Catholic that has yet appeared. His words are a challenge to every priest and layman: "Certain it is that some action of heroic proportions must be taken if we are to save the youth of America from a pollution and debauchery the like of which America has never known heretofore. In vain do we struggle to rear great educational institutions, if the invidious character of the cinema is permitted to prostitute the character of our adolescent youth. So great is the power of the motion picture to impress the youth of the land that one hour spent in the darkness of a cinema palace, intent on the unfolding of a wrong kind of story, can and frequently does nullify years of careful training on the part of the church, the school, the home. So great is the problem suggested by the wrong kind of talking picture that drastic efforts must be launched at once if we are to stave off national disaster."

THE Bishop's address, from which the above is an excerpt, was the bombshell that was needed to shake us out of our lethargy. From every section of the land there are reports of action being taken by bishops and priests and lay organizations to dry up the vile stream of obscenity and suggestiveness in picture and in dialogue which pours forth from the world's motion picture capital at Hollywood. Many pastoral letters during Lent had the movie problem as the burden of their message. The Na-

tional Council of Catholic Women has prepared a program of study and action. Lesser organizations throughout the country have been stirred to action, so that it is finally evident that the words of the Apostolic Delegate have been heeded and are to be acted upon in an uncompromising and vigorous manner. Perhaps the most important work has been the foundation, by Archbishop McNicholas, of a League for Decency. Catholics who join the League will acknowledge an obligation in conscience not to attend those pictures which are harmful to morals. Several large dioceses have already formed branches of this League, and it is hoped that soon it will be a nationwide organization.

THE Hollywood producers, who are solely responsible for the immorality, the indecency and the featuring of sex so prevalent in current productions, still do not realize the hornets' nest that is about their ears. Still they retort that it is up to the audience; that the public wants dirt; that sexy stories and pictures fatten the box-office returns. This is good business procedure, because just so long as stupid and rotten pictures earn big money the studios and producers have a case against us. However, it is not good ethics. Even granting that there are moronic portions of the populace who want dirt that is no reason why the producers should give it to them. The producers should tell them that they ought not to want it and that they are not going to give it to them if they do. Theirs is a strict obligation of conscience in this regard. Instead of being promoters of the public good these producers have proved themselves public enemies.

MEANWHILE, Catholics, in those places where the League for Decency exists, should hasten to enroll themselves on its roster and pledge support of its platform. Elsewhere, Catholics should boycott objectionable performances. If we have numbers and organization and activity we shall certainly obtain desired results. Censorship has failed; individual protest is in vain; scolding is useless; the day for begging and appealing to reason is over. It is by concerted action alone that we can hope to gain our point. As Bishop Cassidy of Fall River well said: "If these doors of degradation (the doors of the moving picture theaters) are to be shut, then hear ye well and heed! They must be shut from the outside; they will never be locked from the inside while the nickels and dimes and quarters and halves continue to roll in from the outside. Don't depend on the 'Hays Morality Code.' It is as dead as the morality of the movie. . . . Don't depend on the aroused conscience of the producer—you cannot expect men who have within themselves no appreciation of decency or cleanliness to show decency or wholesomeness in what they produce for others."

IF the League for Decency can bring together an effective body of picture patrons from all parts of the country to demand better films both for children and adults, it will deserve the support not only of us Catholics but of the film producers themselves. Active organization of public demand cannot remain long unheeded or ineffectual.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

RECENTLY, Pope Pius XI received in audience eighty newspaper correspondents, members of the Foreign Press Association in Rome, a power representing some five thousand

Pope Pius XI Interviews the Roman Correspondents

newspapers in all parts of the world. In the assemblage nearly every section of the world's Press was represented, two notable exceptions being Soviet Russia and *L'Action Francaise* of France. This audience was said to be the first occasion in history of an invitation from a Pope to the members of the Press.

His Holiness referred to the newspapers of our day as a "living force." He thanked the men for their reports of the Holy Year. The success of the Nineteenth Century of the Passion and Death of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, was, in great part, due "to the resonance it has had throughout the world" and "to you and what you wrote about it." The Pope spoke about fifteen minutes and what he said was much more than an appreciation of the services rendered by the Press to the Holy See. "Your mission and function is to inform the world of events that take place; you are the mouthpiece, or rather, you are the loud-speaker of events. You are loud-speakers, but thinking loud-speakers, each interpreting and reflecting the truth as he personally sees it, and this is as it should be."

"Gentlemen and dear sons, it gives us great joy and satisfaction to see you here. We desire to see you personally in order to thank you personally. In the beautiful words of St. Ambrose, 'there is no duty more urgent than the duty of giving thanks.' So we thank you, without ceasing and with all our heart. You tell the rest of the world what happens here. You have told the world of the Holy Year which ended at Easter Day, the Holy Year in Rome, but which we have wished now to extend to all the world for another year. We should like to give you something, but as St. Peter, our predecessor, has said, 'we can only give you such things as we have.' But our benediction we give you with all our heart. We wish you well, we wish well to your work in the pursuit of truth and in the promotion of the general union of humanity. That is the mission of the Press, to bring the world closer together."

News stories of the interview explained that while not all of the correspondents were Catholics, all knelt down to receive the Papal Blessing. "Such an occasion," remarks the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "is news. Newspapermen do not expect and rarely receive such corporate praise from exalted spiritual places. The Press, it may be said, is not always careful of the good it does, because the incessant duty of telling the world often leaves no time for formal recognition. The better part of the Pope's address, as a newspaperman sees it, is his intelligent insight into the usefulness of the Press in the unity, peace and prosperity of the world."

A few days later in New York City the exalted mission of the Press was pointed out by Cordell Hull, Secretary of State,

in an address to the members of the Associated Press: "I personally feel that most phases of human affairs have been on the decline. This deplorable trend challenges the attention of parents, churches, schools, newspapers, and governments. Our own country urgently needs a moral and spiritual awakening. I sometimes wonder whether the trumpet call of the ancient prophets will not be necessary to revive and restore moral and spiritual ideals. Any permanent governmental structure erected by a free people must rest upon solid moral and spiritual foundations. Sound liberal doctrines, humanitarianism, social justice and social welfare can live and thrive only in a moral and spiritual atmosphere."

Reportorially speaking, if religion, in sermons, addresses and activities, is made attractive and readable, there is everything about it to make good news. No great religious movement, such as the Holy Year celebration, can be uninteresting to the normal human being, and there are "millions of him, as every editor knows and as the Pope implied in his discriminating gratitude." Remarks anent the power of the Press are apt to be trite, but because of its tremendous powers the Press should have a conscience. Quite apart from the reportorial viewpoint, it has a strict obligation of publishing news "that is fit to print" and fit to be read. News about great moral issues, coming from churchmen, should be printed. Religious news should be of prime importance. To quote the *Transcript* again, "if it (religious news) falls low in the scale of values at an editor's desk, the fault lies not with the materials of religion but in the manner in which it is given for publication. Telling the world about religion is a major newspaper function, as Pope Pius XI understands."

This bracketing of the Press along with the home, the church, the school and the government, as a powerful factor in the moral and spiritual uplift of the nation should serve as a much-needed rebuke and a beneficial lesson to the editors of the scores of cheap tabloids boasting of enormous circulations. It is such men as these editors who, with their thirst for publicity and their adoption of sensational methods, are responsible for so much of the wildness, Godlessness and disrespect for authority bemoaned in the youth of the present day.



WITH only three dissenting votes, those of Senators Ashurst, McCarran and Stephens, the Senate Judiciary Committee gave its approval of the revised so-called "Birth Control" bill. Senator Hastings urged the amendment of Sections 211, 245, and 312 of the criminal code to permit the dissemination by recognized

Legalizing Pagan Principles and Degenerate Practices

medical authorities of contraceptive information, medicines and articles. Under the proposed amendment to the bill the prohibitory clauses of the law do not apply to "any book, in-

formation, article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine or thing," adapted or intended for the prevention of conception, for use by any legally licensed physician, or by his direction or prescription, by any legally registered pharmacist in any State, Territory or the District of Columbia.

It begins to look as if Mrs. Sanger and her followers will be successful finally. Although the contraceptives can be distributed only by a physician or by a doctor's prescription, nevertheless, to all practical purposes, this is tantamount to universal and unhampered distribution of contraceptives. It is only a brief step to complete victory. Now we are to be treated to the spectacle of seeing a practice which is intrinsically evil, disgustingly unnatural and entirely immoral made legal. This doesn't mean, however, that the Church has lost. It does mean that the Church will launch even a more vigorous and active campaign against such pagan principles and degenerate practices.



THE April 25 issue of *The Christian Century*, well-known interdenominational weekly, contains an unusual and astonishing editorial entitled "Protestantism at the End of An Era."

Protestantism at the End of An Era

A better and more significant title would have been "The Breakup of Protestantism," for that is what in reality the editorial describes. Examining the Protestant churches in the light of present day cultural reconstruction and economic revolution, the editorial relates a pathetic but inevitable story. First of all, it points out the appalling numerical falling off of Protestant church-goers and their rapidly increasing disgust with the sham and caricature Christianity presented by Protestant churchmen. In such times as those through which we are now passing, any Christian church, unless it belies its name, should be a strong bulwark of confidence and hope. "Instead, Protestant Christianity appears to be in a mood of desperation. It is not that the fundamental conviction of the importance of organized religion is impaired, but there exists a half-smothered, half-articulate sense of frustration, as if men felt the mechanism of organized religion had been thrown out of gear with reality."

Everywhere this is apparent. It is so in the rural districts as well as in larger communities and centers of population. Especially is this trivial regard and lack of respect for religion to be found among the younger generation, who are so quick to perceive and discover make-believe and insincerity. One of the most surprising comments in the editorial concerns the silly antics and high-pressure religiosity of so many Protestant ministers and preachers. "Driven to desperate extremes to maintain its existence, such a church naturally takes up with all manner of devices to attract popular interest—pulpit stunts, popular games and entertainment and the various features characteristic of a social club. It also becomes an easy customer for money-making schemes, such as the Goodwin plan, which come to it with the offer of easy methods for supplementing a treasury whose depletion is due to the casual and trivial nature of church membership itself. These are superficial symptoms of a process of decadence. . . ."

But the real knockout punch that staggers Protestantism is " . . . the discovery of the fact that the capitalistic system and the capitalistic culture which are now passing away derived their moral and spiritual nourishment from the Protestant churches. . . . Protestantism and capitalism are twins—they were born in the same period of history—and they have lived in a relation of reciprocal support ever since."

Other minor but none the less vital elements in the breakup of Protestantism are traced in this lengthy editorial. It is an alarming picture that the writer portrays. What is to be the remedy? Where is it to be found? In what or in whom?

Queerly enough, in the opinion of *The Christian Century*, although it doesn't say so in so many words, the remedy is a return to Catholic principles and teachings. "Taking, then, our modern Protestant church back to the first and second centuries and standing it alongside the Christian church then existing, what generic and characteristic differences appear as between the two? There are innumerable differences of an incidental sort, arising from dissimilar social customs, folkways, forms of worship, polity, mode of baptism, and of course differences due to the growth of knowledge through the centuries. If there are those yet among us whose intelligence allows them to fasten upon any of these marginal features of the early church as essential characteristics, so be it; others must look farther and deeper. They must also stand far enough away from the two churches to see them both in relation to their respective environments. And when they do so, there are four striking and fundamental characteristics of the early church which immediately stand out above all others.

"One is the fact that the early church was an autonomous society.

"Another is the fact that the early church was an ascetic society.

"A third is the fact that the early church was one church.

"And the fourth is the fact that the early church was conditioned and inspired by a great social hope."

To anyone who cares to investigate, it must become clear that these four properties always were and are today, in increasing vigor, properties of the Roman Catholic Church. All down through the centuries the Catholic Church has remained an autonomous society, preserved and taught asceticism, retained its unity and been always a prime social factor for the betterment of humanity.

Are all the animadversions contained in the editorial a disintegration, fascinated and obsessed with a "psyching" of itself or are they a final, frantic shout of warning to a rapidly losing cause? Who knows? Anyhow, they are, every single word, true. Protestantism is really suffering a moral and spiritual bankruptcy. It is reaping the whirlwind sown by Luther and Calvin, " . . . Luther by withdrawing the church's sovereignty into the narrow zone of church doctrine and polity, and Calvin by investing the patriotic and capitalistic virtues with the authority of the divine will."



IT all started a few months ago when the magazine *Fortune* published an amazing and informative article entitled: "Arms and the Men." Since then there has been much war talk and anti-war talk. The newspapers

An Adequate Defense Will Guarantee Peace

have been filled with it. Half a dozen popular books have been written in condemnation of the arms manufacturers.

The Senate has appointed a Commission, headed by Senator Nye, to investigate the Munitions Trust. Student bodies in several universities have held meetings to protest against war. Meanwhile, above all this anti-war agitation there arises the echo of war. The French are modernizing and improving their air force. The British are taking steps to make theirs second to none. Germany is in a mood of frenzy as its leaders preach an exaggerated nationalism. Austria, as always, is uneasy and torn between two fires. Italy is on the alert. Russia and Japan are once more at swords' points. Our newsreels show pictures from foreign lands wherein we see all manner of warlike preparations and precautions. Meanwhile the armament manufacturers, those merchants of death, continue their unceasing international traffic in arms, iron and blood. It is difficult to believe that such nefarious practices exist among respected and cultured businessmen. The Commission appointed by the League of Nations reports that the

leading munition manufacturers of the world have been and are active in fomenting war scares, in attempting to bribe government officials, in seeking to influence public opinion, all for the sake of causing wars which in turn will boost their profits. Certainly something should be done about this. It is a sin which cries to heaven for vengeance.

At the same time it must not be forgotten that there is such a thing as a just war. Disarmament would be a boon to the entire world, but disarmament will never be effective without the emergence of an entirely new civilization. Such a thing is hardly to be hoped for in this generation or even in the next. As long as nationalism, economic rivalry, competitive capitalism and race hatred exist there is bound to be, if not war, a great deal of bad temper, ill-feeling and trouble. These deep-rooted human qualities and propensities must be first destroyed. If disarmament should come about, our defenselessness would serve as an invitation to other nations to attack us. Men and nations may possibly be convinced of the futility of war but they will still go to war. As long as we have an adequate military and naval force and manage to keep out of foreign quarrels, we need not become alarmed over war and rumors of war or the negotiations of diplomats or the urgings of professional war-baiters among the munitions racketeers.

Much of the present day anti-war sentiment, especially that which is found among college and university students, can be traced to Soviet Russia. This State, like a two-headed Janus, preaches disarmament, peace and the futility of war with one mouth, while with the other it calls upon every trade union in the U.S.S.R. to unite in supplying, before August of this year, 300,000 crack shots for a force of picked riflemen to be known as "Voroshiloff's sharpshooters." America is a peace-loving nation. That is as it should be. However, we must not be fools.

Wars cost money. Without credit, which is necessary for every war, any trouble is bound to be short-lived. Judging from all indications it can be said with confidence that the United States will not finance another war until the last one is paid for. Meanwhile, the Government should thoroughly investigate the activities of the munitions manufacturers and endeavor to put a stop to their inhuman schemings. At all times, both the Government and the people should be chary of any disarmament proposals or anti-war talk. An adequate defense is our best guarantee of peace.



WITH the disgusting spectacle of a Dillinger running riot and spreading death and terror throughout the expanse of half a dozen States, the New York State Legislature has

Pity and Help the Poor Criminal!

sent to Governor Lehman, for signing, a bill known as the Quinn-Robinson Parole Bill. This dangerous and silly bit of legislation, which has been rightly dubbed "the Jail Delivery bill," would give to the Parole Board, working in secret, almost unlimited powers in reducing the sentences imposed by courts after fair, public trials.

It is simply one more maddening and glaring instance of the unwarranted tampering with the courts which is so prevalent in the nation today. This will make it twice as easy for politically powerful and influential gangsters and crooks to obtain the release of their accomplices and friends after a short space in a State Prison. The Quinn-Robinson bill gives the Parole Board of three members, all appointed and thus not accountable to the voters, power to parole first offenders after serving two years, second offenders after serving half their terms and third offenders after serving two-thirds of their terms. It is, moreover, retroactive.

However, there is a growing group of opponents who will not have the bill signed by the Governor without reasonable and vigorous protest. Foremost among these protestants are

seven eminent judges. District Attorney Goeghan says that the passage of the bill would turn the courts into "rubber stamps." Judge Freschi says that a man convicted for robbery in the first degree who is sentenced to fifteen years "can walk out the door and thumb his nose in my face and laugh. He will then be the most perfect prisoner for two years in order to get a parole."

When a crime is committed and, as so often happens nowadays, the criminal escapes, the newspapers raise a tremendous hue and cry against the ineffectiveness of the police. However, if and when the culprit is apprehended, the sob-sisters of the tabloids make a hero out of him. Thus does sentimentality play its part. To the moronic the story becomes one of romantic adventure justified by a grievance or by circumstances or by environment. Later on, politically managed courts throw out the case. This seems to be developing into a good old American custom. By the terms of the Quinn-Robinson bill, even if a criminal should be so unlucky as to be convicted, he still need not be unduly worried. If he is a first offender, as many of our well-known criminals happen to be, even though they have a long list of crimes to their credit, he can rest up for two years and then start out again on his career of crime. It would be interesting to know just how many of Dillinger's pals, who are at present terrorizing the country, are out on parole. There has never been anything gained by the coddling of criminals, and maudlin sentimentality in dealing with such types of humanity cannot but work for the detriment of society.



TO His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston and Dean of the American Hierarchy, on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. †To

Toasts Within the Month

Robert A. Weppner, instructor in architecture at the Catholic University, on winning the coveted Prix de Rome. †To Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., on his series of broadcasts over the Catholic Hour. †To John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on his contributing \$10,000 to the Catholic Charities Drive of New York City. †To the Oratorian Fathers of Brompton Oratory, London, England, on the golden jubilee of that famous church. †To Very Rev. John J. Burke of the Catholic Welfare Conference, on his speedy action in obtaining a complete retraction of the insulting and bigoted editorial "Roman Holiday" appearing in the *Harvard Journal*, Harvard University. †To Pietro Yon, organist of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, on his oratorio "The Triumph of St. Patrick," which had its world première recently. †To Most Rev. Maurice Francis McAuliffe, D.D., on his being named Bishop of Hartford. †To the group of fifty Japanese of Seattle, on their receiving the Sacrament of Confirmation. †To the Society of the Divine Word to whose unremitting zeal and generous self-sacrifice the Church in America owes the founding of St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss., dedicated to the education and training of Negro students for the priesthood, on the ordination of its first graduates. The seminary was originally established at Greenville, Miss., on Nov. 8, 1920. In 1922 it was transferred to its present location. †To the graduates themselves, the four new Negro priests, Rev. Fathers Anthony C. Bourges, Maurice L. Rousseve, Vincent A. Smith and Francis Guy Wade. The ordaining prelate was the Bishop of Natchez. †To Father Wade is due a special toast since, immediately before entering the seminary, he was a valued employe of THE SIGN. To him and his companions go forth our best wishes for a long and holy ministry. May their ordination give a new and intensive development to the Negro Apostolate, and justify the expectations of those who are striving to provide colored priests for colored people.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

PEPYS RHYMES WITH—?

A FEW lines of verse sent into the Notes and Queries Department of the "Boston Evening Transcript," reveal several ways of pronouncing a much controverted name. The author is Maurice Martin:

He often smiles and seldom weeps
And always entertains us—Pepys.

We like him for idle quips,
That ancient gossip, Samuel Pepys.

Although sometimes he oversteps,
Perhaps, the proper bounds, old Pepys.

Tarnished a bit they say his "rep" is,
But all his writing full of Pepys.

By lamplight, warm and growing sleepy, is
The time to revel in your Pepys.

It does not matter how you score him;
Smith, Sinjun, Chumley—I am for him.

CHILD'S GUIDE TO LOVE IN THE TALKIES

BEVERLY NICHOLS, well-known humorist, describes the reactions of an ordinary child to a love scene à la Hollywood. It is sad to reflect how common must be incidents like this one. From "The Sketch," London:

The scene is any big cinema, during the performance of any big love-"talkie." The child, having been promised Mickey Mouse, is feeling somewhat restive by the minor allure of an actress who is fluttering her titanic eyelashes across the screen. Also, he does not understand what it is all about, as the following dialogue suggests.

- Q. Why is the lady making those funny faces, Mummy?
A. Ssh!
Q. But, Mummy . . .
A. Do not rattle your bull's eyes in the bottle. Hold them still.
Q. There she is again, Mummy. Why . . .
A. She is waiting for the man she loves.
Q. Do women always make funny faces when they are waiting for the men they love, Mummy?
A. They are *not* funny faces.
Q. If I made faces like that at school . . .
A. Be quiet!
Q. And why is she squirting scent on the cushions?
A. I really don't know.
Q. And on herself, too? Does the lady smell peculiar, Mummy?
A. Do not be disgusting.
Q. Then why is she squirting scent all over herself?
A. She wants to attract the man she is waiting for.
Q. Will he be attracted by all that scent?
A. Yes . . . yes!
Q. How do you know?
A. I don't know.
Q. How do you know she isn't doing it because she smel—
A. I forbid you to ask such revolting questions. Listen to the story.

(The lover now enters. She flies to his arms. She cries: "You are so str-r-rong, so str-r-rong, and I so weak, so ver-r-ry we-e-eak! That is why I lo-o-ove you, and that is why you lo-o-ove me!")

- Q. Why does the lady love the gentleman because he is so str-r-rong, Mummy?
A. I really don't know.
Q. Is he going to lift her over something?
A. Do not be ridiculous.
Q. And why does the gentleman love the lady because she is so we-e-eak?
A. He wishes to protect her.
Q. Is someone going to hit her?
A. No. He wants to protect her from the world.
Q. What is the world going to do to the lady?
A. It has treated her very cruelly.
Q. Then how did she get all those diamonds?
A. I did not mean money.
Q. Then what did you mean?
A. The world has misunderstood her.
Q. And is that why she is so weak?
A. Oh—yes, yes.
Q. Well, if she is so weak, why is she biting the gentleman on the ear?
A. Ssh!
Q. And if he is so strong, why doesn't he stop her?
A. They are in love with each other.
Q. Is that why she is biting the gentleman on the —
A. Yes!
Q. Does he like being bit—
A. I don't know.
Q. Do you bite Daddy on the ear, Mummy?
A. Certainly not!
Q. Then aren't you in love with him?
A. It is quite a different thing.
Q. Supposing you went up to Daddy and bit him on—
A. Be quiet!

(The passionate intensity of the scene deepens. Suddenly there is a lull, and the Man, with the whites of his eyes gleaming in a highly significant manner, whispers a Suggestion in the Woman's ear. She instantly leaps to her feet, registering Horrified Astonishment. And she cries the words which every nice woman in the audience has been waiting for: NOT THAT! NOT THAT!)"

- Q. *(In tones of bell-like innocence.)* Not what, Mummy?
A. Ssh!
Q. But, Mummy, not what?
A. Be quiet, and listen to the play.
Q. I am listening to the play. And all the lady does is to keep on saying "Not that."
A. Yes, yes.
Q. Not what, Mummy?
A. *(Desperately.)* She does not want him to go too far.
Q. Where does she want him to go to, then?
A. I mean, she does not want him to make love to her too much.
Q. Then why does she keep on biting him on the ear?
A. I do not know.
Q. How much does she want him to make love to her, Mummy?
A. Listen!

(The heroine's voice croons out, like an intoxicated saxophone: "Can't we be . . . just . . . fr-r-riends?")

- Q. Isn't the lady friendly with the gentleman already, Mummy?
A. It seems not.
Q. Then why does he let her bite him on the—
A. Oh, do be quiet!
Q. I'd have to be jolly friendly with Harry Smith before I let him bite my ears.

- A. I hope you will never do anything so vulgar.
 Q. Is the lady being vulgar, Mummy?
 A. No. She is just in love.
 Q. Can't one be vulgar when one's in love?
 A. Love alters everything.
 Q. Then, if the lady is in love, why does she keep on saying "Not that?"
 A. She is married to another man.
 Q. Does she say "Not that" to her husband?
 A. Oh . . . oh . . . you are insufferable!
 Q. There she is again. Not *what*, Mummy?
 A. Why can't you listen?
 Q. I am. But, Mummy, not *what*?
 A. I shall have to take you out.
 Q. Not *what*?

(Icy voice from behind: "Some people have funny ideas! Bringing little boys to see films of this sort. Modern education, I suppose!")

(They stumble out of the darkened theatre. In the distance the child's voice can be heard querulously asking, "Not what? . . . Not what? . . . Not what?" And meanwhile the heroine is continuing to repeat "Not that! . . . Not that! . . . Not that!" But, somehow, she does not sound determined as she sounded a moment ago. So perhaps it is just as well that they went.)

PATIENTS ARE ENTITLED TO PRIVACY

THIS incident, reported in the "New Yorker," reveals something new in the way of hospital etiquette and discipline. Alas for us poor human beings—our hospitals offer no such privacy:

A woman physician has told us of her quaint experience at one of our favorite places, the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for animals. It appears that she decided one day she must have a cat, her last cat having walked out on her to share its joys and sorrows with another cat somewhere. So she went down to the hospital, where a trim woman attendant listened to her story and told her that they had but one cat, a dolorous male, to sell. At the moment it couldn't be seen, but would she wait? She waited, and the varying scene of the place—white-jacketed attendants, bandaged terriers, etc.—so interested her that she wanted to have a look behind the scenes, just as, in many a hospital for people, she had watched operations. She went up to the woman attendant and explained that she was a doctor and would appreciate the extension of the usual professional courtesy: a chance to stand by at a temperature-taking, or a paw operation, or whatever was going on. The attendant was surprised and firm. This was impossible, it couldn't be done. Utterly taken aback, our fair physician exclaimed, "Why, there isn't a hospital in the world that wouldn't admit me!" The attendant gave her a faint, patient smile. "We feel that our patients are entitled to their privacy," she said, and that ended that.

PRESERVING GOD'S HANDIWORK

IN a letter to the Editor of the "New York Times," Rockwell Kent, noted artist, makes an eloquent and stirring appeal for the preservation of the beauties of nature:

The artists of every generation are merely those who manage to express not primarily their own unique and different thought, but the thought and emotion of the people of their generation or of people everywhere and always. Their interests as expressed in what they do, in what they paint or write about reveal the common interest. The artist is a spokesman for mankind. It is as such a spokesman that I write now to defend the preservation for us all of mountains: the keeping of what's left of them, here in the East, inviolate.

Mount Whiteface dominates the Adirondack mountain

region. It stands alone, commanding thousands of square miles. Serene and beautiful, unscarred, unbuilt upon, it is the focal point some part of every day or night for every human eye in view of it. Somehow it does command—not by its height alone or by the grandeur of its form, but by that portion of the unchanged wilderness that it holds up for us to see and contemplate; a symbol of immutability. People partake of its significance and are enriched by it, not consciously, perhaps, but not less for not knowing it.

All that which has so moved us in the past and can so move mankind forever is threatened now. Fools want to stick a lighthouse on the top of it—to glorify our boys! God's mountain isn't high enough; we'll make it higher. We'll put a light there to outshine the stars. Just so might a flea perched on the pinnacle of a man's bald head cry out that he was taller than man, or a mosquito in a man's ear boast that he outroared Niagara.

To put a dead thing on a living mountain—to kill a mountain to commemorate death! Is that the noblest monument to such a cause? Why not in memory of our dead preserve one living thing intact to live forever? If Whiteface had a lighthouse on it, six hotels and hot-dog stands all over it—there'd be a chance to make a monument. Condemn the lot; buy them and tear them down. Restore that mountain top, give back to it its own time-honored form. And somewhere, hidden in the forest at its base, erect a tablet. Thus:

"In memory of those who gave their lives in futile warfare we now restore this mountain to endure as God intended it; that men may come here, see God's work and worship Him. If men loved mountains more they'd kill each other less."

Of mountains and a kindred element, the sea, St. Augustine writes this: "And the people went there and admired the high mountains, the wide wastes of the sea and the mighty downward rushing streams, and the ocean and the course of the stars and forgot themselves."

CALLING CWMWTWRCH 7-4528

OUR telephone operators and patrons can be thankful that they do not have to contend with such tongue-twisters as the following. The "Evening Post," New York, informs us that they are names of exchanges in England:

Most people would be puzzled how to pronounce "Upper Cwmtwrch," and "Bwlch," yet they are the names of rural exchanges now obtainable "on demand" from London. They are glibly reeled off by the girls in the London Trunk Exchange. These girls have to cope with the oldest and most difficult words in the language.

Some telephone exchanges have most unusual names, such as Halfway House, near Shrewsbury, Robin Hood's Bay, near Middlesbrough, and Clown, near Sheffield. Sea Houses, Holy Island and Washington Village are the exchanges in the Newcastle telephone district. Pontybodkin, Pumpsaint, Puddletown, Piddletrenthide, Pinchbeek Bars, Fivemiltown, Zelah, Tomatin and Hoo, are among other curiously-named telephone exchanges.

HOW WARS ARE MADE AND CONTINUED

THESE passages from two recent books, "Merchants of Death," by H. C. Engelbrecht and F. C. Hanighen, and "Iron, Blood and Profits," by George Seldes, offer interesting information on the international munitions racket:

France is supplying raw materials for explosives to the Germans. The Dura factory at Couze-St. Front, near Bordeaux, is shipping thousands of carloads of cellulose to Germany every year. This factory is mainly under British ownership. Its contract with Germany stipulates that the cellulose must be used for the manufacture of peaceful products, but it is hardly a secret that it is being used for making explosives. The I. G. Farben Industrie in Germany, which manufactures

explosives from this cellulose, is owned, to at least 75 per cent, by French capital. (Engelbrecht-Hanighen.)

In December, 1932, a German court sentenced Private Jaeger to death for deserting in April, 1915, and giving a French officer the primitive respirator he was to use in case the gas to be released on April 22 came drifting back to his own trenches. But the Krupps and their chief director, Hugenberg, who sold the British their patent hand-grenade fuse which killed thousands of German soldiers, received the highest decorations for patriotism from the Kaiser, and at the end of the war 123,000,000 shillings, one shilling royalty for each grenade fuse from the British. (Seldes.)

A significant and important phase of the World War was the widespread and continuous international trade in war materials, even among enemy powers. . . . That the [German] blockade was not enforced was due to British merchants. When they received orders for vegetable oils, fats and oil-cake from Denmark they did not inquire into the ultimate destination of these products. Germany needed chemicals for explosives and bauxite for aluminum; France was sorely in need of iron and steel. The Swiss engineered this matter for both parties. For a long time during the war the Germans exported an average of 150,000 tons of iron and steel every month to Switzerland. French bauxite also entered Switzerland freely. (Engelbrecht-Hanighen.)

THE ENGLISHMAN IS A QUEER ANIMAL

A FEW of the more noticeable characteristics of the typical Britisher are pleasantly described and commented on by the Little Critic of the "China Critic," Shanghai:

It is difficult for foreigners to love England, but it is equally difficult for people to know the English well and not speak of them with some admiration that savors of loyalty, a loyalty that does not wear out with the years. For the Englishman is a queer animal. He is probably the worst fellow-passenger you could meet in a train. His whole being is such a carcase of well-formed habits and domesticated opinions incrustated all over with his terrible decency and his drab gentlemanliness that you feel even a train accident could not shake him out of his terrible decency. There is an inevitability about his words and actions and gestures when he isn't looking like a dumb persecuted animal. You could predict exactly what an Englishman would do even when he sneezes. He would take out his handkerchief—for he always has a handkerchief around him—and mutter something about the "beastly cold." And you could tell what is going on in his brain about Bovril and going home to have a hot foot bath, all as inevitable as the fact that the sun is going to rise from the east the next morning. But you could not upset him. That cheekiness is not very lovely, but it is very imposing. In fact, he has gone round conquering half the world with that bluff and that cheekiness, and his success in doing so is his best justification. For myself, I am rather intrigued by that cheekiness, the cheekiness of a man who thinks that any country is dog-gone and God-forsaken whose people do not take Bovril and do not produce an inevitable white handkerchief when the correct moment comes. One is lured to look behind that extremely brazen front and take a peep at his inner soul. For the Englishman is imposing just as solitude is imposing. A man who could sit all by himself at a club party and look comfortable is always imposing.

Of course there is something in it. His soul is not such bad stuff and his cheekiness is not just sides and airs. For he is really so very cocksure of himself and of his Post Office and his Bank of England. I sometimes feel the Bank of England cannot fail just because the English people believe so, that it cannot be closed simply because "it isn't being done." The Bank of England is decent. So is the English Post Office. So is their Manufacturers' Life Assurance. So is the whole British Empire, all so decent, so inevitably decent. Talking about the British Empire reminds me where the Englishman's

sense of decency and his cocksureness about himself come from. I think the citizens of every country in its period of expansion borrow some of the grandeur and gain a certain self-respect from the national outward glory. The Chinaman, too, now so freakish and often so hysterical, was once just as cocksure of himself. Victorian England was so glorious, so successful that you could pardon the Englishman for his self-pride. Many think that England is gone to the dogs nowadays after the War, but really a great deal of that Victorian tradition and Victorian self-complacency really survive and are obvious to the foreigner by contrast. It is all to the good, for it does one's heart good to see a people with a sense of self-respect and decency.

AMERICA

H. I. PHILLIPS in his syndicated column gives us a few delightfully ironic paragraphs describing and contrasting the contemporary American scene:

A country which boasted for 150 years that every man had a chance to become a millionaire and now takes the attitude that the only place for a man with money is a delousing station.

* * *

A land which throws up its hands in righteous horror at the idea of a national lottery for charitable purposes, but stands for gangsters, assassinations and general racketeering.

* * *

A land which once went to war over a tax of a few cents on tea, but now taxes your salary, your food, your drink, your business, your profits, your estate, your auto, your gas, your dog and your lumbago.

* * *

A country originally dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, now taking the position that no pursuit is necessary.

* * *

A country where an elderly school teacher's gossip can cause a Congressional inquiry and a national scandal.

* * *

A land where they arrest women for taking lapdogs outdoors unleashed and fine men for absent-mindedly parking near a hydrant, but can't catch Dillinger.

* * *

A land where an obscure fellow who makes a slight error in computing an income tax will be detected overnight and the Lindbergh kidnaping remain unsolved for four years.

* * *

A land where they work up a sweat over a few suggestive novels and allow Hollywood to flood the cities with smut, filth and sex situations that would bring a blush to the cheeks of Popeye the Sailor.

* * *

A land developed by hard work, now dedicated to the idea that America is a super rest-station.

* * *

A country that can applaud movies of the Covered Wagon era and still contend that the best motto is "If at once you don't succeed, notify the Government."

* * *

A land which shouts about its splendid school system and finds by a poll of the pupils that the three most popular American characters are Mae West, Betty Boop and Mickey Mouse.

* * *

A land which was once swept to the heights by such phrases as "Don't Tread On Me," "Give me liberty or give me death," &c., and can now be stamped as a nation only by such phrases as "Wanna buy a duck?" and "Yowzir! Yowser!"

A Voice: If you don't like it why don't you go back where you came from?

(We can't. Poland won't let us.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

American observers may ask how Mr. Chamberlain can claim to pursue financial orthodoxy when he fails to pay the annual instalment of the debt to the United States

By Denis Gwynn

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S third Budget, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the National Government which was formed after the financial crisis of 1931, marks the beginning of a new phase in British recovery since the Great War. The achievements of the Coalition Government during the past two years have produced an amazing transformation.

It is scarcely surprising that Ministers regard the result of their own efforts with a complacency which the electorate does not share to the same extent. For a considerable time past the Government has been losing seats whenever by-elections have occurred; and its success in retaining the latest by-election, at Basingstoke, by a comfortable majority, is being hailed in the Government newspapers with an absurdly exaggerated enthusiasm. Memories are short in politics, and the ordinary elector, who has patiently endured increased taxation while the crisis was being overcome, and who has grown accustomed to being told that no relief from his burdens can be expected yet, feels that the credit for returning prosperity is as much due to the patience and endurance of the taxpayers as it is to the Government which was elected with a free hand to apply drastic remedies.

Two years ago, when the Coalition Government had been returned to power with an overwhelming majority which almost drove the Labor Party out of Parliament, many people believed that the old system of party politics had been destroyed forever. But a very similar result had followed in the "Khaki" election at the end of 1918, when Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Government received an overwhelming majority to carry through the reconstruction of the country after four years of war. His Coalition, however, disintegrated; disillusionment and discontent produced a general revulsion of feeling; and Ramsay MacDonald, who had been driven with ignominy from his seat at Leicester at the

end of 1918, became the first Labor Prime Minister at the beginning of 1924.

Now, also, the same forces are at work again. Ministers who have accomplished something grow tired, and do not realize that there are new demands for action in other directions which they have scarcely considered or which they lack the energy to pursue. The immense Government majority deprives most of its members of any opportunity for personal activity; and divisions arise within a Coalition which has been formed from conflicting groups for a special emergency. There is, in fact, no alternative to the party system under parliamentary Government; and there are ample signs that the present Government will be confronted with formidable opposition when the next elections are held in two years' time.

MEANWHILE, England has emerged with extraordinary success from a period of great danger. Mr. Chamberlain's Budget produced a net surplus of over 150 million dollars, although the trade revival did not become active until the latter part of last year. Unemployment has fallen rapidly, and the total of persons registered as unemployed, which was not far from 3 millions early last year, is now dropping steadily towards 2 millions. The taxes levied this year cannot fail to be more productive, with increased profits all round and greater expenditure among all classes upon the many services and commodities which are taxed. Mr. Chamberlain has produced a deliberately conservative estimate of what taxation is likely to yield during the coming year. Even so, he has been able to reduce the income tax from 5s. to 4s.6d.; to restore the full scale of unemployment relief which was being paid before the crisis of 1931; and to restore half the "cuts" in salaries paid to employees of the State (policemen, soldiers, sailors, school-teachers, civil servants, etc.) which were imposed at the same time.

In introducing his Budget, he contrived a neat epigram from the titles of two works of Charles Dickens, declaring cheerfully that we have come to the end of *Bleak House* and we are now going to begin *Great Expectations*. The phrase was rather reminiscent of Mr. Lloyd George's famous saying at the end of the Great War that the new Government was going to "make homes fit for heroes to live in." Mr. Chamberlain certainly does not share the sanguine temperament of Mr. Lloyd George, and it would be curious to know what exactly he has in mind when he talks of "great expectations." In a broadcast talk on the evening after his Budget speech he was more explicit when he said that "we have said good-bye to the days of increased taxation and cuts in wages." In simple language, Mr. Chamberlain and the business community generally are confident that we are at the beginning of a real boom in industry, which will rapidly decrease unemployment and the enormous cost of poor relief, and will produce such a general expansion of profits that taxation can be further reduced next year.

That a rapid revival of trade in Great Britain is in progress is abundantly clear. How long it will last, even if there is no unexpected set-back, is another matter; but each Parliament has to deal with such problems as they arise. Meanwhile it is worth considering more closely what Mr. Chamberlain may mean when he talks of "great expectations," and what basis he sees for expecting them.

ONE of the most striking passages in his Budget speech was where he pointed out that the British credit now stands so high that the old 2½ per cent Consols are today quoted higher (at about 80) than they were in 1913. Not many people realize that the recovery of British Government stocks has gone so far. The chief reason for it is, of course, that Mr. Chamberlain was able to carry through his immense Conversion scheme

for the 5 per cent War Loan. The Loan amounted to over 10,000 million dollars (at present rates of exchange) and within a few months this vast sum was converted without compulsion from a 5 per cent to a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent basis. A series of other conversion schemes has also been carried through, until there is extremely little British Government stock outstanding which yields interest at more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The converted War Loan at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent now changes hands constantly at a substantial premium; and the Treasury was able to issue another conversion loan last month at only 3 per cent, which is already quoted almost at par.

The saving of annual expenditure on these loans has been a very great relief to the Budget. For its short-time borrowings the Treasury has been even more fortunate. In the past year it has been paying less than 1 per cent on its Treasury Bills and similar short-borrowings, which amount to almost 500 million dollars or about one-eighth of the whole National Debt. Moreover, it is generally believed among the shrewdest financial experts that the standard rate of interest is likely to fall still lower; so that the old $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent Consols may yet be quoted at par, or even higher—as they were some forty years ago—and new loans will be issued at even 2 per cent. To a Chancellor of the Exchequer such prospects, even if they are somewhat remote, are of immense encouragement. The income tax in England since the War has been roughly equivalent to the annual debt charges; and every reduction of the debt charges may lead to a progressive reduction of income tax—which itself retards industrial recovery.

APART from these technical questions affecting the Budget itself, Mr. Chamberlain can find his chief satisfaction in the extraordinary confidence which has been shown by other countries in the stability of the English pound. When the crisis came in 1931, there was a real "flight from the pound," and vast sums were removed from London to other countries for fear the value of the pound might depreciate. It became impossible to meet the sudden demand for changing pounds into gold, and the gold standard had to be abandoned. For more than a year confidence was still severely shaken, but the experience and skill of the London banking and discount houses restored London to its old predominance in international finance. There has since been a continual, but fluctuating, influx of foreign capital into London, in the belief that money will be safer there than elsewhere; and in the interval the pound sterling has been adopted again in many great trading centers as the most reliable medium of exchange in international trade, while conditions remain unstable everywhere.

These considerations have largely governed Mr. Chamberlain's financial policy, and he has played for safety in every direction. He could have been far more generous in his remissions of taxation in the new Budget, and in restoring the "cuts" imposed two years ago, than he has been. He would not even touch the large surplus available from last year, and he insisted that it must be used automatically as a sinking fund to extinguish debt. The City applauded him for his dutiful adherence to "orthodox finance," but the spokesman of the Labor Party expressed the feelings of a great many people when he declared roundly that this was "the meanest Budget in history."

HOW far does Mr. Chamberlain still think in terms of that solid prosperity of England in pre-War days in which most of the present Ministers were brought up? How far are they striving to re-create conditions which may be incompatible with the revolutionary changes which have occurred since? Mr. Chamberlain's policy is extremely simple in its outlines. He is a man of little imagination or human sympathy. Financial orthodoxy means, for men of his school, a determined avoidance of risks and a policy of stern retrenchment if expenditure exceeds income at any given time. He would have little patience with the epigram of Mr. Maynard Keynes (who is not only a brilliant economist but the chairman of one of the biggest English insurance companies) that "an orthodox banker is a banker who allows his business to go to ruin on orthodox lines." Mr. Chamberlain is a man of immense energy and capacity for detail as an administrator. He believes in efficiency in every department of public control. Like his famous father he performed great public work in Birmingham in organizing housing schemes and efficient institutions throughout the administration of the city. His idealism is that of the earnest civil servant, and his enthusiasm is for the promotion of common interests throughout the British Empire by encouraging imperial preference under a system of protective tariffs to benefit all the Commonwealths.

The fulfilment of both ambitions requires that the State should be solvent at home, and that the British pound sterling should command at least as much confidence as any other currency in the markets of the world. Regarded in the light of these principles, Mr. Chamberlain's Budget is a fine performance. It goes beyond even the strict demands of orthodoxy in its allowance for repaying debt; it covers estimated expenditure with a sufficient margin, even by an under-estimate of revenue for the coming year. It reduces the standard rate of income tax, which in itself must en-

courage trade and increase its capacity to earn taxable profits. And at the same time, it restores the whole "cut" in the scale of relief for the unemployed and half the "cuts" in salaries to public employees.

American observers may ask how Mr. Chamberlain can claim to pursue financial orthodoxy when he fails to pay the annual instalment of the debt to the United States. That question is much too complicated to discuss in detail here. But, without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the issue, the main facts, as seen from the London end, can be easily stated. First, the British Government has constantly denied any intention of repudiating the American debt. Provision has been made this year, as last year, for a "token" payment on account, which is expressly made as a confession that the debt exists and must be met, as soon as a general settlement of the whole war debt problem is reached. But for a good many years the British payment to America—which was agreed upon after official negotiations with Washington—had been no more than the balance of payments collected on account of war reparations and war debts from European countries and transmitted by the British Government to America.

The payments ceased only when Germany and the other defeated countries failed to continue their payments, and when the other Allied powers which had shared the burdens of the war refused to continue their payments. London had become simply a clearing house, which collected the payments demanded by America. The British Government had ceased to receive for itself any payment whatever either on account of reparations or on account of its enormous loans to Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, Rumania and other countries for war purposes. It simply accepted liability for collecting the balance which America claimed; and as it is now unable to collect any such balance it has refused, for various reasons, to continue these payments pending a final settlement all around.

TWO principal reasons are put forward to justify the withholding of immediate payment on the agreed scale. One is that, when England had to abandon the gold standard in 1931, it was absolutely impossible to continue the transference of such immense payments without throwing the dollar-sterling exchange out of all control, at a time when world trade was being paralyzed by instability of the principal currencies. Even now it would be almost impossible for the dollar-sterling exchange to retain a stable level (which is as necessary to American as to British export trade) if such payments were resumed, because American tariffs make it impossible to pay in imported goods, and England

cannot pay in any other form. The second principal argument is that America has revised her debt agreements with certain other countries, and England claims that the demand for war debt payments from London should in fairness be reconsidered in the light of such later agreements.

The British policy, ever since the famous "Balfour Note," has been that all claims for both reparations and war debts should have been cancelled long ago, in the interests of world recovery. The British Government, in the Balfour Note, did actually and unreservedly accept (as a sound business proposition) the policy which was urged by Pope Benedict XV, in wiping out all demands for payment either of reparations or war debts. It simply undertook to collect, and to transmit to Washington, that fraction of the British loans to England's Allies in the War and of British claims to reparations from the Central Powers, which was required to meet the American demands. There has never been any repudiation of the payment upon which America insists; and the "token" payments have been made to show that the liability is still recognized. At the same time, it is undeniable that there would be furious hostility in England to any resumption of these payments on the former scale, in view of the successful default by other countries, and of America's willingness to make large concessions even to Russia. No British Government which resumed such payments would survive another general election; and refusal to pay them on the old scale would be a principal plank in any election.

IN that sense, nobody in England considers that Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to provide for paying the American debt this year is any affront to financial orthodoxy. The real problem is whether Mr. Chamberlain and the Government have any clear vision of the lines on which recovery must be organized. His object is to promote trade revival. But has he any clear notion of whether certain trades are, in the longer view, more worth reviving than others? The one surprise of his Budget was his big concession to the automobile industry. Its progress had, he said, been phenomenal, and he had been convinced by expert evidence that it would expand still more rapidly if the taxation on automobile engines were reduced.

There are many obvious reasons for welcoming such an expansion of the industry. It uses a great quantity of steel, and the production of steel requires still greater quantities of coal. Steel and coal are two basic English industries which have been appallingly depressed for years, and both are now recovering. Moreover, a recovery in coal means more transport work for the railroads; so that

an encouragement to the automobile industry must mean more employment in the coal, steel and railroad industries, as well as increasing the employment given in the automobile trade on the roads all over the country. Moreover, it should mean an increased consumption of petrol, which is heavily taxed. There is scarcely another industry which could provide so much indirect, as well as direct, employment, while yielding increased tax revenue at the same time; and as the concession is made largely to increase the export of British automobiles, it should assist shipping also, and add to the balance of exports in a difficult time.

SIMILAR considerations in regard to the automobile industry must have given great encouragement to President Roosevelt in his efforts to promote recovery in the United States. But recovery in England is a much more complicated problem, and Mr. Chamberlain's proposals do not come near the root of it. Railroad traffics and the transport of goods; banking statistics; increased domestic demand for a great variety of goods; larger expenditure on holidays; activity in the building trade; a constant and increasing hopefulness and liveliness on the Stock Exchange; a steady decline in the unemployment figures, spread over almost every industry and trade—all these and other signs show that revival has definitely set in. Production is being accelerated everywhere to meet the demand for commodities and services which has been dormant through the years of depression. The reduction of income tax will increase the margin of profit in trade and industry, and will encourage enterprise further; and the increased spending power of those who benefit by the restoration of salary "cuts" (in which many businesses will now feel obliged to follow the example of the State) should create a wider purchasing power all round.

But are we merely at the beginning of another industrial "boom," which will run its course all the more quickly because new machinery increases output without increasing employment? Will the revival of activity merely produce a new glut within a few years, so that the factories have to stop work again because demand has been more than satisfied in too short a time? Is the automobile industry—which, in a small country like England, must be largely a luxury trade—a safe index of real recovery? Steel production is notoriously reviving—but how much of it is due to the increased demand for munitions and armaments abroad? How much of the revival of the automobile industry is because people who have suffered from over-taxation for several years regard a motor-car as the first necessity of relaxation? And if the revival of steel

production is not a sign which can be expected to endure, what are the chances that the coal industry, which it has assisted so much, will continue to improve? Similarly with the entertainments industry, with the luxury trades, and even to some extent with the building trade—which is now living on the hopes of a great slum-clearance program which will keep it fully occupied for at least ten years.

Over the whole future of recovery there hangs the shadow of a national decadence, of which the vital statistics give warning from time to time. The birth-rate falls steadily, almost from quarter to quarter, and is now at the lowest level ever recorded. Shortly before the war there were about 25 births each year for every 1,000 people. Now the total is below 15 for every 1,000; although the marriage rate remains about the same as before. The death rate has fallen steadily at the same time, and the average expectation of life is now fully ten years longer than it used to be. The result is an increasingly large proportion of old people, while the proportion, and even the total, of young people steadily decreases. Every class—from the most wealthy to the poorest—has become affected by the same restriction of the birth rate. The working class families are now reduced in size almost as drastically as the middle classes, which have been restricting the number of their children for years.

VIEWED even from a purely economic standpoint, such conditions create problems which have not previously existed. It is not merely that the proportion of elderly people, who have to be supported by their younger relatives or by the State (which in practice is the same thing) becomes constantly larger in relation to the number of productive workers. Sooner or later the burden of providing old age pensions, free medical services and other forms of assistance for the old, will become insupportable; and any serious recurrence of widespread unemployment will make that problem intensely acute.

But apart from this problem of how the old shall be supported by a dwindling proportion of wealth-producers, there is the growing problem of how far the demand for goods and services will be diminished by the decline of the young population. The problem is already apparent in the schools. London alone has roughly half a million fewer children in the elementary schools than there were ten years ago. Reckoning one teacher for every fifty children, that obviously means that ten thousand fewer school teachers are needed than before, in London alone. The effective demand for all their requirements has been diminished correspondingly. The clothing trade, the boot trade, the book trade,

and every other trade which supplies the needs of children has to reckon on a diminishing demand henceforward, whereas they have all reckoned upon a steadily increasing population in the past. A most important report on economic conditions compiled at Geneva recently declared that the falling birth rate since the war had reduced the demand for goods in many countries almost as severely as if the total export trade had been lost. Yet no manufacturer who is now preparing to take advantage of the trade revival can be expected to take such calculations into account. All will accelerate their production at once, until consumption once more fails to keep pace with increased production, and a glut ensues.

IN various quarters of late these problems have been seriously studied by the more thoughtful politicians in England. Captain Harold MacMillan, for instance, has declared in a recent book that the present trade revival may even be a calamity if it diverts attention from the urgent necessity of reconstructing economic life on a basis corresponding to modern tendencies. Lord Eustace Percy, in a thoughtful and closely documented book, shows how the decline of population has spread to almost every country except Russia, and is creating a similar problem for them all. It is most menacing in the highly industrialized countries where great populations are concentrated in the cities, wholly dependent for their livelihood upon industries which are liable to sudden fluctuations of demand.

In some parts of England—especially in certain mining districts where the mines have become exhausted or unprofitable to work, or in certain shipping centers where no ships have been built for years—the great majority of young men and women have never yet had the opportunity to find work, while thousands of skilled laborers live on from year to year in unemployment, hoping against hope that the old conditions will return. These have become known as the “derelict areas,” and the Government has lately, in response to great pressure and growing discontent appointed a group of expert commissioners to investigate and report as to whether any remedy can be found. The question has certainly not been overlooked, and the Government’s failure to appoint a special enquiry until now was due to the conviction that no remedy can possibly be found.

On the other hand, new industries have arisen, particularly in the South; and in many parts of England trade is now extremely active and hopeful. The completion of the “grid” system of electrification, from central power stations of large size, has made cheap electric power available in almost every

district, and promises to provide a cheaper and much cleaner substitute for coal power. Scientific research also has opened up great fields of possible development in producing petrol and oil from coal. The automobile industry, the wireless industry, cinema production, cement-making and a variety of other industries which have made rapid strides since protective tariffs were introduced, all offer possibilities of new employment so long as purchasing power does not dry up again. But in England the problem of regaining export trade still paralyzes many great industries. In some cases the loss of export trade, owing to the tariff barriers of other countries, cannot be made good by any sufficient expansion of trade in the home market.

Nevertheless, trade as a whole is reviving rapidly at present; and if unemployment can be reduced to even 2 millions, that will bring general relief. It is admitted on all sides that Mr. Chamberlain must expect a much larger surplus during the coming year than his estimates of revenue have allowed for. There are three explanations of his decision, and he is most probably undecided at present as to which purpose it will serve. First there is the probability that before long some settlement of the American debt will be arranged by negotiation. If so, he will need a substantial balance in hand to resume any considerable payments. Secondly, it is obvious that he will hope to produce an equally encouraging Budget next year, and he may be holding a hidden reserve to provide for full restoration of all the cuts in salaries and to reduce the standard rate of income tax still further, in next year’s Budget. If the omens were favorable, the Government might very possibly decide upon a general election in 1935 instead of 1936, if India and other big problems can be disposed of soon enough. A bold “recovery Budget,” completing the task set to the National Government when it was elected, might overwhelm the normal desire for a change of rulers.

THE third possible explanation involves quite different considerations, which certainly cannot be ignored. Many secret factors involving foreign policy and national defense, as well as financial mysteries, have to be borne in mind by the Chancellor in framing his Budget. And of such external questions the most important is the prospect of success or failure at the Disarmament Conference. For months past the Disarmament Conference, with all the discussions surrounding it, has been approaching a hopeless breakdown. At the time of writing the last hope of any agreement appears to have been killed finally by France’s rejection of the latest compromise, in view of Germany’s undisguised intention to re-arm without fur-

ther delay. In Germany, General Göring announces a full program of aviation development, with air bases well inside the zone which has been “demilitarized” under the Peace Treaties. Everybody knows that control or interference by other Powers is impossible except with Germany’s consent, and Germany refuses to consent unless France agrees to disarm on a much larger scale than is even remotely likely.

WHAT prospect emerges from this most disquieting situation? France is notoriously ready to increase her own armaments without limit in order to maintain her lead over Germany. If the race in such competitive armaments is to be too expensive, will France, in co-operation with certain Allies, decide to strike Germany before she can be prepared for resistance? M. Barthou’s mission to Poland and Czechoslovakia, after completing his negotiations with Rumania, suggests that the whole problem is being considered in that light. At the moment, it seems certain that Germany could scarcely finance a competitive race in armaments against France; but Germany knows that Italy is anxious to prevent any sudden action by France, while England is determined to do everything possible to preserve peace.

War in Europe during the coming summer is certainly improbable, but by no means impossible. On the other hand, is the old competition in armaments to be resumed forthwith? France refuses absolutely to disarm while Germany is openly beginning to re-arm. She is more likely to increase than to decrease her armaments. If so, what attitude can England adopt, especially in regard to aviation, in which she has allowed her armaments to fall far behind the necessary standards, if competition has to be envisaged? In the new conditions, London is as vulnerable from Berlin as from Paris, and the old island barriers have ceased to count. Any fast bombing machine can cross the Channel from France to England in five minutes, as easily as it can cross the fields of Picardy. If competition in armaments begins in earnest—and at the time of writing it seems to be almost inevitable, unless some miracle of commonsense intervenes—then Mr. Chamberlain’s hidden surplus in the new Budget will have to be spent on military and naval aircraft, instead of restoring the full cuts in wages, and reducing the income tax still further. He has been deliberately cautious and “orthodox” in his financial management. We can only hope that his “Great Expectations” will not be frustrated by new preparations against a war in which nobody could even hope to profiteer, and which would be as disastrous for all concerned as an earthquake or a typhoon.

FIDELIS GOES SOUTH

Suggested by the Forthcoming Eucharistic Congress

By E. Francis McDevitt

FOREIGN travel yields, among other things, a prodigious crop of enlightening disillusionment, most salutary to truth, but destructive of cherished predilections. A trip through South America in no way impairs the validity of this truism. That you will discover this year if you go to the Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires, although the Congress itself will outstrip, in brilliance and devotion and mystical drama, all your most vaulting expectations.

If you are to be so happily circumstanced that you can imbibe deep draughts of Argentine life and feast on equally generous proportions of Argentine conversation, you will experience the unpleasant sensation of losing some of the pride in which you, as a North American, are wont to indulge. Two facts will account largely for this retrenchment—the universal character of the Eucharistic Congress, which will rub out nationalistic consciousness, and a sample of certain disedifying practices by some moneyed North Americans in Argentina. The latter will part us from our Yankee swagger and place us in a fair position of seeing ourselves, as in a mirror, through the eyes of the Argentine.

It is painful to the average human being to suffer the loss of his pride. It is proportionately pleasant to regain it, particularly when it is tempered and becalmed by a more rational sense of values that so often follows a tumble from the rickety heights of vainglory. That is why I most emphatically recommend that you schedule a visit to the Church of the Holy Cross in Buenos Aires early in your itinerary. I submit that a visit to that edifice and a chat with the Passionist Fathers there concerning its antecedents will recharge your waning pride in American dominance with the vital glow of satisfaction for true Americanism.

THE Church of the Holy Cross is a monument of Father Fidelis Kent Stone, founder of the Passionist Order in South America and first Provincial of the Order's South American area, whose stupendous career was begun in the midst of comfortable Episcopalian orthodoxy in New England and reached a lofty level of Catholic apostolicism in the Southern continent which for centuries has been part of the spiritual domain of the Vicars of Christ.

Long before the Passionist Father, who will receive you at the Church of the Holy Cross, has finished sketching for you the life and deeds of Father Fidelis, you again are glad that you are a North American, that you are treading on ground made holy by another North American who was frequently called the "Newman of New England" and could have arisen, like Newman, to high rank in the Church Militant had he not chosen to labor humbly as a petty officer in command of missionary outposts.

I HINTED before at a certain kind of activity on the part of some North Americans in South America, and certain expedient abridgments of the idealistic Monroe Doctrine, which have fathered, it must be said, an ugly progeny of prejudices in the lands under the Southern Cross which, to this day, have resisted the well intended diplomatic and social advances of a chastened United States. And, yet, I dare say, had not Fidelis Kent Stone, in 1880, broken the ties that bound him so closely to his native land and gone south, Argentine distrust of, and suspicion towards, the United States would be today far more serious than actually it is. This may seem hyperbolic, at least unjust to the other splendid American Catholic missionaries who have been going about their appointed tasks in Argentina. But there was then need of an extraordinary American figure, one outstanding enough to make identification of noble qualities in him and his race a logical, inevitable consequence in the minds of the Argentines.

If ever a foil to misunderstanding and bitterness in South America were furnished by God or man, it was in Fidelis of the Cross. He represented the best in North Americanism. Born and reared in an ancestry-conscious New England amid preserved traditions of colonial America, Fidelis showed forth an adamant fealty to conscience and principle, a rugged sturdiness of character that enabled him to endure gloriously the rigors of life in the vast wild Pampas and to conquer the innumerable obstructions to the planting of a great North American Order in the South.

Certainly, such a presentation of Americanism was needed by a people wearied of the time-serving, grasping Americans going south to exploit nations

sorely in need of capital and organization. The self-sacrifice and unselfishness, the abstemiousness of a man by nature and desire ascetical, the dominating passion for service, which distinguished Father Fidelis, flowed over the Argentine people in cooling, refreshing streams. It can readily be imagined to what extent the personality of Fidelis affected the natives of Argentina, who had been wont to think of North Americans in less fine terms. It can be said that he stands as a great pillar against which the United States can well lean when called upon to defend the activities of some of her citizens in South America.

It is unthinkable that the large concourse of North American Catholics in Argentina this year will not serve to draw the two nations into a somewhat closer bond of friendship and fellowship and mutual appreciation. But it should not be forgotten that Fidelis of the Cross has been before them preparing the way; with his noble example and astounding accomplishments he has battered down some of the ramparts of apprehension and misrepresentation that have been hampering efforts to achieve the fullest amicable relations in the Americas.

THE thirteenth century English Gothic Church of the Holy Cross, on Calle Urquiza and Calle Unidos Estados, which was opened for services in 1894, is the embodiment of a great American personality, whose years in the United States, before the travails of South America, were filled to the brim with quiet, intense drama, freighted with a marvellous mixture of brilliance and humility, of learning and simplicity, of love of humanity and yet a disdain for human things. Scion of clergymen, minister in Puritan New England, president of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges—citadels of rigid Anglican orthodoxy in the United States—victim of torturing, agonizing doubt, simple, humble convert to the True Church, priest, Paulist, Passionist, preacher, author with literary fame and dignity for the taking, missionary in a distant land, and finally White Father of the Black Children in our own South. Such is the impressive curve in the graph of Father Fidelis' life. Such was the man whom God sent to the Argentine to establish there a great American battalion of the Church's missionary army.

Father Fidelis' life would have shaken the soul of Shakespeare to the depths. It had peace, joy, pathos, sorrow, irony, struggle, spirituality, all the requisites, to a superb degree, for undying literature and for immortality itself. The important thing to us at the moment, however, is the fact that the qualities that made him such a piece of work as a man were a living message to the Argentine proclaiming the greatness of the true American tradition, its strength, its idealism, its unwavering loyalty to standard, its courage, and its vitality.

SUCCESSIVE renunciation marked the career of Fidelis of the Cross. His valiant conversion, shortly after his resignation as president of Hobart College in 1869, the days of his tramping over the Pampas, listening to the doleful bleating of the sheep and the sharp lonely cries of the *tero-tero* and *gabitos* wheeling above the tractless plains, and his erection of a durable mission project were all accompanied by a courageous divorcement from even normal material felicity.

Few in the Argentine at that time knew that he had deliberately stepped down from pedagogic and ecclesiastical eminence in the Anglican world, or that he had sacrificed friends and the plenitude of his family's affection to enter the Catholic Church; yet they could see his life of privation and sacrifice, vested in his coarse robe, sleeping often only under the stars, journeying many leagues daily in his enervating efforts to bring the ministrations and consolations of the Church to the sons and scions of Erin homesteading on the inland plains of Argentina. These simple folk did not know that his decision to enter the priesthood entailed even greater pain than loss of friends and family—the intense agony of separation from his three daughters left motherless by the death of his wife several years before. They hardly would have learned that he withdrew from the Paulist Order for the more monastic, more severe rule of the Passionists and that in the United States his astounding oratorical abilities had opened the way for fame and the personal devotion of

the masses of American faithful. No, but they did understand that he was a man giving all for God and for them; and that sort of North American heroism was to them a novelty, a new importation from the North that contrasted so sharply with the greed of the other children from the supposed land of Mammon. In this laboring for God, Fidelis—quite unwittingly, to be sure—became a valuable proponent of the Pan Americanism about which we hear so much today.

IF Fidelis of the Cross was a living vindication of Americanism and American Catholicism for the Argentine during his years in the southern republic, he also positively defended South America against the slings and arrows of calumny that were cast against the purity of the Faith in Latin America and against the integrity of the Latin American character. With his customary clarity and restraint and force, unweakened by old age, he wrote:

"There are scandals—of course there are if we look for them, but there have

FATHER FIDELIS OF THE CROSS (JAMES KENT STONE) WAS BORN IN BOSTON, NOVEMBER 10, 1840. HE WAS THE SON OF DR. JOHN SEELY STONE, AN EPISCOPALIAN CLERGYMAN, AND MARY KENT, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF JAMES KENT, AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS "KENT'S COMMENTARIES." ENTERING THE EPISCOPALIAN MINISTRY, HE BECAME PRESIDENT OF KENYON, AND LATER OF HOBART COLLEGE. HE WAS CONVERTED TO THE CHURCH IN 1869. AFTER SOME YEARS IN THE PAULIST COMMUNITY, HE ENTERED THE PASSIONIST ORDER IN 1877. ON OCTOBER 14, 1920, HE DIED IN THE HOME OF HIS DAUGHTER FRANCES, IN SAN MATEO, CALIFORNIA.



FATHER FIDELIS' LIFE ("FIDELIS OF THE CROSS") PUBLISHED BY G. P. PUTNAM, NEW YORK, WAS WRITTEN BY THE LATE WALTER GEORGE SMITH AND HELEN GRACE SMITH, BROTHER AND SISTER OF FATHER MAURICE, C.P., WHOSE LIFE ("A KNIGHT OF THE CROSS") HAS BEEN WRITTEN BY HIS SISTER AND PUBLISHED BY THE BRUCE COMPANY OF MILWAUKEE.



been saints and martyrs here of whom the world knows nothing. There are Saints still, heroes and heroines of charity. The history of the Catholic Church in South America has never been written, may never be written, but it would be a great work; a story of devotion, of abnegation, of faith, both fascinating and true."

Thus, it can be said that he served in the unusual capacity of mutual envoy, bearing to the north and to the south the wholesome ingredients of each continent, the interchange of which could only make for closer amity and friendship in the Americas.

With his personality, it was impossible that Father Fidelis should fail to leave a lasting impression upon the land of his great missionary achievements. Although the primary purposes of his commission was to bring the facilities of religion to the Irish settlers in the Argentine, nevertheless, he became a foreign missionary in a Catholic country in the sense that, in bringing the charm of his character, the lofty example of his asceticism, the benefits of his charity, and the simplicity of his spirituality to the natives themselves, he lifted their own burning fervor to a degree that surmounted even the high level of devotion in a nation saturated with Catholicism. His personal magnetism drew Argentines to his

The Invitation Heeded.

sermons, together with the Irish Pampa *hacendados*, the consummate scholarship and polish of his preaching presenting the North American intellectual character in a new light.

His strict conformity with the monastic rule of his Order was counterpoised against the Argentines' amazement at the North American extravagance and wealth they had been accustomed to see, while the conscienceless greed of too many North American capitalists and financiers was more easily forgotten when the beneficences and charitable service of Father Fidelis were dispensed among them without the usual profit motive lurking in the background.² It was a thrilling experience for Argentines, most of whom regarded the United States as a nation wherein Protestantism dominated in culture as well as in numbers, to find this American priest the epitome of apostolic Catholicism, of fervid zeal for the spread of the Faith and its absorption in the lives of all men.

Is it so fantastic to believe that Father Fidelis will be among those at the Congress next year, at the huge international outpouring of loving subjects of the Divine King travelling from East and West and North and South to praise and adore Him, out of love for Whom Fid-

²Father Fidelis worked untiringly day and night among the stricken in the smallpox plague in Buenos Aires, although he himself had not been rendered immune by vaccination.

elis of the Cross spurned a world that was more than eager to pay him rich tribute in the form of prestige, wealth and position? Besides, the great manifestation of love for Christ the King will inundate the very land in which he lived and labored for so long, a land he came to love with all the passion of a spiritual father for devoted spiritual children who supplanted in his life the daughters of his flesh from whom he had torn himself to dedicate his paternity to the bronzed sons of the Pampas.

I AM sure that Fidelis will be near, near enough for him to hear those repeat, if they will, the unpublished words written long ago by a young missionary who accompanied him to South America and died in the service of the Argentine mission:

I love him better, it may be,
Than I do his doctrine.
Of old he reached my heart,
Not by charm of weakness, no,
But fiery strength
Of love divine,
Consuming with a breath of flame
My soul and all my being.³

³Verse by Father Maurice Dehon Smith, C.P., written on the back of an envelope and found among the papers of the young missionary who met a premature death at the Buenos Aires mission on February 15, 1894, while Father Fidelis was away. The lines are reproduced in *Fidelis of the Cross*, by Walter George Smith and Helen Grace Smith.

THE COLORED HARVEST

By John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D.

LAST year there were relatively ten times more converts among the Negroes of the United States than among the white people. Taken in itself this fact is laden with encouragement; but, if thought be given to the twin fact that of the 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States there are less than 250,000 Catholics, the glow of achievement becomes a blush of shame. All glory to the men and women, priests and Sisters, who are carving their converts from the pagan rocks of "Raceland," and all shame on those un-Christian Catholics and Protestants who by their race prejudice have become stumbling blocks instead of stepping stones for America's tenth man.

One out of every six persons in the United States is a Catholic; yet only one out of every 48 Negroes is a Catho-

lic. While on the average there is one priest for every 4,145 persons in the United States, last year each priest accounted for only 1.66 converts on the average. It is impossible to say what proportion of priests are available for the Negroes because there are many Negroes in white parishes which do not report membership according to color.

There are 276 priests working exclusively among the Negroes in the United States. While the total number of converts made last year by all these priests is not available, according to the annual report of The Commission for Catholic Missions Among the Colored People and Indians, 237 of the priests reporting accounted for a total of 3,889 adult baptisms, i.e., converts. This means that each one of the priests working among the Negroes had to his credit last year

an average of 16.4, or, relatively, ten times more converts than the average priest in the United States. In other words, one 125th of the priests in the United States made nearly one 12th of the converts.

While many difficulties impede and even stultify the work of the Catholic Church for the Negroes, it is evident from these figures that we have right here at our back door a missionary field unequalled for opportunity—the grain is ripe for the harvesting. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no mission field in the whole world which assures such amazing returns, qualitatively and quantitatively, for such appallingly small investment as does the colored harvest.

On the other hand, it would hardly be fair to the missionary priests and Sis-

ters laboring in that field, to give the impression that the Negroes are clamoring at the doors of the Catholic Church to get inside. It must be borne in mind that, all things considered, it is just as difficult, and often more difficult, to make a convert from among the Negroes than from among the whites. Any considerable number of converts represents many an hour of priestly prayer and many a drop of sacerdotal sweat. In this country the Gospel is not preached under a palm tree, nor are the colored children taught their lessons by the side of a hedge. American standards require American methods; consequently, each convert represents an individual seed carefully planted, watered through long months of instruction, and watched over with care and tenderness. Even the most rotund of figures can never measure the heartbreaks and the headaches of a missionaryer.

What is important to stress is that there rests upon the Catholics of this country an obligation to give to the Negroes an opportunity to embrace the Faith. My personal opinion as to the disproportion between the numbers of colored and white converts is that the white people in this country, for the most part, have had an opportunity to enter the true fold and have rejected it. On the other hand the Negroes, as a race, have never been given the opportunity to see the beauty of the Bride of Christ or to taste the sweetness of the yoke of Christ. Consequently, when the grace of faith is made available to them they are quicker to grasp it and to hold fast to the things that count. Because, in the economy of grace, God is more generous when His grace has never been rejected, it is true to say that converts are easier to make among the Negroes than among the whites.

It is also true in the economy of grace that God uses human instruments to achieve His Divine purposes. For this reason it is necessary to send missionaries to preach the Gospel to the other sheep. Where we Catholics have been remiss in our duty is in that we have neglected to aid the handful of heroic missionary priests and Sisters who have chosen to follow Christ into the colored harvest. We have turned a deaf ear to the heart-rending appeals of these apostolic laborers because the Negro is America's blind spot, forgetting all the while that when Christ hung upon the Cross with outstretched arms it was a color-blind Christ Who saw the souls of men and not their skins.

THE multiplication of the loaves and the fishes is daily exemplified in the lives of the missionaries to the Negro. A few months ago, for instance, Father Joseph Eckert, S.V.D., celebrated his silver anniversary as a priest. The sil-

ver of his hair matched the silver of his jubilee, for it was greyed in the bringing of over 2,000 adult converts into the Church. Add to that figure the children for whose souls he might well lay claim and it is at once evident that the twelve baskets-full which Father Eckert gathered in Chicago have been pressed down and over-flowing.

RECENTLY what is known as the New York Apostolate took over the work for the Negroes in the Harlem section of New York at St. Charles Borromeo's Church. The first six months of its activity produced over seventy converts—not to mention the convert classes of the other churches for Negroes in New York.

Across the Jersey meadows lies the City of Newark, famous for life insurance; also for Father Cornelius J. M. Ahern who has been giving eternal life insurance to the Negroes of Newark for the past three years in his little Sears-Roebuck "Mail-order" church. The work in the diocese began in Jersey City when Father Joseph Shovelin opened the Church of Christ the King. Then Father Ahern set up his temporary Queen of Angels Church in Newark. This was in 1930, and he counted 62 souls as his inheritance. The total number is now 1,200. One assistant, Father John Shanley, and six Trinitarian Sisters aid Father Ahern in his work (not to mention a couple of busses for transporting the colored people who live at a distance). Two more missions in the City of Newark, as well as missions in East Orange, Elizabeth, and Montclair comprise the set-up. Last year 194 converts rewarded the laborers. Since the work began three and a half years ago 617 converts have been made, the rest of the congregation, with few exceptions, being reclaimed "fallen-aways."

Out in Cleveland Father Thomas McKenney built up a good-sized congregation from practically nothing ten years ago—Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. In Cincinnati Father Leo Walsh and his two assistants, Fathers Francis Mueller and Francis Garrity, are covering the work well, having begun from scratch hardly a decade ago. And to mention the now famous Monsignor Bernard J. Quinn of St. Peter Claver's, Brooklyn, is to recall a one-time express storeroom metamorphosed into a handsome Shrine of the Little Flower whence she scatters her smiles and her roses over the white, black and brown denizens of Brooklyn and environs. But Monsignor Quinn's principal claim to immortality is his mission work for the Negroes, with special emphasis on the community centre in Brooklyn and the orphanage at Wading River.

We could continue the narrative with

a veritable litany of priests who have garnered a rich harvest in the northern fields of the colored harvest; but the Southland, with its teeming millions of Negroes, beckons with allure.

South of the Mason and Dixon Line—a line which still marks the unhealed scar on the broken heart of our nation—three quarters of the Negroes in the United States still live. Figures are not available for the exact number of converts made in this section, but the latest report of the Josephite Fathers will serve as a criterion of how plentiful a harvest lies underneath the southern skies. Last year 75 of the Josephite Fathers on the missions in the South garnered into the Church's barns 1,300 converts, the largest number ever reported in one year by St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart. It is a significant fact that last year, which, from a financial point of view, was the hardest yet experienced on the missions, the spiritual index shows a decided upward trend in every line. This is a remarkable tribute to the men on the missions: that with much less income they have produced much greater results—the slack must have been taken up in their belts.

IT is interesting to note the diversification of the priests working among the Negroes in this country. St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart, the members of which are popularly known as the Josephite Fathers, is the largest representative, with 95 priests dedicated exclusively to caring for the 67,000 souls committed to their care—half the number of colored Catholics attending churches for their special use. The secular clergy ranks next, with 46 priests giving their whole time to the Negroes; 12 of this number being in the South, the others in the North and West. The Holy Ghost Fathers have 41 priests caring for 30,000 souls. The Fathers of the Divine Word come next with 31 priests; the Society of African Missions, 25; Jesuits, 10; Franciscans, 6; Benedictines, 6; Vincentians, 6; Capuchins, 5; Passionists, 3; while the Dominicans have a colored mission attached to St. Rose's Convent, at Springfield, Ky.; and the Redemptorists have a mission for colored attached to their house at Newton Grove, N. Car. This makes a total of 276 priests devoting their whole time and attention to the welfare of the Negroes. Of course, no count can be taken of those zealous priests, particularly in the South, who have charge of congregations composed of white and colored. God knows their heart is not divided and their time is not stinted to either group—but statistics have limitations.

Two major seminaries and two preparatory colleges are exclusively de-

voted to preparing priests for the colored missions. St. Joseph's Seminary, located at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., has an enrolment of 51 seminarians preparing for ordination as Josephite Fathers. This June a class of 13 will be ordained and assigned to the missions in the South. The Josephite preparatory college is located at Newburgh, N. Y.—Epiphany Apostolic College—with an enrolment of 80 students. At Newburgh, too, is the house of novitiate wherein 17 novices are experiencing the delights of Thabor. Incidentally, the Josephites publish a magazine called *The Colored Harvest*, which for over forty years has been pleading the cause of the Negro in America.

The Society of the Divine Word conducts St. Augustine's Seminary at Bay St. Louis, Miss., for colored students for the priesthood. Twelve young colored men are in the major seminary, 6 in the novitiate, and 35 in the preparatory. On May 23 four of these young men were ordained to the priesthood by the Most Rev. Richard Gerow, Bishop of Natchez. The next day the newly ordained simultaneously celebrated their first Masses in the chapel of the seminary. The Most Rev. Daniel Desmond, Bishop of Alexandria, preached the sermon. Arrangements have been completed with Bishop Desmond to begin an apostolate to the Negroes in his diocese with these young colored priests. A fifth seminarian has been accepted by the Most Rev. Joseph Murphy, S.J., for the Diocese of Belize, British Honduras, and will be ordained by him. These are the first fruits of a new venture in the colored missions.

NATURALLY the question arises that if there are so many Catholics in the United States how explain the relatively few colored Catholics? As a matter of fact, where Catholics are most numerous Negroes are relatively fewest. Only in recent years have Negroes in any numbers at all come to dwell in the "Land of Promise" in the North. This means that Negroes have had a minimum of Catholic contact and influence. In the South the number of Catholics is very small, if we except a few restricted areas, and the influence of the Church is very weak.

This geographic distribution of Catholics and Negroes effects two results. In the first place, that part of the Church which is in immediate contact with the mass of Negroes is practically hamstrung by civil laws, social customs, and religious antipathies having root in the early pages of United States history and a Protestant philosophy of slavery which regarded the Negroes as mules rather than men. The Catholic Church did not create these conditions, but found them there upon her advent and is unable to exert much influence for their present amelioration. To these external disabilities must be added a lack of available

funds to undertake anything like an adequate missionary program; lack of priests to care for the Catholic whites, much less branch out into Negro work; and the very vital necessity of people who must earn a living in those bigoted sections not to incur the animosity of the majority who are quite content to dream of a Jim Crow heaven.

A SECOND consequence of the geographic distribution of Catholics and Negroes is that that part of the Church which is not in immediate contact with the mass of Negroes, and which happens to be that part of the Church which is in a position to help most financially and vocationally, is not always aware of the tragic conditions which prevail in missionary sections of their own country. Catholics in favored dioceses think of the Catholic Church as a well-organized, efficient corporation respected for its influence and power. Only with an effort can they be made to realize that within a day's journey of their comfortable church plants there are sections where Catholics are proportionately less numerous than in China, where people have never laid eyes on a Catholic priest, where a parish might mean an area of several thousand square miles, and where to be a Catholic means to be a social pariah.

As with the white people, so with the Negroes, there are discernible two trends of thought: one towards paganism and the rejection of all religion; the other towards Catholicism, this latter being less perceptible but none the less a fact. Younger race writers who got their education from secular sources where atheism and agnosticism are as common as spats and suspenders glibly prate the latest sociological explanations of the genesis and demise of religion and flaunt their blasphemies in the name of progress. They have been educated; but, as happens with so many of the whites, their education means merely that now they are in a position to talk without thinking and to write without reasoning. Because this type is vociferous it may seem to rate more importance than the facts would warrant.

By far the larger and more settled class of Negroes want religion; but they demand a religion which can earn their intellectual and social respect. The best minds of the race are ready enough to admit that the Catholic faith meets the test. As a non-Catholic Negro medical doctor once said when attending an outdoor Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, "That's the religion for me—any religion which can make men get down on their knees must be true." The Negro is satisfied that the Catholic faith is true, but he is not yet convinced that Catholics are true to their faith.

In the words of Bishop Jules B. Jeanmard, of Lafayette, La.: "Many have

not hearkened to our appeals because they have been prejudiced against the colored people." Yet, the Negro does not come to us asking in a strange language for charity—he has a claim on us. As the Bishop continued: "White men brought the colored man to America and the colored man is the white man's burden until he has been made able to take care of himself."

Bishop Thomas J. Toolen, of Mobile, Ala., is in the heart of the colored harvest and has the Negro in his heart. One year he reported over five hundred converts among the Negroes of his diocese and as many more under instruction. Seeing the golden grain heavy with the dew he could not but exclaim: "It seems hard when the poor Negroes come to us and ask to be taken in and we must say no. We have done so little for the Negro, and now when they seem to want to come to us, for lack of a little money we must turn them away."

As Bishop William Hafey, of Raleigh, N. C., once wrote: "Having two hundred converts, two thousand, or twenty thousand a year depend on the number of workers in the field, Sisters as well as priests, and the financial means available for the erection of schools and chapels. That the bulk of the work is to be done in modern up-to-date communities only emphasizes the fact that a five-hundred-dollar chapel served by a priest allowed a dollar a day for living expenses is going to be about as effective as trying to sink a dreadnought with a pea-shooter."

THE gathering in of the colored harvest must be viewed as a national project deserving of the wholehearted support and co-operation of all Catholics—bishops, priests, and laity. No one may consider himself exempt. Bishop Alphonse J. Smith, of Nashville, gave point to the issue when he observed: "The work of the Catholic Church among the Negroes assumes an importance that is not merely diocesan, but national in its influence. The changes that have occurred in the last few decades in the life of the Negro, the excessive urbanization of the black population, with its attendant change in social contacts, the facilities for secular education, etc., have presented here to the Church both a problem and a golden opportunity."

The Catholic Church wants something from the Negro—Faith. The Negro will get something from the Catholic Church—Hope. Twelve million American Negroes look to twenty-one million American Catholics for proof that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ—Charity. Their measure is the rule of Christ, "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another." Shall we fail to measure up?

FACT *versus* GUESS

By

George Rypins

MR. FACT: Is truth stranger than fiction?

MR. GUESS: Sure. Just look in the papers any old day. You'll find the most unbelievable stories—stories which no editor of the most daring sort of story magazine would ever dare to print.

MR. FACT: But is truth *stronger* than fiction?

MR. GUESS: Certainly. Because isn't it true that, after all is said and done, what moves the world is truth and not fiction?

MR. FACT: Yes? I don't agree with you at all. You must have noticed the wave of indignation that swept the country when it became known that people over forty years of age were just thrown on the industrial scrap-heap. You must have read hundreds of "letters to the editor" bitterly complaining about reckless discharge when employees happened to cross the danger-line of forty; you must have met people who told you that there wasn't a chance to get a job once you were over forty.

MR. GUESS: I surely did. And isn't it true? Hasn't the American Federation of Labor and other labor interests as well as liberal organizations come out in strong protest against the policy of industry first to exploit the best years of a man and then just get rid of him with a hearty handshake and a few nice words? Hasn't even Mr. Tugwell said that there is no use of even trying to get a job when one is forty?

MR. FACT: That's just what I meant when I asked if truth were stronger than fiction. It *is* stronger. Look at all the mess this problem of the man of forty has stirred up. That *is* fiction. If you take the trouble of finding out about the truth, the matter is very simple and not deserving at all of such emotional work-out as we had.

MR. GUESS: What, then, are the facts?

MR. FACT: Take the last census, of 1930, when there were not far from 20,000,000 persons of forty years of age and over engaged in gainful occupations. That is, out of a hundred people working in some sort of business, no less than forty were of that famous age where you are supposed to subsist on shattered hopes and wholesale disappointments.

MR. GUESS: Do you mean to say that more people of forty, and over, are working than the lower-age groups, for instance, the people between the ages of twenty and forty?

MR. FACT: That's it exactly. In fact, the number of working people over forty is by two million larger than the number

of workers "in the prime of youth," that is, the ages between 25 and 40. And even if you take all the men and women engaged in gainful occupations, between 18 and 35, they outrank the men and women over forty by not more than two million. Now here you can see for yourself that, far from the much-abused scrap-heap for the man over forty, he plays the most important part in our economic and industrial set-up.

MR. GUESS: I guess you are right. I never knew the figures. Of course, I am surprised how all this agitation sprang up without anybody giving us the hard facts of the matter.

MR. FACT: Yes, truth may be stranger than fiction, but most certainly it is not stronger. It doesn't rule the world. Fiction or, what amounts to the same, half-baked understanding of the facts of life is the reason why the progress of this world of ours moves so slowly, so doubtfully, so hesitantly, taking five steps forward and four steps (and sometimes six and eight and ten steps) backward.

MR. GUESS: That may be so. But don't you agree that progress in this country is moving forward rapidly, with no back-firing whatever?

MR. FACT: This is another piece of "fiction." True, things are picking up, there is, without any doubt, real improvement in many fields. But don't make any mistake about the back-firing. Take the matter of relief for the unemployed, for instance. You have heard it said that over a billion has been spent for the purpose. It isn't quite so much, "only" about 900 million dollars. But then people go on and say that this expense was necessary to help the unfortunate to get on their feet.

MR. GUESS: You must admit that is right.

MR. FACT: I do. But there is a continuation to the story; the problem of caring for the unemployed is bigger right now than at any time during the depression. About 4,700,000 families, or more than (mark this!) *eighteen million* people now are living through the bounty of the Federal Government.

MR. GUESS: Why, this is a tremendous figure. I really thought we had the worst behind us in the matter of unemployment relief. How did it ever happen that, with the general improvement, there is no let-up in the misery and poverty of millions?

MR. FACT: I guess (to assume for once your privilege) that only now is the

Government reaching down to the depths of wide-spread need. Relatives and friends of the destitute have in many cases exhausted their funds. And, you know, there is still large-scale unemployment.

MR. GUESS: But, don't you think that improved business will soon be reflected in a generally raised standard of living?

MR. FACT: That is quite possible. But to come back to my theory that fiction is stronger than the facts: do you realize that there is real danger in the popular opinion that the relief problem is a matter of the past? What does such a careless attitude lead to? Let's conveniently forget the millions of needy persons. Then our next step will be to clamor for more production, and lower wages in order to bring prices down and to sell more. Instead of giving money for charity, we shall prefer to put it into machinery. Instead of trying to raise the standard of living for those unfortunates who have none whatever, we shall try (as we did before 1929) to sell more to those who don't need a higher standard, because theirs is already too high.

MR. GUESS: But what has that got to do with the facts?

MR. FACT: Here we come to the important thing: suppose we would face the truth as it is, and not mould it into some fictional but very convenient shape, what would we see? First, we would realize that for genuine prosperity we have to do away with the poverty of some twenty million people. For how can a country be prosperous if every sixth person is destitute? In consequence, we must try to make room for additional employment; we must pay, not high wages to some, but decent wages to all working people. We must restrict production so it will not run away from the people's buying power. We must not indulge in cut-throat competition, and we must keep up fair prices.

MR. GUESS: Now I ask you: Isn't that the very thing President Roosevelt tries to do?

MR. FACT: Certainly. Mr. Roosevelt, if it were entirely up to him, would soon give us back prosperity, because he does not bother with fiction; he sees the facts. But look at the crowd attacking everything, from minimum wages up to the New Deal, and down again to controlled production; and if you look at them and remember the power and influence they wield, don't forget that fiction, half-baked understanding and convenient forgetfulness of existing facts are stronger than the truth.

THE SOVIET WAR ON WOMEN

By G. M. Godden

"We must win over to our side the millions of toiling women in the towns and villages."—Lenin in *Reminiscences*, by Clara Zetkin, p. 63.

WE must win over to our side the millions of toiling women." That is Lenin's declaration of war upon Christian womanhood throughout the world; and especially upon Catholic womanhood. Lenin laid down the main line of attack, a camouflaged attack as he conceived it, on women: "It must be clearly pointed out that real freedom for women is possible only through Communism." His practical mind saw at once that work amongst women would need "appropriate bodies to carry on the work, and special methods of agitation, and forms of organization."

In another striking passage Lenin emphasized again both the need of women in the fight to create World Communism, and the necessity of special lines of approach to them: "Unless millions of women are with us, we cannot exercise the Proletarian Dictatorship, cannot construct upon Communist lines. We must find our way to them; we must study, and try to find that way."

In other words, the Leninist war upon women is to be a masked war; a war conducted under the cover of advocacy of the various "needs" of working women, of professional women, of peasant women. This is to be the "Communist way" to the capture of the women of the world. Lenin himself outlined these tactics. Communism is to be presented to the women of all countries as the one means of improvement in the daily conditions of their lives, fighting with flexibility "now for this, now for that, according to the prevailing circumstances." There is the hand of the greatest architect of revolution that the world has ever known.

Still more clearly do we see the hand of Lenin in the clench of his summing up: "The struggles for our demands for women must be bound up with the object of seizing Power, of establishing the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." The new war upon women is to be waged merely to use them as cannon fodder, for the seizure of "All-Power," for the erection of the Proletarian Dictatorship. And what of the General Staff of this immense campaign against women? That also Lenin devised. "We must create," he

said, "an International Communist Women's Movement," a Movement which will complete the organization of the Communist International.

That decision places all Communist campaigns amongst women under the central control of the Communist International, sitting in Moscow; the decisions of which, we must always remember, are

THE Communist promised land for women assures them freedom from what Lenin described as "their subjection to the dumb and degrading, endlessly monotonous atmosphere of the nursery." But this "freedom" is only another name for commercial exploitation, in the service of "Socialist Construction." "Millions of Russian women," is the proud boast of this special women's number of *International Press Correspondence*, "have already been torn away from the monotonous atmosphere of kitchen and nursery, and have been placed into the service of social production." (*I.P.C.*, March 8, p. 324.) This boast is reinforced by a special message for "Women's Day," from Moscow: "over seven million women have been drawn into production." Marriage replaced by legalized prostitution, the home replaced by the factory, the nursery replaced by the State Crèche—that is a portion of the truth about the "freedom" offered so alluringly to the women of the world, on this International Women's Day of March, 1934, by the "International Women's Secretariat" of the Communist International.

absolutely binding on each separate National Communist Party. (*Program of the Communist International*. Clauses 1, 2, 13.) As the Special Committee appointed by Congress, in 1930, to investigate Communist activities in the U.S.A., pointed out, "Communists throughout the world obey Moscow implicitly" (*Summary of Findings*, p. 4). And Moscow has issued definite orders in regard to America. Stalin himself declared, in May, 1929: "It is necessary that the American Communist Party should lead the millions of American workers towards the revolutionary class-war." (*Communist International*. Russian Edition, 20.3.30.) It is necessary for the millions of American women, and especially American Catholic women, to realize this attack that has been launched upon them; and the nature of the Class-War in which they are to be involved.

The Communist Class-War has been adequately defined by Lenin himself. It is a war, Lenin wrote in his famous pamphlet, *Infantile Sickness*, which is "a hundred times more difficult, more long-drawn-out, more complicated, than the most blood-thirsty war which could be possible between nations." And Lenin repeats this warning in his pamphlet, *Left Wing Communism*, where he says, "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat is a relentless struggle, with bloodshed." *Pravda*, the official Soviet organ published in Moscow, says the same thing: "Our program is an all-embracing and blood-soaked reality." (*Pravda*, 9.9.28.)

THE casualty lists of the Class-War in Soviet Russia amply confirm these official statements as to its nature. The recorded "casualties" for the first four years of the Communist Class-War in Russia, amount to 1,766,118. The unrecorded deaths at the hands of the Soviet secret police, the Chekha and the Ogpu, would of course swell this figure considerably. According to Soviet statistics persons were being shot, as late as 1928, at the rate of 17 per day, that is 6,205 per year. And shooting is only one method of Class-War extermination.

It is for this "blood-soaked reality" of the Class-War that millions of toiling

American women are to be enrolled, obediently to the words of Lenin and Stalin, and in submission to the orders of Moscow. A few weeks ago Moscow devoted special attention to the ensnaring of women, throughout the world, in commemoration of "Women's Day," March 8, and a special number of the weekly organ of the Communist International, *International Press Correspondence*, was entirely devoted to this new Communist appeal to "Women of the Whole World." It is a document of great interest to American women. Here are a few of the principal points. The appeal is headed, *International Women's Day, 1934*. It is addressed to "Women Workers, Toilers and Peasants of the Whole World!" It is issued by the "International Women's Secretariat of the Executive Committee of the Third International," which is the Headquarters Staff of Communist work among women, in America and all other countries, designed, as we have seen, by Lenin.

THIS appeal calls on the "Women of the World" to unite their forces, in all the countries of the world, for the setting up of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, the creation of Soviet Power, in every nation. Women workers are fed with the Soviet lie that "the priest with the cross and the bible, the capitalist, the landlord . . . the church, the school, the press and the radio have united against the Working class to continue their right to torture and harass the Workers." They are told that they must help the Communist Party, and its supporters, everywhere and in every way. They must "surround this Party with the greatest support." They must "remember that only the fiercest struggle, hand in hand with your brothers, fathers, and sons, under the leadership of the Communist Party, will enable you to throw from your shoulders your enslavers, to throw off the power of the bourgeoisie." Therefore must women, everywhere, "gather under the banner of the Communist Party, the Communist International!"

Following that blood-stained banner, the women of the world are promised, in this Manifesto of March 8, that they shall have security against war; that they will enjoy improved conditions of life; that "all the wealth of the world will be for you yourselves"; that all land will be transferred, "without payment," to the toiling men and women farmers; that taxes will be abolished; that debts will be annulled; that no rents will be demanded; and that there will be a repeal of laws prohibiting abortion. Free wealth, free land, free houses, and free love is the Communist Paradise promised by the "International Women's Secretariat," in Moscow, to the Women Workers of America, provided they will support the Communist Party, "that foremost detach-

ment of the World Proletarian Army," which is now engaged in "laying the path to liberty, and to the happiness of all mankind"—and womankind.

IT is time that the women of America, the Catholic women first and foremost, should realize that the specious promises of life with free land, free houses, no taxes, conceal the kernel of a violent destruction of the Church and of the individual home. The calculated destruction of all religion and, most of all, of the Catholic religion, as a first aim of Communism, was proved in a recent article. The official *Program* of the Communist International lays down the rule for every country, that "one of the most important tasks, affecting the wide masses, is the task of systematically and unswervingly combating religion." (Section IV. Clause 7.) With the destruction of the Church goes the destruction of the individual home. "Women," said Lenin, "must discard the limitations of their Philistine individualist home, and family psychology." In other words, and in the practice of Soviet Russia, they will acquire communal homes and communal husbands.

An ounce of fact is worth many pounds of theory. A Moscow academy has sent out a questionnaire to factory workers, in the Moscow area, on the new Communal Home. One girl reported that she had been married sixteen times in three and a half years, that is an average of one new husband every twelve weeks. The Congressional Report already quoted mentions that even the Soviet authorities concluded that a stop must be put somewhere on the practical results of Communist "marriage," and a Decree has been passed setting up a "speed limit," so to speak, of 30 wives or 30 husbands in 10 years. (Congressional Committee. 1930. Evidence of Dr. Edmund Walsh, S.J., Ph.D.) It is this kind of Communal Home which necessitates the promised repeal of laws prohibiting abortion.

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Crèche—that is a portion of the truth about the "freedom" offered so alluringly to the women of the world, on this International Women's Day of March, 1934, by the "International Women's Secretariat" of the Communist International.

What is being done to make this truth known to the working women, the women both of the towns and of the country? The missionaries of Communism are incessant in their skilfully planned and highly organized attack. They claim that, today, "the conception of the need to struggle for a Soviet Government is ripening in the minds of millions of working women." (*Pravda*, March, 1934.) There is abundant well-documented evidence available of exactly what are the conditions of the lives of women today in Russia.

RECENT travelers through the Soviet Union, such as Carveth Wells in his record, *Kapoot*, and Malcolm Muggeridge in *Winter in Moscow*, have given us first-hand evidence. They have seen the Soviet "toiling peasants" in 1933 kneeling down in the snow and asking for bread; they have seen the misery in Moscow, and the "more passionate and simpler misery" in the country districts; they have seen Soviet citizens, traveling in the train with a foreign visitor, make a sudden grab at bits of orange peel, thrown away by the visitor, and ravenously devour them; they know the famine is now (1934) raging in Soviet Russia—famine the innate fruit of applied Communism! They have seen "hunger everywhere." They have seen the "many shadows over Moscow, terror, and famine and death." They have seen how the "Class-War hung over the population like a heavy cloud, filling the fields with weeds, killing off cattle and horses, and spreading famine and trouble everywhere . . . hundreds of thousands of peasants exiled, and thousands shot. Everything edible except some millet and potatoes, requisitioned by the Government. These potatoes counted over, one by one, like jewels." They have seen how the slogans of Communism have rolled over Russia "like a destroying wind." They have seen the Soviet Promised Land, "Horror piled on horror. Abomination of desolation. Jerry-built immensity, made and inhabited by slaves . . . an enormous pyramid of filth." They have seen how the "gloomy Marxist thoughts were a heavy mist, choking the life out of peasants and animals and soil." They have seen how the Soviet Revolution set up a State which has "spread death, famine and destruction everywhere." These are the words of intelligent and disinterested visitors to Soviet Russia in 1933. Are they being made known to the Working Women of America; or is the poison-gas of Communist propaganda being allowed to roll over the land, like a destroying wind?

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

W. W. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.—By virtue of Canon 574 it is forbidden to administer the Sacraments of the Church to heretics and schismatics, even though they are in good faith and ask for them, unless they have first renounced their errors and been reconciled to the Church. Surely, it would be passing strange if non-Catholics were allowed to receive the Sacraments in the same manner as faithful Catholics. Otherwise, what would be the benefit of membership in the Church? Your action was objectively wrong, but if, as you confess, "it did not seem wrong to you," it was not subjectively wrong; in other words, it was not sinful.

J. B. M., WILMINGTON, DEL.—The person you inquire about is attached to the College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa.

J. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your confessor or spiritual director is the person to whom you should go for advice. Our opinion is that you would do better by trying to be a good Catholic layman in the world. We need good men in secular life.

N. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—(1) A list of Forbidden Books may be obtained from THE SIGN for fifteen cents. The complete edition, which would hardly interest most readers since it contains names of books which they will never have anything to do with, may be obtained for \$1.60 postpaid. (2) The books of the authors you mention are not on the Index. This must not be understood to mean that they are approved. (3) The extent of the prohibition of a writer's books is made known by the Index. It may be restricted to one book or may include all his works. See the article on "The Roman Index" in the May issue of THE SIGN.

J. J. E., CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—We cannot find Cynthia among the names of Saints.

L. C.—Communicate with the priest who performed the marriage ceremony.

E. T., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—It is not forbidden to enter the institutions. There is provision for Catholic instruction and worship.

M. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Anton is a Germanic, Swedish, Slavonic, and Russian form of Anthony. St. Anthony of Padua is the patron.

R. F., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—(1) *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, by Margaret Yeo; *The Psychology of Character*, by Rudolf Allers, condensed by Ruth Barclay. (2) Never heard of a *Life of Cardinal Manning* by Lytton Strachey. (3) The Seven Swords refer to the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, which like so many swords pierced her tender heart.

V. L., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Our opinion is that there is no legitimate ground either for separation or for a petition for annulment.

CHURCH BURIAL FOR SUICIDE

How shall a Catholic answer when Protestants ask for an explanation of the case of the burial of a Catholic man from

the church after he committed suicide?—T. J. McC., LYNN, MASS.

Canon 1240 deprives of ecclesiastical burial the bodies of those who have deliberately taken their own life. The reason of this prohibition is that those who deliberately commit suicide pass out of this world in the state of mortal sin. Consequently it would be like putting the stamp of approval on such an act were the Church to give the benefit of a church funeral to such a person.

It should be noted, however, that the prohibition is aimed at those and only those who *deliberately* take their own life. This means that they were in their senses at the moment, knew what they were doing and in cold blood made an end of their own existence. When there are grave reasons to doubt that a person has *deliberately* committed suicide the Church leans to the side of clemency. If the past life of the suicide has been lived in a good Catholic manner, with the faithful observance of his religious duties, such conditions oftentimes are ground for the opinion that the act of suicide was the result of temporary insanity, perhaps brought on by ill health. In such a case, the Church will allow the usual Catholic funeral rites to be performed over him. Remember, that the Church is a kind mother. She does not wish to deprive any of her children of the graces and consolations of the faith, unless it is clear that they are positively unworthy of them.

(N.B.—Applications for admission to the Order of Preachers—Dominican Fathers—should be addressed to V. Rev. Father Provincial, O.P., 869 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

JONAS AND WHALE: INERRANCY OF BIBLE: SENSES OF BIBLE: "HEAVEN AND EARTH SHALL PASS AWAY"

I am enclosing a clipping taken from The Literary Digest of March 11, 1933, which recounts an interview with the Abbé Lemaitre, a Belgian secular priest. There are a number of things in this article which I find difficult to understand. Thus, the article says: "when the boy [Lemaitre] grew up and became both a priest and a scientist, he didn't believe that the whale swallowed Jonah or that the world was made in six days. Science taught him that a whale could not survive the feat, and that creation took millions upon millions of years." Hence, I ask you the following questions:

(1) Is it a scientific fact that the whale could not have survived the feat of swallowing Jonas? (2) Are there errors of historic and scientific fact to be found in the Bible? If so, what are some of them, and how are they accounted for? Also, how are we to know what must be believed in the Bible? (3) Does the Church teach dogmatically more than one interpretation of some parts of the Old and New Testament? (4) What is the interpretation of the text, "Heaven and earth shall pass away but My word shall not pass away?"—H. J. F., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In the first place, the article is a good example of "journalism"—the peculiar manner in which newspaper men write up matters beyond their comprehension, with an eye to impress the simple-minded and the ignorant. It should be noted that the two sentences which are quoted above, as part of the interview, are the inferences of the writer of the article and not the words

of Lemaitre. We feel confident that the Abbé would not put the seal of his approval on the article in its entirety. In fact, he is reported in the same article as saying: "There is no conflict between religion and science." "Do you know where the heart of the misunderstanding lies? It is really a joke on the scientists. They are a literal-minded lot. Hundreds of professional and amateur scientists actually believe the Bible pretends to teach science. This is a good deal like assuming that there must be authentic religious dogma in the binomial theorem."

In order to make a thorough study of this reported interview, especially in the effort to separate the true from the false, a greater amount of space would be required than we can devote to it. Newspaper and popular magazine articles are notoriously inaccurate in regard to received doctrines of Christianity. Whatever appears to attack or to cast doubt on established beliefs is stressed beyond all measure, or presented in an unfavorable light, and thus they are unreliable as sources of information. This is especially to be deplored in regard to the simple-minded people, who read only the newspapers and light literature. They imagine that a story must be true for the simple reason that "they saw it in the newspaper"—a classic example of unwarranted inference and deduction. True scientists and orthodox theologians usually dismiss with contempt alleged scientific and theological articles which aim to impress in popular literature.

(1) It is quite correct to hold that some varieties of whale have a throat too small to allow them to swallow a grown man. But all whales are not of the same variety. There is, for instance, the sperm whale or cachalot, which inhabits the southern waters where Jonas was sailing. They may be met with "in all tropical and subtropical seas," and "in summer occasionally the Shetlands and even Iceland." (*Encyclopedia Britannica*, art. "Whale"; "Queer Fish," E. G. Boulenger, page 183.) The sperm whale differs from the right or whalebone whale of northern seas by having teeth on its under jaw instead of whalebone, fitting into the sockets of the upper jaw. It attains a very large size and may measure from fifty to seventy to eighty feet in length. The head is about one-third of the length of the body, very massive, high and truncated in front. Cachalots have been cut open and the bodies of octopi larger than a man's body have been found whole in the stomach. They can easily swallow lumps of food eight feet in diameter. There is no scientific reason why a whale of this variety could not swallow Jonas. The Bible tells us nothing of his size. But specimens of sperm whales have mouths, throats, and stomachs large enough to accommodate men of very large stature. There is no difficulty in accepting the Jonas story from this angle.

The extraordinary thing about Jonas and the whale is that Jonas survived his experience of being three days and three nights (or part of three days and three nights, according to the Hebrew method of computing time) in the stomach of the "great fish." (*Jonas 2:1*.) But even in this respect there are extraordinary accounts related by men worthy of credence to the effect that men have been swallowed by sperm whales and have survived. One man was almost as long in the belly of a sperm whale as Jonas himself. Yet he survived the terrible ordeal. (*Sixty-three Years of Engineering*, by Sir Francis Fox, pp. 298-300, quoted in *The Princeton Theological Review*, October, 1927.)

Whether Jonas' survival is to be called a miracle or not, it cannot be proven by competent and unprejudiced scientists that it is impossible for a sperm whale, or cachalot, to swallow a man and to keep him within its belly for a period of three days and three nights. As to the survival of the whale after such an experience, that does not enter into the discussion.

The important thing is that the survival of Jonas was a type of the Resurrection of Christ from the grave. When the Jews asked Our Lord for a "sign" of His divine mission He appealed to this narrative, and also to the men of Ninive and the Queen of Saba (*Matt. 12:40-42*). The latter were recognized as real

historical characters, and from Christ's grouping them with Jonas there is every reason to believe that Jonas, and his survival from his captivity in the belly of the whale, were history and not myth or fable. Christ would hardly have appealed to a fable as confirmation of His Divine mission and as a type of His Resurrection.

The Church has never made any formal declaration on this question. She has never had occasion to do so. Her traditional and ordinary teaching is that the story of Jonas and the whale is real fact, and not legend. The Abbé Lemaitre, even presuming that his thoughts were correctly reported, is not, so far as we know, an authority on whales. His field is astrophysics.

(2) The Church teaches: "the books of the Old and New Testament, whole and entire, with all their parts, as enumerated in the decree of the Council of Trent, and in the ancient Latin Vulgate, are to be received as sacred and canonical, not because, having been composed by human industry, they were afterwards approved by her authority; nor only because they contain revelation without error, but because, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their Author." (Council of the Vatican, Sess. 111, cap. ii, *De Revelatione*.)

"It follows that those who maintain that an error is possible in any genuine passage of the sacred writings, either pervert the Catholic notion of inspiration, or make God the author of such an error. And so emphatically are all the Fathers and Doctors agreed that the divine writings, as left by the *hagiographers*, are free from all error, that they labored earnestly with no less skill than reverence, to reconcile with each other those numerous passages which seem at variance—the very passages which in great measure have been taken up by the 'higher criticism.' For they were unanimous in laying it down that those writings, in their entirety and all their parts, were equally from the *afflatus* of Almighty God, and that God, speaking by the sacred writers, could not set down anything but what was true. The words of Saint Augustine to Saint Jerome may sum up what they taught: 'On my part I confess to your charity that it is only to those books of Scripture which are now called canonical that I have learned to pay such honor and reverence as to believe most firmly that none of their writers has fallen into error. And if in these books I meet with anything which seems contrary to truth, I shall not hesitate to conclude either that the text is faulty, or that the translation has not expressed the meaning of the passage, or that I myself do not understand.'" (*Providentissimus Deus*, Leo XIII.)

These words refer to the original documents written by the Sacred Writers themselves, not to copies and translations made from them. Translations which substantially agree with the original documents are called "authentic." For the Latin Church the official "authentic" version is the Vulgate. The Church declares that the Vulgate is in substantial agreement with the original inspired documents.

While the original documents inspired by the Holy Ghost are immune from error, it cannot be said that translations of these documents enjoy the same privilege of inerrancy. Here is where the Church exercises her jurisdiction over the Bible. It is for her to approve and to condemn translations and versions of the Bible which in her judgment do or do not convey the meaning and sense of the original.

In reading the Bible it is important to remember that the Sacred Writers were not composing a book of physical science, but a book on how to glorify God and to attain personal salvation. Consequently, when they wrote about material things they wrote in the terms which were commonly used. They went by what sensibly appeared. They spoke of the rising and the setting of the sun, as normal people do today, though a physicist or an astronomer would say that it was not the motion of the sun but of the earth which made the sun to appear to rise and set.

We must believe the Bible in the sense which the Sacred

Writers meant to express. It is the prerogative of the Catholic Church, and only the Catholic Church, to decide the true meaning of the text in doubtful passages. When the Church has not formally decided obscure passages of the Bible the faithful are at liberty to follow their own opinion, when that opinion is not in conflict with the analogy of faith.

(3) There are two general senses of Holy Scripture—the literal and the typical or spiritual sense. Thus, Adam was in the literal sense an historical person, and in a spiritual sense a type of Christ. As Adam is the father of all mankind in a material sense, so Christ is the father of all the Redeemed in a spiritual sense; "As in Adam all die, so in Christ all shall be made alive." (1 Cor. 15:22.) So likewise, Jonas was a historical person and at the same time in a spiritual sense a type of Christ. His escape from the belly of the whale was a type of Christ's resurrection from the grave. (Matt. 12:40.)

(4) This text means that the doctrines revealed by Christ are more enduring than the physical world. The physical world shall pass away, but the words of Christ will remain forever, because they are eternal truth. The Heaven in the text does not refer to the abode of the Blessed, but to the visible firmament.

PROMISES OF MIXED MARRIAGE: ARLENE AND BEVERLY: HOW LONG TO KEEP COMPANY

(1) *What promises must be made before a dispensation will be granted for a Catholic to marry a non-Catholic? (2) Are Arlene and Beverly Catholic names? (3) How long should young people keep company before they get married?* —D. G., DUNKIRK, N. Y.

(1) According to Canon 1061 of the Code of Canon Law, the Church will not dispense from the impediment of Mixed Religion except under the following conditions: (1) there must be just and grave reasons for granting the dispensation; (2) the non-Catholic party must guarantee that he (or she) shall remove all danger of perversion from the Catholic party, and both parties shall bind themselves by guarantees to baptize and educate all their children in the Catholic faith only; (3) there must be moral certainty that the guarantees will be fulfilled. By means of these guarantees, given by each party, danger to the faith of the Catholic party and of the children is rendered as remote as possible.

(2) We have a book of Baptismal Names consisting of 347 pages, with an average of 60 names on each page; but we cannot find either Arlene or Beverly in the list. It looks as though they are not Catholic names.

(3) We have been told that some priests hold that six months is sufficient time for two people to know each other's character. Some others put it at a year. We don't know. But of this we are quite sure—company keeping as a rule is prolonged far beyond reasonable limits. You may be interested in a little booklet published by The Paulist Press, 401 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y., entitled, "I'm Keeping Company Now." Get it and read it. Price five cents. Order from the publisher.

SICK ROOM SUPPLIES: ATTITUDE OF THE CHURCH ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

(1) *What articles should a Catholic have in readiness when a priest is coming to administer the last Sacraments? (2) What is the attitude of the Church on capital punishment? We are taught not to kill or practise birth control, but are not those who sentence a man to die committing murder also?*—N. N.

(1) The following articles should be in every genuinely Catholic home in readiness for the priest when he comes to visit the sick or to administer the Last Sacraments: (a) a table covered with a clean, white cloth; (b) at least one candlestick holding a blessed candle lighted; (c) a crucifix; (d) two small glasses, one containing holy water and the

other pure fresh water (this is used for the ablation after Holy Communion or Viaticum); (e) a large tablespoon (with which the priest administers the ablation to the sick person). Complete sick call sets may be obtained in the Catholic Supply Stores.

(2) The Fifth Commandment prohibits the harming or taking away of life in the case of the innocent, not the guilty. The Church has always held and now holds that the State, as the representative of God, has the right to punish public malefactors with the penalty of death, in so far as this is necessary for the public good. God Himself in the revelation of both the Old and the New Testaments has sanctioned capital punishment in such cases. The almost universal consent of all nations and reason itself are added proofs of the lawfulness of this act under the conditions given above. The right of the State to inflict capital punishment is certain. Just as an individual may protect his own life against an unjust aggressor, even to the extent of killing the latter, so the State, which is a moral person, may protect itself in the same way. The expediency of applying the full penalty is open to question. But in these days of brazen disrespect for law, it seems that the only effective means for protecting society and curbing crime is to apply the death penalty honestly and fearlessly. There's too much sentimentality in the administration of justice.

A CHILD A YEAR

Does the Church order that Catholic married women should have a child every year? I was told that a Catholic woman was not allowed to go to confession because in her seven years of married life she had given birth to only two children.—T. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The Church has no legislation of any kind as to the number of children of a Catholic marriage. Such a supposition is simply silly. "Marriage does not directly oblige married persons to have children, but it does oblige them mutually to give and receive the right to the marriage debt, in order to perform those acts which are by their nature the means of begetting children. . . . There is no obligation on married persons to have as many children as possible, nor even a specified number; but what they are obliged to do, not by the Church, but by God Himself, is to use the marriage debt properly, and never to interfere positively with its natural effect." (*This IS Christian Marriage*, pp. 10, 11.)

Of course, the Church like God Himself favors the birth of many children, in accordance with the blessing of marriage made by God in the beginning: "increase and multiply and fill the earth." (*Gen. 1:28*.) "God wishes men to be born, not only that they should live and fill the earth, but much more that they be worshippers of God, that they may know Him and love Him and finally enjoy Him forever in Heaven; and this end, since man is raised by God in a marvellous way to the supernatural order, surpasses all that eye hath seen, and ear heard, and all that hath entered into the heart of man. From which it is easily seen how great a gift of Divine goodness and how remarkable a fruit of marriage are children born by the omnipotent power of God through the cooperation of those bound in wedlock" (*Encyclical Casti Connubii*).

But the Church does legislate explicitly on birth control, or contraception: "any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated of its natural power to generate new life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of grave sin" (*Casti Connubii*). Those who are guilty of grave sin cannot be absolved unless they are sincerely sorry for their offense, and promise not to commit the same sin in the future. When they refuse to agree to these conditions they cannot be absolved. To do so would be a sacrilege.

MARRIED CLERGY OF EASTERN RITES

In the December, 1933, issue of THE SIGN, page 281, you answered a question regarding clerical celibacy to this effect: "The clergy of most of the Eastern Rites, both Catholic and schismatic, are allowed to marry before ordination to the diaconship and are ordained to the priesthood even though married." In view of this answer I should like to know (1) whether or not a priest who has been ordained for a number of years may marry? (2) If he may marry, can he continue as a priest? (3) If said priest has taken a pledge of celibacy, may he now abandon the pledge and marry? Assuming that the marriage is possible, would it be considered objectionable?—W. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.

We presume that your three questions refer to the clergy of the Eastern Rites, for the obligation of celibacy is universal in the Latin or Western Church. Among the Latins the obligation is assumed at ordination to subdiaconship and no dispensation is granted to allow one exercising Sacred Orders to marry.

Among Catholics of the Eastern Rites the discipline of clerical marriage is the rule. Married men may be ordained to the priesthood and continue to live with their wives. The marriage must take place, however, before ordination to the diaconship. (Among the Latins laymen who are married may on rare occasions be ordained to the priesthood with Pontifical dispensation. Their wives must either enter a religious community and assume vows, or take upon themselves some obligation to observe chastity. Widowers, too, may be admitted to Sacred Orders.)

With reference to Eastern Catholics: (1) Men who have been ordained as celibates may not marry afterward. (2) Those who have married before ordination may continue to live with their wives while exercising their ministry. If their wives die, however, they may not marry again. (3) This question is answered under (1). In both Oriental Catholic and Schismatic Churches the bishops must be single, or at least widowers. They are usually taken from among the monks.

There are exceptions to the above rule among the non-Catholic (dissident-schismatic) Eastern clergy. Thus, the Nestorians permit marriage after ordination, and the heretical Syrians and Armenians allow a widower to marry again. But these are rather relaxations from the prevailing discipline common to both Catholic and non-Catholic Eastern Rites. (The Catholic Encyclopedia Dictionary—"Clerical Celibacy".)

Quite confusing, is it not? For your further information, and also for the benefit of our readers who are interested, we recommend a pamphlet entitled, *Eastern Catholics*, by W. L. Scott, K. C. It may be obtained from the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for five cents.

CHRIST'S FEET NAILED TO THE CROSS

In "Keeping Up With the World" Department in "Collier's" for April 21, 1934, the following statement was made by T. C. Condry of Clarkesburg, West Va.: "Despite the fact that nearly all images and pictures of Christ after the crucifixion show Him with wounds in His feet, there is no Biblical authority for this universal belief that they, as well as His hands, were nailed to the cross." Please comment on this, for I have read and been taught otherwise.—L. R., LAWRENCE, MASS.

In itself this item is not worthy of being commented on. It is a half-truth, which in some instances is more dangerous than an unvarnished lie. The conclusion is predicated on the implied major premise to the effect that what is not explicitly mentioned in the Bible is not true (an ancient Protestant error many times refuted). The minor premise is that the Bible does not mention that Christ's feet were nailed to the cross. The conclusion is, therefore, that they were not nailed. Logical, but false. And the inference drawn from the conclusion is an affront to Christian Tradition.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart of Jesus, A.M.B., Randallstown, Md.; Blessed Mother, K.M.O'L., Washington, D. C.; Holy Family, M.E.O., South Boston, Mass.; Blessed Mother, M.J.H., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart, I.J., Harrison, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, M.J.S., Bronx, N. Y.; Blessed Gemma, C.H., Mt. Adams, Ohio; Pour Souls, M.M., Louisville, Ky.; Blessed Gemma Galgani, B.O'C., Lawrence, Mass.; Blessed Mother, St. Ann, K.O'R., Duquesne, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, M.C.D., Hempstead, L. I.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, St. Paul of the Cross, M. J., Wyncote, Pa.; St. Anthony, M.A.D., Scranton, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.J.H.; Pittston, Pa.; Our Lord, Blessed Virgin, St. Anthony, St. Anne, Little Flower, St. Joseph, Holy Souls, E.L.B., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul, K.M.K., New York, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, H.McL., Elmhurst, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, K.M.McN., Cambridge, Mass.; Sacred Heart, K.H., Brad-dock, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.E.P.R., Middletown, Ky.; St. Joseph, M.W.T., Bridgeport, Conn.; Our Blessed Lord, M.H., Reading, Mass.; St. Anthony, M.F., Parsons, Kansas; Souls in Purgatory, E.H.F., Benton Harbor, Mich.; Precious Blood, Immaculate Heart, Jesus Crucified, D.C., Detroit, Mich.; Little Flower, M.E., Maynooth, Ireland; Blessed Mother, A.K.K., Brighton, Mass.; St. Theresa, L.R.S., Chicago, Ill.; St. Paul and St. Gabriel, M.R.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.F.D., Bangor, Maine; C. K., Newark, N. J.; M.E.D., Somerville, Mass.; M.L.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M.R.D., Worcester, Mass.; E.H.R., Newark, N. J.; W.A.S., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.M.B., Williston Park, N. Y.; M.C.H., Cambridge, Mass.; M.C.H., Cambridge, Mass.; M.M.C., Albany, N. Y.; M.G.C., Holyoke, Mass.; J.E.R., Lowell, Mass.; A.W., Lawrence, Mass.; M.M.W., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.F.B., Old Monroe, Mo.; M.M.C., Aurora, Ill.; A.C.M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A.V.P., Rye, N. Y.; M.T.C., Brighton, Mass.; L.O'B., Chicago, Ill.; J.J.H., Newburgh, N. Y.; E.L.B., St. Louis, Mo.; M.E.O'C., Dunkirk, N. Y.; H.M.L., Boston, Mass.; M.T., St. Louis, Mo.; H.McC., Union City, N. J.; I.O., Hawley, Pa.; M.F., Parsons, Kansas; M.F.O'C., Indian Head, Maryland; M.E., Maynooth, Ireland; L.B., Latrobe, Pa.; L.R.S., Chicago, Ill.; A.R.McK. Providence, R. I.; M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; J.P.C., Bronx, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lack of space demands that our correspondents make their letters as brief as possible.

TIME OF CENTRAL EUROPEAN RADIO PROGRAMS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The latest issue of THE SIGN came in today. I noted that your editor on *Categorica* printed a list of European stations having special programs and of Catholic interest. I was disappointed, however, in that your editor does not state whether the time used is EST or GREAT MERIDIAN TIME or CENTRAL EUROPEAN TIME. France uses GMT, while many of the stations in Germany, etc., use the CET. I would also like to know where your editor obtained this information and would appreciate it very much if you would let me know.

I shall check this evening for a number of the programs mentioned and if I am successful in picking up one of these broadcasts I shall let you know. There is a hobby that many prominent people have now that is known as DXing. You try and log as many stations in foreign countries and have that station verify your reception. You see I belong to one of these clubs. I have listened to stations in England, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Morocco, Mozambique, Australia, Siam, French Indo China, Canada, Mexico, Santo Domingo, Cuba, Haiti, Colombia, Ecuador, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, and Venezuela. You see this one reason alone, even though I were not a Catholic, would prove to be of interest, but since I am a Catholic and this makes the programs from Europe so much more interesting when they are of Catholic nature instead of so much jazz from so many of the foreign countries. I have a new Stewart Warner Radio and this is the radio I do all checking on. Static may be bad but when you are trying to pick up a station that interests you there is not much attention paid to the static. That is, unless it is too bad.

FORT BENNING, GA.

GUY R. BIGBEE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The list of European radio stations with Catholic programs was copied from *The Universe*, London. It would seem, therefore, that the hours specified would be approximately five hours ahead of our time—this for both E.S.T. and D.S.T.

PRaise FROM SIR HUBERT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Every time I read an issue of *THE SIGN* I feel like writing you a letter—I enjoy reading every issue immensely.

Unfortunately I don't have much time for reading and I am many months behind on *THE SIGN*, but I keep all issues until completely read.

I just finished the issue of January, 1933, and was delighted with the article by Father Griffith, "The Gangplank to China."

Some time ago I was on the Pacific Coast and had the honor of spending an evening at the residence of the Right Reverend Bishop Cantwell. The Bishop of Cheyenne was his guest that evening. The question of magazines and publications came up and I asked if they had ever read *THE SIGN*. If you had heard the spontaneous and enthusiastic comment of both Bishops, I know you would have been delighted.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHRISTY WALSH.

ANOTHER VIEW OF "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In answering Phil A. Grau concerning his impressions of *Anthony Adverse* I fear that he has not dealt fairly with the novel. Mr. Herve Allen did not try to write a lewd book any more than did Voltaire in *Candide*. Mr. Allen spent many years of research before he ever attempted his novel. Then, to keep his thoughts and information free from modern intrusion, he secluded himself on a semi-tropical island until he had finished the novel of 1,224 pages.

To me, a college senior, it is a stupendous work from the pen of a man who can deal with religion, love, sex and the banking business without prejudice. The book abounds in historical facts which should be carefully studied by every young person today. The excellent passages on banking are worthy of much discussion, especially in regard to affairs as they are today. The descriptive passages, often long and tedious, are nevertheless beautifully written in a clear, healthy and vigorous style. It is a relief to read of historical characters who live and breathe the same as other people and who are not placed on pedestals at every step in their career. (If a man is bad and he happens to pop up in a book why not paint him as he really is, not as people would like to see him? I may be cruel but reality is necessary if we are to depict life as it really is.)

To use Mr. Grau's adjective, there are no filthy passages, and whatever is written of the adolescent life of Anthony is absolutely necessary to the reader in forming his opinions of the character's career. We have all had our nasty habits as children but they are human and soon forgotten as we reach maturity. Anthony Adverse is the strong, virile youth who exemplifies all that a good man should be. He will certainly leave an impression on our school of aesthetes who are forever damning the virility of man. In spite of what any critic will say, I believe Anthony remained more constant in his beliefs than any man could under the same conditions. He is the type who is a builder; undaunted by adversities he struggled to build a race of strong people. He was a good man and you can't keep a good man down.

No putrid stench arises from the pages, and if more fathers would teach their sons clean living we would have a better world to live in. This book, with exception of few misadventures on the part of Anthony's father and himself, gives us a chance to think about ourselves. We have all been perplexed with the eccentric actions of life; Anthony was able to master these and still keep his self-respect. He did succeed in his life because he had faith; whatever faith it was he believed in it sincerely. Without faith he would have been lost, but he realized the value of retaining one's faith. Even in his most discouraging moments he always had faith in God and himself. In the year 1803 the world was full of evil and I think Mr. Allen did a splendid job in bringing Anthony from illegitimacy to a position of honor and respect and still keep to historical facts.

Intelligent readers do not try to find the dirt in novels. If such passages occur, and they are often necessary in depicting a character, they are passed over with the turning of the page. Clean-minded people do not dwell on such passages, as the passages are not intended to stimulate uncalled for illusions. They are facts and facts, though often cruel, must be faced squarely.

I do not think it the greatest book I have read, but it is worthy of praise and gives one a splendid view of the Napoleonic era as it affected Spain. I enjoyed reading the book more than once and I will not throw my copy in the fire. I shall not cherish the book as a great novel but its impressions shall remain with me for many months. It is a healthy book which gives one the incentive to keep struggling. Nothing to man is impossible if he gives life a fair trial.

WAYLAND, MASS.

PAUL D. ROWAN.

A BOOK REVIEWER REVIEWED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am enclosing a clipping from the *Herald Tribune* Book Section of this Sunday and hope that this may bring forth some sort of an article in your excellent magazine in defense of Saints.

This article takes an attitude of brazen attack, which seems common nowadays, on the mental integrity of moral persons—all under the guise of modern science, psychology, etc. I am not a psychologist and know nothing of it formally, but I do believe the Saints have certainly achieved a truly wonderful renown and respect from many generations of admittedly sane people. If this be insanity let us make the most of it!

All this is, however, quite beside the point. What can be done to such people as this Iris Barry, the reviewer, and the *Herald Tribune*, which prints many such reviews? If a living person is slandered the outraged party has legal recourse, but if he be dead there seems to be no recourse.

It is such articles as these which pour into the minds and hearts of people all the unreasoning and ridiculous prejudice and misconceptions which your good paper has so valiantly tried to dispel; especially in people who never have a chance to come in contact with such magazines as *THE SIGN*. This magazine article proves nothing nor does it even attempt to prove or demonstrate anything; yet it is so cunningly phrased

that it leaves a definite and strongly unlogical impression that martyrs are persons afflicted with neurosis, that they are fit subjects for a mental hospital; that if we had these people here today they would be considered subjects for institutions for the insane.

As if martyrs had not always existed, and, as the reviewer puts it, martyrdom to scientific research might not be so heart-wringing because we think it potentially useful to society. Evidently in the eyes of this reviewer martyrdom may or may not evidence insanity, depending whether or not one dies for one set of ideas or another! Ideas seem to be just ideas and nothing else; we do not hear of martyrdom to truth, honest conviction. Morality seems to be mere expediency according to this code; even our mental status may rest on no firmer basis than that of current theories of utility. The sane of today may be the insane of tomorrow then, all experience is then negative and nothing can ever be definitely proved because we may not choose to admit other ideas of utility than our own. Since scientific proof must rest on centuries of experience before we can be really certain of any scientific theory or so-called law, how can we ever have any definite convictions, how can we ever admit science? If we deny one kind of truth we must therefore deny any and all truth, in other words, our own existence.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

MELVILLE A. J. CLARK.

SAINT PAUL'S GUILD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Please accept my sincere thanks for publishing my letter in the May issue of *THE SIGN* and especially for the splendid editorial over your signature.

You will be pleased to know that as a result of this letter and editorial, we have received no less than fifty requests for the booklet "Saint Paul's Guild. What It is and What It Does," and of this fifty, more than ten responded with a membership in the Guild.

May I take this opportunity of saying, that we shall be very glad to send this booklet, free of charge, to anyone writing to, Saint Paul's Guild, 108 East 56th Street, New York, N. Y.

I thank you again for the splendid cooperation you have given us.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HARRY A. ROTH.

"THE CATHOLIC WORKER"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For years the poison of Communist propaganda has been spreading through America unchecked, and, almost unchallenged. Because it made little apparent change, we paid it little attention.

These few years of depression have yielded to Communism an abundant harvest. Hungry, cold, homeless men fell easy victims to its doctrines; and while their bodies were fed and clothed by religious and civic philanthropy, their souls were too often nourished by the poisoned eloquence of street-corner radicals.

A timely antidote for this poison was set in action just about a year ago. This is *The Catholic Worker*, a penny paper, published at 436 E. 15th Street, New York City. Its purpose is to bring to the minds of all, rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, Catholic and non-Catholic, the Church's teaching on social questions.

A cursory reading of the paper shows its competency to fulfill this mission. Its tone is soundly Catholic. It considers man always in his noblest aspect, that is, as a child of God, and a member, actual or potential, of Christ's Mystical Body. It quotes and explains the Scriptures, Scholastic Philosophy, and the Encyclicals, truthfully and clearly. Its style is lucid, simple and direct, a relief from the cumbrous bombast of our tons of dailies.

This paper is not spreading as it should, because of the

lamentable indifference of many of our Catholic people to Catholic Action. Many of us have the unhappy tendency to sit back and observe languidly the zealous work of the few leaders who have the courage to break through convention, and act. We feel so very safe and smug in our defined sphere of religious activity. We fail to realize that we recline on a smouldering volcano of hatred for God and religion. The sad result of this passive Catholicity in the face of active opposition, may be seen in the present condition of several formerly Catholic countries.

It is our duty, not in charity but in strict justice, to further Catholic truth on social questions. *The Catholic Worker* is perhaps the best existing means of reaching the greatest number. It would be to the undying shame of American Catholics, were this paper to fail.

The Catholic Worker needs our prayers, action and sacrifice. It cannot be run without moral and financial support. Its editors, heroic though they be, are often at their wits' end to meet expenses. The paper will grow and spread, only when our American Catholics are willing to pray and work for, and contribute to its success.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

FRANCIS P. JOYCE.

THE BIBLE IN THE PHILIPPINES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As regards the Bible in the Philippine Islands, of which mention occurred in February's issue of *THE SIGN*, it is true that no complete edition was printed in the Philippine languages during the Spanish régime. However, it is a matter of history that the Spanish friars translated the Bible from time to time into the dialects of the people. Selecting an example, we might mention Father Pedro de Soto, who in the middle of the seventeenth century was engaged for a whole year in translating the Scriptures into the Pangasinan tongue, of which he had a thorough mastery. (cf. *The Philippine Islands*—Blair and Robertson, vol. 31, p. 146.)

Again, a translation of the Gospels was rendered into the Tagalog language about the same period by Father Diego de la Asuncion. (*ib.*, vol. 35, p. 311, n. 94.)

Just what is to be inferred from the assertion in the *War Cry*, a Salvation Army publication, that the Islands did not receive the Scriptures during Spain's rule? The facts of history do not permit us to conclude that it argues indifference on the part of the Spanish priests, who by their heroic and almost incredible labors civilized half a million savages, and made them staunch, exemplary Christians—the only Catholic nation of the East. To enkindle their religion, more than five hundred books were printed in the Philippines before 1800. For the most part these were explanations of Catholic doctrines and the Church's teachings, ascetical and devotional works, lives of Saints and Martyrs, and in general all that would help the people towards a better understanding of the Faith. Thus the priests taught the Filipinos to know all the truths the Bible contains and to make its doctrines part of their lives. They were not urged to take as their sole form of action a book which, though Divine in origin, is meaningless without the one divinely-guided Church to interpret it.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

A JESUIT SCHOLASTIC.

THE SISTERS MAGDALEN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May I take this opportunity to point out an erroneous impression which seems to have at times crept into the pages of *THE SIGN*. It pertains to the Sisters Magdalen of the Order of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd.

In the Sign-Post of the issue of March, 1933, page 472, the idea is conveyed that this Community is made up of women that at one time or another lost their good name and are now doing penance. While in particular instances this may be true, yet in the majority of cases it is not. The Passionist

Fathers well know that amongst the members of this Community there are any number of Sisters who are not of this type. Many of them have never strayed from the path of virtue. Some there are who came from other religious communities; some who, due to family troubles, were cared for in their earlier years by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and later became Magdalens.

To create the impression that this Community is made up of reformed culprits or malefactors is, to say the least, an injustice to this noble body of women. Something should be said to correct this false impression.

UNION CITY, N. J.

CLERICUS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This impression is the result of an illogical inference from the reply cited above. No mention was made of either culprits or malefactors. It was stated, however, that the Sisters Magdalen were one community who would accept females "who have lost their good name and desire to spend their lives in works of penance." The reply did not say that all the members of the community were of this kind. That the community is open to penitents is explicitly stated in the Rules and Constitutions of the Order of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd.

THE MEANING OF "RELIGIO DEPOPULATA"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the prophecy ascribed to St. Malachy the symbolic designation of Benedict XV should be rendered in English—"Christendom Laid Waste by War." *Religio* is the abstract part for the concrete, and *depopular*, *depopulatus sum*, *depopulari*, is always used by Caesar in the sense of the devastation wrought by war. So understood, there is singular fitness in the symbolic designation of Benedict. For the rest, the so-called "Prophecies of Saint Malachy" are symbolic designations rather than prophecies.

TORONTO, CANADA.

NEMO.

A TEXAN'S ESTIMATE OF SIGRID UNDSET

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the issue of the April number of *THE SIGN* a letter from A. R. Mass asking the opinion of the editor in regard to Sigrid Undset novels appears. Mr. Mass' opinion of these novels is correct. Miss Undset's novels are anything but edifying. When one reads them one wonders if all the Norwegians are of the weak moral character that she depicts them. Surely there must be some men and women in her country who are morally good and above temptation. I have read three of Miss Undset's novels and the last one disgusted me so that I vowed that I would never read any more of her books.

This last book, *The Avenging Son*, is the most nauseating book imaginable. It should, I think, be put on the Index. Personally I think that Sigrid Undset has a diseased mind; and I believe many of her characters are the brain children of this diseased mind. In answering the question of Mr. Mass the editor says that before Miss Undset was a Catholic she did not have the Church to guide her. Well, Protestant writers did not have any church to guide them and yet have written good wholesome novels. The editor certainly took a good slap at Catholics when he said that they would not read those books whose characters were too good to be true. And the sad part is that his statement is true. I find that many Catholics seem to get much pleasure from reading salacious literature. I know Protestants who would not allow that scandalous book *The President's Daughter* in their homes; but some Catholics raved about it, and seemed to get a thrill from it because it besmirched the character of one of our Presidents.

I have never read this book, but have been urged to read it by Catholics. In answering Mr. Mass the editor says that Miss Undset is an author who cannot be understood and appreciated by all. We agree with the editor. One has to have

a weak mind and a strong stomach to enjoy the Undset novels. It is not very thrilling to read a book that you have to hold your nose while you are reading it. People who read Sigrid Undset's novels will not have a very exalted opinion on Catholics. Her novels are certainly ultra modern, because she calls a spade a spade and leaves absolutely nothing to the imagination.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

ELIZABETH BAKER.

FROM THE SECRET PLACES OF A SOUL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I hope this letter will not bore you. My mother has kindly read to me some of the letters you have published, and it is these and some of your articles which impel me to write.

I want to tell you, first of all, how much I appreciate your sane attitude toward life and literature, as expressed in your answer to a question concerning Sigrid Undset and her novels. It was only consistent that you should publish that delightfully stimulating article by Father Lord, about the "sweetness and light" found in much Catholic literature. His remark about the insipidity of the philosophy of "Pippa Passes" made me slap my knee with pleasure. And now that I have so lauded your own and Fr. Lord's attitude, I hope you will bear with me while I tell you why I do so; for it is, I feel, only an act of human decency and gratitude to do so.

I belong to a group for whom the world says, usually, that there is no light; for I have been blind from birth. Nevertheless, thanks to the invention of the Braille system of writing, and to the provision made by my native State, Iowa, for the elementary and higher education of the blind, I am a graduate of the Iowa School for the Blind, of Iowa State Teachers College, from which I received my B.A. degree in 1930, and from the State University of Iowa I received my M.A. in French and Spanish in 1933. During my years in college, and since then, it has been my hope that I might some day obtain a position as teacher of languages, either in a Catholic school or college or in a school for the blind, though the latter field is a very uncertain one. In the meantime, I try to get a story or a poem published now and then, but my main difficulty there is that I cannot read the print magazines for myself, and I cannot always rely on the thoroughness of their perusal for me by others; for it is my experience that unless the reader is being paid for his services he is not likely to read to me what does not please him or is too "highbrow" for his own intellectual level. And this condition is most poignantly prevalent among those who should be the most willing to read what I wanted—I mean my own kindred. However, I do not blame them; for they have had neither the inclination nor the opportunity to cultivate such interests as those which to me are vital; and because I remember that Christ would not compel Jerusalem to come to Him against her will, I think it uncharitable in me to ask them to do what my ears have told me they did not relish doing. Kindly tell me if I am wrong in this attitude. I ask this because my knowledge of Christian ethics is rather scanty, and yet I wish to live by the teachings of Christ and His Church, which alone can save me from myself, from the illusions of the world, and from despair. And it is for that reason that I submit the following for consideration.

From what I have told you of my scholastic attainments, you are safe in assuming that I am profoundly grateful; I am, both to God and to the instruments He has used to enable me to attain what I have. What I am wondering, though, is what relation human attainment has to individual self-respect. This is not said in bitterness; but it is prompted by experiences which, had I not the grace to fight it, would have soured me before now. I am not alone in this, for I share these experiences with others who lack vision. Is it anything to be wondered at that a blind individual is sometimes either openly resentful or mildly cynical, when he is surrounded by those who, because they possess the most perfect of the bodily senses,

think it essential to success to possess that sense? Why, then, do they stimulate us, by education, to believe in ourselves, if afterwards they would merely coddle us? What is meant by self-respect? Is it a God-given right or merely a human assumption? I don't know; but I am of the opinion that it is something higher than selfishness.

If I am a Catholic, and I thank God I am, it is because He has kindly done for me what many of my own co-religionists would not do: He has taught me much in the secret places of my soul. I am reading whatever I can get in Braille on Catholic doctrine and philosophy; for I must not expect to hear many such things read. It is the Church and her sane philosophy which are helping me out of the welter of illusion, cocksureness and selfishness which my twenty-two years of secular education inspired in me. If the State cannot employ me, and if the eye-minded world is generally too skeptical, what about the Catholic Church? And I ask this not only for myself but for all the blind who belong to the Church. Are there no Orders or Confraternities in which we could be of use to the Church in her work of saving the world? I cannot help wondering; and when I think of Didymus of Alexandria, St. Herveus, and other blind men, lay and religious, who served the Church in the past, my heart cries out to serve her now; for I want to be delivered from myself. I ask you to pray for me that I may be kept in the way of Christ, being delivered from vain dreams, from dangerous obsessions, and from all other harms, both within myself and from without.

COGCON, IOWA.

W. P. MORRISSEY.

PREACHING AS CO-OPERATIVE ACTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Let it be said in the beginning that I am a steady church-goer. In fact I boast of being a veteran. My place is in the ranks of those so often referred to as the "Pope's standing army," found in the rear of every church. But whether I am regarded as a distinguished officer in that army or a mere rifleman, crouching behind the last pew, it matters little to me as long as I am not vulgarly referred to as a "recruit to the volunteer fire department." That would be belittling the sacramentary title of "soldier of Christ" conferred on me at Confirmation. And of that title we are very jealous.

One trait that might be considered the distinguishing badge of our platoon is our generosity. I don't mean the kind that is satisfied with dropping a coin into the baskets passed by the pensioned officers of our corps. It is rather that Christian spirit which meets every priest and visitor coming to our parish. However, it must not be immediately identified with the usual popular politeness. It is more sincere than that. For, while the first article of our implicit oath is that a priest is always right, it guarantees the right to our own opinions as to how good he is as a dispenser of the Word of God.

To the women folk that crowd the front of the church we leave the pleasure of the priest's looks, manners and gestures. Whether he sounds that 'h' in humble or not matters little to us. The only things that we expect are that he be heard and that he gives us all something to think about.

Thanks to the pastor who installed loud speakers in our church the responsibility for the first is taken out of the worries of the preacher. But the second one seems to be partly our worry, as preaching is a coöperative action—some one to listen to some one preaching. Thus when we the listeners had seen how easily our pastor had helped the preacher in the first case we wondered why we shouldn't do our part in simplifying the second. None of us was so bold, however, as to present himself as parish moderator. So many suggestions had to be substituted. Most of us wanted to send our wives. The best idea struck upon, and one that we would like to submit to those that sit in other parts of the church, is "Why can't we help our priests by telling them what sermons we appreciate most?"

The best way we have of doing this is through such a maga-

zine as yours which is read by priest and people alike. Here ideas and not personalities can be discussed. The result would be that a priest when he ascends the pulpit would know beforehand what subjects give to him hearts wide open for instruction. A guarantee that should give confidence to even the youngest Levite.

Many preachers think that we do not want to listen to an instruction they may have learned in their first years of study. But I have seen an unusually loquacious youth in our own ranks sit through such a sermon without even a comment. A fair indication of a simple sermon's great effects.

Many people can tell their own observations. During the past season we have had plenty of occasions to listen to sermons. It was Lent and the boys answered the roll at every service. We still talk about those sermons. Some of our reflections might be an encouragement to many zealous priests.

For instance, we are in favor of sermons that attempt to give the meaning of suffering, poverty and depressions. The main reason is that we were spoken to in a manly fashion. To listen to a man bewailing suffering as one that might take his stand at the Eighth Station with the holy women of Jerusalem is discouraging to us. Most of us want action. And to sit mourning all the day has no attraction for us. But this priest spoke to us with firm conviction, and his conviction he drew from Christ's own suffering and depression. He proved to us that if such sufferings showed God's wisdom and power in glorifying Christ then that same wisdom and power must be the reason of our sufferings. Because he didn't make two sermons, one out of Christ's sufferings and one out of ours, but bound both together, simply wrapping up our minds in His.

All of us had often heard of Christ's sufferings before. But, for the most part, they were told to us like one friend might tell another, to relieve the pain of his rheumatism, how his neighbor's grandfather had had both legs shot off in the Civil War. They made us feel more like Christian Scientists than like Christians to whom Christ's sufferings are a positive power and not merely a comparison to our own.

It was good to hear that by patience we can exchange a few inconveniences for all the pleasures of Heaven. Yet I bet that preacher thought he wasn't being appreciated for that night we had nothing to drop into the basket. If he reads this he may know that we mean him and be encouraged to continue those sermons. At least I hope so. And I think others by their letters can help more priests help us.

Maybe the time will come when these same sermons will draw us to the front lines in church. If so, I will gladly surrender my aspirations to higher commissions and leave to posterity the curios of the battle scared benches in the rear.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

GERARD GIBBONS.

THE DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE OF THE MOVIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

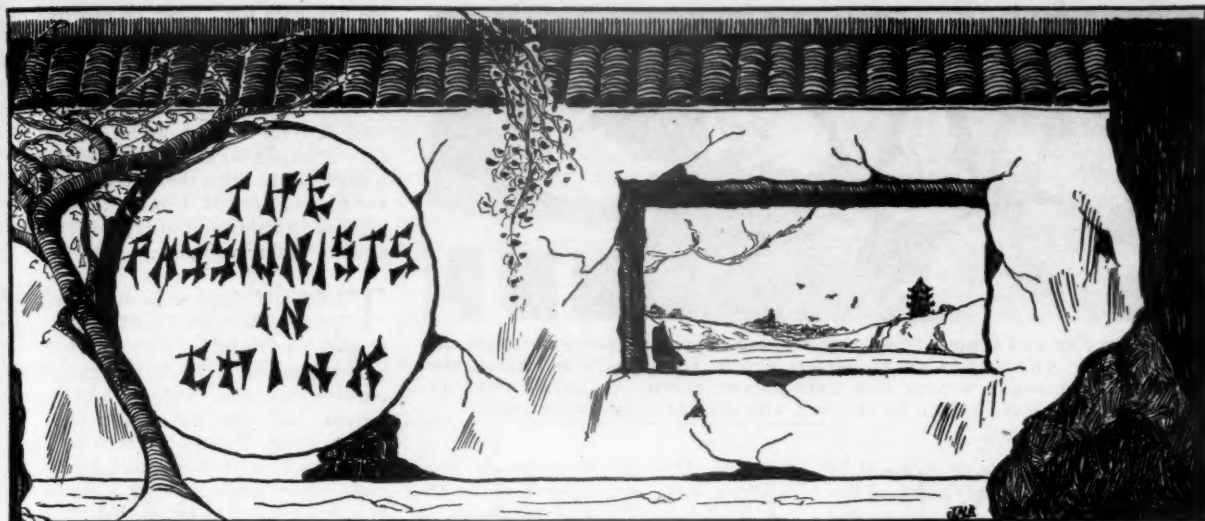
To my mind the movies are the chief cause of the rot corrupting the eager, grasping minds of the youth of today. The positive absurdity of the filthy ideas of producer and actor that the public demands sensation; mere picturization of advanced paganism in a supposedly civilized world. Men and women carry on absolutely brazenly before boys and girls who blush at their boldness. Yes, youth horrified and ashamed! Do these men think, or don't they care? These children have every right in the world to lead clean, wholesome lives, meriting perfect bliss with Almighty God throughout eternity; but they are only children and need a guiding hand to point out the one and only way.

I am far from discouraging worthy ambition and success. God demands that we multiply the gifts with which He has endowed us. But success that is built on destroyed souls is deserving the just curses of youth and judgment of God.

"The glories of our blood and state are shadows, not substantial things."

ARLINGTON, MASS.

EDNA SCANNELL.



They Also Suffer

By Basil Bauer, C.P.

NOT so long ago I assisted at a marriage of one of my Christians, Dominic Shiang by name. This was at his home, two days' journey away from my mission. Had this happened fifteen years ago it would have been under far different circumstances.

At present we have comparative peace in our district, but at that time the country was literally overrun by bandits, and unlucky was the man who fell into their hands, especially if he had any money or fields. He was sure to be held for ransom. It was fatal for the man who could not persuade his folks to buy him back. In time of bandit activity the people, especially those with money or rice fields, hid themselves to places of safety. The country near Dominic's home has one such refuge. It is a mountain with cliffs on three sides and open to attack from only one direction. Fortified villages such as these the people call *Pao Tze*, meaning a protection.

This particular place had been prepared for such an emergency. The wall was built of immense stone. The size of the level mountain top may be judged from the fact that for over seven years five hundred families lived there in time of danger. For seven long years its three gates were guarded by a constant watch of six men. Day and night these entrances were barred. They were built in succession, the larger outside, the two smaller within. Even if the first were passed, the other two were not so easily entered. Despite all precaution, now and then the bandits found a way of getting in. In most cases they were soon driven out.

One old home-made cannon was posted at the east entrance in a conspicuous spot. These pieces were mounted more to give the people a little confidence than for actual protection. Guards were changed

TALES of banditry in Hunan have of necessity found their way very often into the letters of our missionaries. The hinterland of China, in which our mission district is situated, has become notorious for the irregular forces and roving marauders who evade capture in that mountainous territory. Readers of *THE SIGN* are familiar not only with the dangers from which our priests and Sisters have escaped, but also with the story of the 1929 tragedy in which three young Passionist Fathers lost their lives.

In the present account Father Basil Bauer, C.P., who has spent nine years in China, reveals one aspect of the bandit situation that is often overlooked. The fact is that the Chinese themselves have suffered more from these armed criminals than have the missionaries. Despite the danger from raids, an ever-present one in some localities, the sturdy farmers work earnestly for a living. Some of these country folk risk their lives to come to Mass and the Sacraments. Such faith and courage promise well for the growth of Christianity when more peaceful conditions shall prevail.

during the day at frequent intervals. At night each sentry kept watch during the burning of one joss stick. When that was extinguished the sentry called a second man, who in turn watched for the same length of time.

For seven years seven blacksmiths worked continuously making spears and swords and all manner of protective weapons. Every man on the mountain top had his own spear and sword. Now and then the townsfolk would make a sortie against a small group of bandits to capture a few rifles. The defenders had some thirty guns. At night traps were set for the unwary attacker. The mountaineers rigged up about twenty knife-throwing springs. Each knife weighed three pounds and had a double edge. Long slender planks were bent in an arc and a trigger fastened to each one. To this trigger a heavy cord, twenty to thirty feet long, was attached. The least pull of that cord would loosen the sling and the knife would fly with terrific force. Besides these, sharp hooped tripods, buried in the ground with their points upwards, but covered with grass or leaves, were spread all along the outside of the wall.

AT night the gate would not be opened for anyone unless he were an old resident of the town. Even then it was not always safe. Once when one of the men went to market, some distance away, he was taken by the bandits. To save his life he was forced to bring his captors to the gate, after having led them safely through all the traps and buried tripods. At the city entrance they forced him to



AT THE CITY OF YUANCHOW, IN THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF THE PASSIONIST MISSION DISTRICT, THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO INSTRUCTING CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN WOMEN AND GIRLS IN THE FAITH. SICKNESS, WARS AND BANDITRY HAVE FAILED TO DISLodge THE SISTERS FROM THEIR POSTS

call out. Asked by the defenders if he were alone, he had to reply in the affirmative. As soon as the gate was opened he was killed by the bandits, who rushed into the town. The raid, however, did not last long. The attackers were too few in number and were soon driven off by the aroused guards. After robbing the nearest houses of their valuables and seizing some of the wealthier people, to be ransomed afterwards, the bandits made a hurried get-away.

ONE time part of the wall fell in. Immediately the vigilant bandits noted it. With their superior dash and courage, the raiders again got in. When they were driven off the men of the town took every precaution by working with one hand on the wall and holding their spears in the other. The incident reminds us of the Jews who of old defended themselves in much the same fashion.

The ingenuity, however, was not all on the side of the defenders. The bandits had some bright men amongst them, too. On one occasion they imitated the tactics of our American Indians. The *Pao Tse* was covered with houses built close together. From a distance they looked like the heavy brush on the mountains. Burning straw, with no water at hand, is very hard to extinguish. For this reason a fire in the fortified town meant a general conflagration. Indeed, fire was feared more than any enemy who lay outside the walls. Knowing this, the bandits, on one occasion, waited until a season when a long drought and the heat of summer had withered the very crops in the fields. Then one night they let burning arrows fly on the straw roofs. They did not need to shoot many, for in a short time the entire town was like a blazing furnace. In the confusion they slipped unnoticed past the guards. What they did that night is too gruesome to relate.

Another time a school teacher, one of the inhabitants, had to flee for his life from the defenders. It is remarkable that in face of all these dangers the people insisted on the education of their

children. One day some of the boys caught a large rat. Urged on by the lads, the school teacher soaked the rat in oil and then set fire to it. Squealing with pain the tortured creature ran for a corner of the room and up to the straw roof of the building in which the boys were gathered. Not a single person slept under a roof that night.

Were it not for a delicious spring near-by, which supplied the hundreds of townspeople with water, the place would have been unlivable. Yet because it was so precious, how great a source of contention and wrangling was that spring! Now and then even that supply of water vanished under an almost tropical sky. There was nothing for the men of the town to do, on such occasions, but to dash to a distant spring and bring back at least enough to keep the people alive. Fifty men, armed with guns and spears, accompanied another half a hundred who carried water buckets slung across their shoulders. Bravely they strode forth, knowing that the eyes of their kinsfolk and friends were upon them. But the nerves of the water party tingled with excitement and anticipation, for they knew that at any moment they might be ambushed. Once, when they set forth in this manner, they fell into a trap of the waiting bandits. Shots were fired on both sides. The water-carriers, the better to make speed for home, dropped their poles and buckets and dashed back to town for safety.

THE means of livelihood for these mountaineers was a precarious one. Now and then, when word came through that the road was open and there was no immediate danger, vigilance was lessened. Some of the people would risk going to a near-by market to buy absolute necessities. But no adult member of the better class would dare to leave the shelter of the fortification. More than once parties were surprised by the bandits and held for ransom. All the rice fields in the vicinity were parceled out to the very poor to be farmed. Half the crop was brought to the owners on

the mountain top. Even on this half of the harvest a tax was levied by the bandits. For obvious reasons the tax was always paid. Sometimes a few fields would be overlooked, but when the grain was ripe the raiders would come and have it reaped for their own use. There was no escape from these merciless men. For the inhabitants it meant seven long years of hardship and worry, of fear and a never-ending vigilance.

THOUGH there were many smaller groups who robbed and killed as they pleased, the main body of outlaws was well organized. The larger gang was under a man who, when I came to the district, had just been taken into the regular army. Troops had been sent into that section, so that he found it increasingly harder to ply his trade. He finally thought it wiser to get himself in good standing with the military who kept closing in about him. Negotiations were carried on and, on his promise of good behavior for the future, he was placed in command of a regiment in a town near my mission.

It was this same officer who later, during the Red invasion of 1927, made daily visits to the mission during our absence and took whatever struck his fancy. After our return he served us tea in cups from our own house! During our visit he kept his hand under his gown, his revolver pointing at us all the time. Had we made one false move, however innocent, it would have been disastrous for us. About four years ago he was ordered to attack the Reds near Changteh. He was killed while retreating, after he had been badly defeated by the enemy.

Retribution was not always so slow in overtaking these freebooters. Not far from the fort a family of five was barely eking out an existence from the land which they tilled and on which they had to pay such heavy taxes. One day a group of poorly clad bandits came to the house and, at the point of guns, demanded food. Tying up each member of the family, they gorged themselves at leisure. After they had eaten and drunk their fill—for they had come upon some wine that was hidden away for an approaching marriage feast—they debated what to do with their unwilling hosts. Some one suggested that the prisoners be killed. The cruel deed was done without a moment's hesitation. They left unharmed, however, a deaf and dumb boy whom they looked upon as too stupid to be dangerous.

Not long afterwards the boy was out in the hills gathering firewood when he saw the same gang enter another house. Filled with rage at the sight of his family's murderers, he ran to the fort. By dint of perseverance he made the people understand that a small group of bandits was near who were not on their guard; that the raiders were dressed poorly and

did not have many guns, and that they had killed his entire family. Forty well-armed men went down the hill side and, after intently spying, found that the boy had told the truth. The bandits were surprised by a concerted rush. Fifteen were killed and all their guns were captured. Needless to relate, the afflicted boy received a most hearty welcome from the fort people.

MY catechist has been telling me of the time when his own district was overrun with bandits. No one dared to sleep at home. Every evening, after sup-

per, the people would take their bedding to the dense brush on the mountain sides and spend the night there. One time the catechist's father and brother were found by the bandits and taken to their lair. It was only after the family rice fields had been sold and a ransom of three hundred dollars paid, that his two relatives were freed. A year later another relative had the same experience. After that they did not worry much, for they knew that the bandits were aware of their poverty.

This story is representative of that of thousands. When the General who is

at present in charge of our district came here he beheaded a thousand bandits in three years. An era of peace followed; one could even carry money exposed and be safe. Now, however, with the advent of the Reds in the northwestern corner of our Prefecture and the persistent advances of troops from a neighboring Province, he has had to withdraw most of his men. If they are absent long, banditry will again show its head. At such times we have learned that it is best to keep to the city. Alas! many of the natives have no spot to which they may retire.

Mended Bits of China

By the Sisters of Charity

IF we are to be real Catholics, we had better talk less about charity and practise it more!" so cried young Frederic Ozanam to his friend, Le Tallandier. But we promise you that we won't talk about charity. We shall talk, rather, about some wards of charity, of your charity and ours. "Broken Bits of China," a recent writer in *THE SIGN* called them; and when they came to us, broken bits of China most of them certainly were. Now, however, we are proud of our sturdy orphan girls. We see their rounded cheeks, bright color, shining hair, and know that they are healthy. We see their carefree gait, their lively eyes, and know that they are happy. Thirty-one there are, with as many stirring histories.

There is, for instance, Ni Maria, now nineteen and famous for her white skin and radiant smile. When we first met her, she was the slave of an old lady who frequently came to the dispensary for cancer treatment, always with the tiny Ni-Pih-U trailing behind. In time, the old lady had to take to her bed; and no matter when our Sisters visited her, they invariably found the little slave girl in faithful attendance. She was a lovable youngster. You saw the dirty little face of her, the skimpy black braid dangling rakishly over one eye. Then her heart-warming smile would break through, and you wanted to snatch her up and carry her home. On her deathbed, Ni-Pih-U's mistress made two requests—that she herself might die a Christian, and that afterwards the Sisters would care for her slave. And so we came by Ni-Pih-U. And so Ni-Pih-U became Ni Maria.

No slave was Mao Maria, the adopted daughter of a wealthy lady. The lady, however, loved the opium pipe and the gambling table; and by the time her ward was ten years old, they were reduced to

actual beggary. Every day, then, they made the rounds of the town for their bowl of rice; and at night they slept in a beggar's nest. But something innately fine remained alive within the foster mother, for one day she appeared at the Mission gate and begged the Sisters to take the little girl. Though no one could have recognized the once richly dressed lady in the ragged, dirty old woman, Mao Maria cried and stamped her feet and yearned after her. Now Maria is fifteen, tall for a Chinese and slim, quick and graceful in her movements, with a fetching little way of narrowing her eyelids, arching her brows, and parting her lips slightly so as to show startlingly white teeth. And her foster mother? She still begs along the streets of Shenchow!

Tsang Catherine bears lightly the title of "The Lame One," and answers to it

more readily than to her own name. She may boast of the most oblique and scintillating pair of eyes in the compound, while the other children whisper that she is pretty, "Japanese pretty," over which Catherine pouts. Wherever there is a game of rough-and-tumble, there is "The Lame One" at the bottom of the heap, or in the middle of the rush. In her more quiet moments, she loots waste-baskets and tears apart things to see how they are made. Eight years ago she was an abandoned baby at our Mission gates, terribly crippled, and her eyes so badly diseased that for three ensuing years little hope was held for her sight.

And there is Chiang Suzanna, who differs from the others in that she was born of Christian parents. But after the father of this strange, shy little girl had been killed by bandits, her mother



SKILLED FINGERS AND ARTISTIC TALENTS ARE PUT TO USE IN THE EMBROIDERY SCHOOL OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. WORK, PRAYER AND INSTRUCTIONS OCCUPY THE TIME OF THE CHINESE WOMEN WHO LIVE IN THE MISSION

remarried, this time a pagan who refused to have anything to do with Christianity. In time, Suzanna had several half-sisters and brothers; and as the family grew, her step-father decided that they could do very well without their little Christian. But the Catholic Mission had been keeping a guardian eye on Suzanna, and when the news leaked out that she was about to be sold to pagans, the Church stepped in and bought back her own.

SI Caritas Maria, before her baptism a year ago, was known as Si-In-Ch'ing. Her parents died while catechumens, and the lame child of seven was taken by the bonzes to their temple to be reared as a Buddhist nun. But, as in the case of Suzanna, the local Mission was aware of the little girl; and before long the catechist had claimed Si In-Ch'ing for the Catholic Church. She is a charming youngster. Though the only claim she has to beauty is that bestowed by youth and general well-being, she is witty, full of fun, and very much alive. And when Caritas Maria kneels in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, her little body for once erect and her eyes shut tight, you feel that Heaven is touching the little girl.

A coy scrap of femininity is Chang Barbara O'Connor. Perhaps the meet-

ing of Han and Celt is at the bottom of it (and those of you who know the young seminarian responsible for her name and upkeep had better not tell him these things, lest he begin to worry about his protégée) but wherever we place the blame, there is no gainsaying the devastating glances Barbara gives from behind narrowed lids, the lazy grace of her carriage and the deliberate coquetry in the wag of her head. Five years ago she made quite a different picture — a starving, half-blind baby abandoned to a heap of débris.

You must meet Liu Anna Maria, the pet and pride of the compound. Shortly after her mother died, the father of this tot tried to drown her. The baby was rescued, brought to the Catholic Mission and some time later her father was located and asked to sign adoption papers. When we first saw her less than a year ago, Anna Maria had smiles for no one. A scrawny, undersized baby of four, wholly unable either to walk or talk, she had hard black eyes that should have been set in the head of a sad old woman. But the past months of care and good food have proved Anna Maria to be uncommonly responsive. Her first smile was a triumph for all of us, her first chuckle a thing still to be remembered, and her first steps—we don't know of a strong enough superlative! Somehow,

in the process, her eyes have taken on a child's look; and because she is still trying to the uttermost to burst into speech (*Iao* and *Hsiu-dao*, or "want" and "Sister" being her vocabulary to date), they are wonderfully expressive. Keep before your mental vision her eyes. Put in their regular place arched brows, a typical Chinese nose, a really Chinese mouth. Surround the ensemble with honey-colored skin. Shape it to a contour round as the sun. Top it off with shining, jet-black hair falling over the forehead in bangs and covering the ears. Set under it a square, sturdy figure with a wobbly gait. Now, go back to the face. Make the eyes to glint. Part the lips in a wide grin, and pull out the two front teeth. Smudge a bit of mud across the nose. Do you see the picture? Meet Liu Anna Maria!

SO we might take each of the thirty-one girls in turn, and present to you thirty-one individuals each unique in her own way and each with a breath-taking history. But this much should suffice to elicit your interest and enlist your prayers for these mended bits of China. And who knows? "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. By the Lord has this been done, and it is wonderful in our eyes!"

How Yungshun Lost a Gate

By Timothy McDermott. C.P.

ANYONE who persevered through my article to the end is entitled to the dubious consolation that he knows as much about Chinese Geomancy as do I. Verily, it is a misty and a mystifying art. Open a book on the subject and they tell you simply: it is pseudo-science employed for determining the suitability of a building site and foretelling the fortunes of the individual or community according to the site selected. But it is not nearly so simple as it sounds. Even to the Chinese, while it is truly sacred, it is none the less eminently complicated and perplexing. So uncertain and confusing is it that the two schools of this Black Art here in Yungshun have succeeded in befuddling the minds of us all and turning the whole town topsy-turvy. Less than a year ago the high priests of the cult gave us a New South Gate and promised us an era of unmixed blessings. I told that story in my last article. Today the same professional hood-winkers have thrown a crank into the machinery of local progress. Whence this present story to recount how we lost our New South Gate.



FROM A TEMPLE WINDOW NEAR SHENCHOW, FATHER RONALD NORRIS, C.P., VIEWS THE MISSION WHERE HE IS NOW EXERCISING THE VERY ONEROUS OFFICE OF SUB-PROCURATOR

A few weeks ago I took a stroll along the fine, level road that leads to our new City Gate. I was amazed to find stone-masons showing signs of great activity under the arch of the gate. My inquiries elicited the information that the gate was to be sealed up. I could get no further information from them.

In the ensuing days the work went on at a brisk pace. Four days found the outer perimeter of the archway effectively closed by a stone wall about four feet in thickness. Then they started to fill in the inner perimeter. Within a few feet of completion they stopped work, when a recent invasion of the Reds came to within twenty-odd miles of the city; but I presume the work will be completed when the tension caused by the Reds subsides.

IHAD found that boulevard good and that gate very convenient. In a few moments I could easily slip away from the Mission for a few moments of peace and tranquillity in the country. The closing of the gate fell like a blow and I was no end upset.

I instituted some judicious inquiries as to the why and the wherefore of the gate's closing. The military man, who opened and who was responsible for all our works of public improvement last year, consequent upon the opening of the gate, is no longer in Yungshun. The new local incumbent came here last January when additional troops were brought here to stem the tide of Reds who were pouring into our section of the Province.

I recalled that during these strenuous days when everyone's nerves were taut, there came a slight rupture in the cordial relations that should have existed between the two men. I wondered if that could possibly have anything to do with the closing of the gate. Foolish reason, perhaps; yet not so improbable as it might sound. Discreet inquiry soon revealed that the reason for closing the gate was—GEOMANCY.

The local military man has had a run of hard luck. His latest misfortune was a broken shoulder. He went off to Lungshan about two months ago, in another expedition against the Reds. En route he thought he would indulge in a favorite pastime of his, hunting. So he took his shotgun and had a shot at a wild duck. Now, whether he was careless or whether the gun was overloaded, I do not know. But the recoil of the gun injured his shoulder. That was the end of his anti-Red expedition. He returned to Yungshun immediately.

HIS medical attendant, however, did not succeed in curing the shoulder, at least not as quickly as the colonel thought it should be done. So he brought superstition to the aid of the medical attendant. The diviners were consulted. Their verdict was: "the four heavenly guardians of the celestial sphere are not in a happy proportion there at the New South Gate. While there is sufficient quantity of terrestrial breath (*Yin*) in the ground and hills close to the South Gate, it cannot however exert any life-producing influences. The terrestrial breath there is sterile, because the dragon



SILHOUETTED AT THE DOORWAY OF A PAGODA, THESE YOUNG SEMINARIANS LOOK OVER THEIR NATIVE TERRITORY WHERE SOME OF THEM AT LEAST WILL ONE DAY LABOR FOR THE CONVERSION OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN

and the tiger are in conflict and their spiritual energy or celestial breath does not settle there and impregnate the terrestrial breath. Thus the beneficial influences from heaven do not operate there, since the four symbolic animals—the dragon, the tiger, the tortoise, the bird—do not work conjointly in that spot. Further, the house of this man, T'ang, at the gate of your official residence, is in line with the direction from which your good luck comes. The 'god of noxious influences' (*hsiung-shah*) is offended and you are paying the penalty. Unless these things are remedied immediately your arm will wither and decay and you will die."

Thus spoke the geomancers. Immediately orders were sent forth to close up the New South Gate and Mr. T'ang was ordered to remove that section of his house that was obtruding itself in the path of good fortune that should be flowing into the official residence, curing

the colonel's arm and bringing him all manner of riches and honors.

When the first move was made to close the New South Gate, I thought there would surely be some remonstrance on the part of the public-minded men of the city. At least, I argued, there will be some slight ridicule of the colonel. But, no! So enslaved by superstition are they, young and old, modern youth and old-fashioned scholar, that I have detected not one sign of opposition, ill-feeling or murmur over the matter.

IT does not appear at all inconsistent that what this pseudo-science told them was right and proper a few months since, is by the same token wrong and harmful today. The geomancers, in very truth, are listened to as if they were oracles. Their words are admitted without the least discussion. Their directions are implicitly obeyed.

So there stands the New South Gate. So effectively sealed is it that a high-powered force pump could hardly drive even a slight breath of bad luck through it. A monument to the stupidity and inconsistency of superstition! A symbol of the pagan heart, blocked and sealed by darkness and idolatry, so that nothing but the all-powerful grace of God can force its way into it.

So do, then, dear readers, hearken to the admonition of Holy Mother Church and join with her in that prayer which is publicly recited each Good Friday. She says:

"Let us pray also for the pagans: that Almighty God would take iniquity out of their hearts: that by quitting their idols, they may be converted to the true and living God, and His only Son, Jesus Christ, our God and Lord.

"Let us pray.

"Almighty and Eternal God, Who seekest not the death but the life of sinners: mercifully hear our prayers and deliver them from the worship of idols: and for the praise and glory of Thy Name, admit them into Thy Holy Church. Through Christ our Lord, Amen."



INTO THE HEARTS OF THESE MEN AT SHENCHOW MISSION HAS COME THE LIGHT OF FAITH AND THE WARMTH OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY. BECAUSE OF OLD AGE OR BLINDNESS OR SOME OTHER MISFORTUNE THEY WERE CAST OFF BY THEIR FAMILIES. THE PASSIONIST FATHERS HAVE GIVEN THEM A HOME

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League, but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

Masses Said.....	1
Masses Heard.....	22,140
Holy Communions.....	17,568
Visitors to B. Sacrament.....	22,714
Spiritual Communions.....	34,116
Benediction Services.....	9,416
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	23,954
Stations of the Cross.....	12,269
Visits to the Crucifix.....	17,875
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	7,512
Offerings of Pp. Blood.....	144,133
Visits to Our Lady.....	18,605
Rosaries.....	18,442
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	7,073
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	2,274,519
Hours of Study, Reading.....	26,018
Hours of Labor.....	29,706
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	26,351
Acts of Zeal.....	35,751
Prayers, Devotions.....	171,426
Hours of Silence.....	27,898
Various Works.....	60,991
Holy Hours.....	585

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecl. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MOST REV. JOHN JOS. NILAN, D.D.
REV. URBAN J. PETERS
REV. PATRICK GEARY
REV. FATHER BOVAVENTURE
SR. M. EDWARD (McCLOSKEY)
MOTHER MARY OF ST. STANIS
LAUS
S. M. JOACHIM
SR. M. LAWRENCE
MARGARET BIBLE
MRS. JOHN F. BORRE
F. M. MUELLER, M.D.
AMBELIA WALKER
ANNA MCCARTHY
CHARLES AMBACHER
MRS. E. COWAN
MRS. L. WALLENSTEIN
LAURA MATHEW
DR. JEFFREY J. WALSH
JOHN J. MCANANEY
ELLA SHIELDS
CATHERINE HIRD
TERESA VITTA
FRANK S. STANTON
MARY FINNELL
CATHERINE MINER
MARY KLEMMER
MOSES F. DOYLE
JAMES D. CARNEY
ELLA H. CONNELLY

MICHAEL HEVEY
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ANNA J. WARD
JOHN MACKAY
EMILY K. GOODWIN
ALICE E. McDONALD
JAMES WHITTAKER
JAMES FINNIGAN
MARY MARKEY
CATHERINE METZ
GERTRUDE SPENCER
ROSE A. SPELL
THOMAS CONNOLLY
ELIZABETH VERNEY
JOHN CHAISSON
MARIANN BRENNAN
THOMAS TONER
CHRISTOPHER O'NEILL
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DAVID GILDEA LUZERNE
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CORNELIUS J. DUGGAN
MARY E. CLOONAN
C. J. MCWILLIAMS

JOHN CREMMEN
MRS. JOHN CREMMEN
MICHAEL J. O'HARA
MR. T. A. BURNETT
ALBERT E. TERHUNE
MARGARET CASSIDY
JOHN JOS. CASSIDY
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FRANCIS J. BAKER
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MARY ANN FOGARTY
AGNES BYRNE
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EMIL A. MANNMANN
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FRANCIS GERTH
CHARLES FITZSIMMONS

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

The Second of Two Articles

IS EVOLUTION TRUE?

By Arnold Lunn

IN the last issue of *THE SIGN* I showed that though certain facts such as vestigial remains and recapitulation may suggest Evolution, no adequate proof has yet been advanced to justify this theory. I showed that the geological record is consistent with Evolution within the framework of species, but is inconsistent with any theory of Evolution transcending the limits of the natural family. I quoted the Dewar statistics to show that the absence of missing links in the fossil record cannot easily be explained by the alleged imperfection of the geological record. Finally, I argued that the belief in Evolution rests not on scientific evidence, but, as that great scientist and convinced evolutionist, Yves Delage, admitted, only on certain philosophical prejudices against special creation.

I propose in the following pages to show that the attempt to produce a plausible explanation of the evolutionary process has ended in failure. Lamarck, who was the true pioneer of the evolutionary theory, failed, for Lamarckianism depends on the inheritance of acquired characteristics, and all the available evidence, if not actually coercive, very strongly suggests that acquired characteristics cannot be inherited.

Darwin, who tactily acquiesced in the conspiracy to represent him as the discoverer of Evolution, attempted to explain the evolutionary process by the agency of Natural Selection. This *deus ex machina* was supposed to select favorable variations which increased their possessor's chances of survival, and to weed out the unfavorable variations. Darwinism was popular with atheists because Darwin claimed to have provided an answer to Paley's argument from design, for, if Darwinism were true, the marvelous adaptations of living creatures could be explained not by the directing power of a supernatural designer, but by the blind action of chance, a mindless environment blindly selecting fortuitous variations which make for survival.

At this point I must repeat my warning to the reader against the slovenly terminology of scientists. Scientists, as I showed in my last article, not only confuse major Evolution which transcends the limits of the natural family with minor Evolution within the limita-

tions of species, but some of the most eminent scientists have a loose habit of using the word "Darwinism" as the equivalent of "Evolution." Sir Arthur Keith, for instance, has written a book called *Darwinism and What It Implies*, in which he never condescends to define what he means by Darwinism, and in which he habitually writes "Darwinism" where he should write "Evolution." It is this sort of thing which makes Continental scientists laugh, and which is responsible for the accusation of parochialism so often brought against the English worshippers at Darwin's shrine. No Continental scientist would be so ill-informed as to ignore by implication

THE modern scientist, in spite of all the bluster of Messrs. Wells and Huxley, knows full well that Evolution is nothing more than a plausible and convenient hypothesis. Its appeal is fundamentally aesthetic rather than scientific. The theory that all living forms are descended from a single parent cell is a picturesque and poetic legend. ¶The simplest cell is an amazingly intricate and beautifully adjusted piece of machinery. No chemist has ever succeeded in reproducing in his laboratory a living cell, however simple. It is absurd to suppose that blind chance could succeed where the directing skill of the chemist has failed. ¶The atheist will believe anything provided there is no evidence for it, but even atheists are beginning to wonder whether the selective action of a mindless environment could really transform a blob of colloid into the brain of a Shakespeare. ¶A human surgeon produces mutations in the body when he removes an appendix or grafts new tissue, but the greatest surgical skill is needed to mutate without mutilating. It is almost as inconceivable that pure chance should produce one of these complex and valuable mutations as that a complete beginner could perform without previous experience a complicated major operation.

Darwin's great predecessor Lamarck. Sir Arthur Keith does not mention in the course of his book a single solitary argument for or against Darwinism in the proper sense of the term. Nor is this his only offence against clear thinking. He confuses Evolution by descent with Evolution as a general process of change. "We can trace," he writes "the rise of all the mechanical inventions which have so transformed our modern modes of life. Incited by Darwin's teaching, we have searched the ancient foundations of Rome, Crete, Egypt and Mesopotamia and have found that man's highest civilization has sprung from savagery. Everything living and dead has been found to be subject to the laws of Evolution . . . how can man escape a law which is universal?"

False philosophy corrupts the ablest of minds. It is pathetic that scientists of Sir Arthur Keith's distinction should inflict this parody of reasoning on the defenceless public in a popular work published at a popular price. For surely Sir Arthur must realize that you cannot deduce Evolution by descent from the evolution of mechanical inventions. Sir Arthur Keith's analogy could be used to prove with equal effect that a modern battleship is a blood relation of Nelson's "Victory" or that the battleship and man are both special creations.

DARWINISM is dead, for the neo-Darwinist has as much right to describe himself as a Darwinist as the extreme Modernist has to describe himself as a Christian. The essence of Darwinism is the natural selection of fortuitous variations, but it is now generally accepted that variations fluctuate about a mean and tend to return to that mean, and that consequently a progressive accumulation of favorable variations is no explanation of the transformation of species. The neo-Darwinists substitute for the Darwinian selection of variations the selection of mutations. Darwinists of today are busily engaged in trying to salvage something from the wreck of Darwinism by applying Mendel's great discovery.

Mendel showed that what is handed on from one generation to another are not infinitesimal variations but certain unit characters in the germ plasm passed

on *in toto* in a certain numerical ratio. It is incidentally significant that one of the few, perhaps the only important, impregnable fact which emerges from the welter of discarded evolutionary fallacies, is the discovery of a simple monk who spent part of his day on his knees, and part of his day examining the common or garden pea. Mendel was successful because he was interested in studying nature rather than in proving a particular thesis. Mendel succeeded because he was concerned solely to discover the truth. No bee in his bonnet disturbed Mendel's calm scrutiny of the pea in his garden.

ACCORDING to the neo-Darwinists, evolution can be explained by the natural selection, not of favorable variations as Darwin believed, but of favorable mutations. A mutation is a discontinuous variation, a big jump which appears suddenly, and which is transmitted as a whole from parent to offspring. The evolutionary process, we are now asked to believe, consists in the preservation of organisms which develop favorable, and in the rejection of organisms which develop unfavorable, mutations.

Let us note in passing, that whereas Darwinism was an attempt to provide a general explanation for evolution, neo-Darwinism explains nothing. A label is not an explanation. The word "mutation" has a satisfying sound, but until scientists offer some explanation for the origin of these baffling mutations, we are as far off as ever from the key which Darwin sought in vain.

In the second place, please notice that neo-Darwinism, like Darwinism for that matter, is unsupported by the least shred of direct evidence. The main contrast between Christianity and these evolutionary theories is that whereas Christianity is supported by an overwhelming cataract of evidence, historical and contemporary, the theory of evolution in general, and neo-Darwinism in particular, is based on a series of guesses unsupported by anything which would be regarded as evidence in a court of law. No new character has ever been observed emerging under the influence of *natural* selection. It is, of course, childish to argue from the results of artificial selection, for even if it were reasonable to assume, which it is not, that natural selection acting over vast periods of time could produce results similar to those produced by artificial selection over a short period, we are still faced by the fact that the evolutionary results produced by artificial selection are so amazingly trivial.

It is possible by applying certain irritants and stimulants, such as X-rays or ultra-violet rays, to flowers or to insects such as the fruit fly, to produce some trivial alteration which looks like a new character. But there is no real evidence

that the alleged new characters do not originate from new combinations of the genes present in the chromosomes, or from the loss of chromosomes. As that great scientist, Professor Bateson, who was the first to realize the full importance of Mendel's discoveries, frankly confessed:

"Analysis has revealed hosts of transferable characters. Their combinations suffice to supply in abundance series of types which might pass for new species and certainly would be so classed if they were met with in nature. Yet, critically tested, we find that they are not distinct species and we have no reason to suppose that any accumulation of characters of the same order would culminate in the production of distinct species. Specific difference must be regarded as probably attaching to the base upon which transferables are implanted and of which we know absolutely nothing at all. Nothing that we have witnessed in the contemporary world can colorably be interpreted as providing the sort of evidence required."

Though stern, I am not brutal, and there are moments when I am moved almost to tears by the wistful contrast between the robust faith of the Victorian Darwinist and the puzzled scepticism of our modern Evolutionists.

The modern scientist, in spite of all the bluster of Messrs. Wells and Huxley, knows full well that Evolution is nothing more than a plausible and convenient hypothesis. Its appeal is fundamentally aesthetic rather than scientific. The theory that all living forms are descended from a single parent cell is a picturesque and poetic legend.

Berg, a Russian scientist employed, as I said last month, by an atheistic Government, tells us that Linnaeus, who believed that all the different species were created separately, was far nearer the truth than Darwin. "To support the view," he writes, "that animals are descended from four or five progenitors is now impossible; the number of primal ancestors must be computed in thousands or tens of thousands."

Nasty news, this, for the atheist, for though the credulity of the atheist knows no limits, even Mr. Cohen himself would find it difficult to believe that thousands of different parent forms were spawned by chance from the primeval mud. Even Mr. Cohen would find it difficult to believe that blind chance produced, by spontaneous generation, a primeval pig at one point on the surface of the planet, and at another point a primeval porpoise.

EVEN in the days when men could still believe in the imminent triumph of Darwinism, Darwinists were forced to burke the greatest of all problems in Evolution, the evolution of lifeless into living matter. Darwin realized this difficulty, and was prepared to concede that

the Creator may have breathed life into the primary forms from which all living things are descended, after which, so he gave us vaguely to understand, each primary form was told that it could expect no further assistance from God, but must make its own upward way in the world by its own unaided exertions. But those disciples of Darwin, who had discarded God, quietly assumed that it was sufficient for Darwin to allude to "The Origin of Species" in his title, and nobody would be such a cad as to expect the Darwinist to explain the real origin of species, the appearance of the first living cell. By an ingenious trick of terminology the reader was induced to believe that an alleged explanation of the *transformation* of species was, in effect, a genuine explanation of the *origin* of species.

THE truth is, of course, that even if the later stage of the evolutionary process could be explained without invoking special creation, Evolution from lifeless to living matter is itself a supreme example of creative power at work.

Nothing could be naiver than the alternative explanations which are put forward by popular scientists such as Mr. H. G. Wells or Professor Huxley. "In the primeval ocean," I recently read in an advertisement of their book, *The Science of Life*, "life pulsed for the first time as a tiny single cell." This "tiny cell" reminds me of the defence put forward by the servant girl for her illegitimate child—"It was such a little one." But the atheist is sanguine if he assumes that we shall not criticize the illegitimate ancestry of his primeval cell merely because it happens to be rather little. It is only the untrained imagination which equates the tiny with the simple.

Mr. Wells, in his more candid moments, admits this, for though he tells us on one page of *The Science of Life* that life must have originated "in a simple form from lifeless matter," he concedes a few pages later that living matter is infinitely complicated, many times more complicated in its construction than anything known throughout the universe.

Living matter differs from non-living in three vitally important respects. In the first place it has the power of spontaneous motion. In the second place it can assimilate nourishment and convert non-living food into living matter, and thirdly, it can pass on the torch of life to its descendants.

It is inconceivable that a living cell, which possesses these three marvelous qualities, none of which are possessed by lifeless matter, could have developed by pure unguided chance from the primeval seas.

The simplest cell known to science is an amazingly intricate and beautifully adjusted piece of machinery. No chemist

has ever succeeded in reproducing in his laboratory a living cell, however simple. It is absurd to suppose that blind chance could succeed where the directing skill of the chemist has failed. As that great scientist, Sir William Tilden, remarked, "No known or conceivable process or groups of processes at work in organic nature is equal to this task. Chance is an explanation only for minds insensible to the beauty and order of organic life."

"Beauty and order"—precisely.

The atheist is not only intellectually but also aesthetically deficient. It is the Philistine who has said in his heart, "There is no God."

Let us study the simplest method of reproduction known in nature, reproduction by the division of a single cell into two cells. Each cell contains a small, complicated central body called a nucleus, and each nucleus contains a number of thin threads called chromosomes. It is interesting to notice that different forms of living matter are characterized by cells containing a definite and in each case a different number of chromosomes. Each cell in the human body contains 48 chromosomes, the cell of the housefly 12 chromosomes. During the process of cell division each thin chromosome thread is split lengthways, and divided into two equal portions. Each of the two cells into which the parent cell divides needs an exactly equal number of chromosomes. The allocation of chromosomes is carried through with unerring accuracy and discrimination.

Even if we were credulous enough to believe that a cell with its intricate machinery could emerge by pure chance from the mud, we should find it difficult to accept the fact that this chance spawn of the primeval seas had been fitted with such marvellously intricate and ingenious arrangements for dividing its chromosomes and passing on its chromosome packets from one generation to the next.

EVOLUTIONISTS are beginning to realize that they are taxing our credulity too severely if they invite us to believe that environment is the sole agency in the evolutionary process. The atheist, as we know, will believe anything provided that there is no evidence for it, but even atheists are beginning to wonder whether the selective action of a mindless environment could really transform a blob of colloid into the brain of a Shakespeare. Consequently, modern atheists are vaguely searching for some secondary causes to assist environment in its delicate task. It is, however, important to realize that though a Lamarckian, like Samuel Butler, may invoke the intelligent coöperation of the living creature with its environment as a factor in its own evolution, it is impossible to account for the origin of life by the coöperation between mud and the first protozoa. The plan of action laid down in Smiles'

classic work, *Self Help*, can hardly explain the advance from mud to protozoa, or the promotion of protozoa into metazoa.

NOR for that matter can the survival of the fittest explain the emergence of the first living cell.

The survival of the fittest is, as everybody knows, the key to Darwinian evolution, but neither the selection of advantageous variations, nor of advantageous mutations helps us to understand the origin of life. For, as Professor Whitehead remarks: "Life itself has very little survival value in comparison with the inorganic matter from which it sprang. A rock survives for hundreds of millions of years, whereas even a tree lasts only a thousand years. If 'survival' was what nature aimed at, why should life appear at all? Again, why should the trend of evolution be upward, so that higher and higher types are evolved? The doctrine of evolution does not explain this. The upward trend cannot be due to the influence of the environment, for the lower types are just as well adapted to their environment as are the higher types." In other words a bacterium is just as "fit to survive" as a baby.

Again, the atheist does not condescend to explain why life does not appear spontaneously today. If the primeval seas could spawn a speck of living matter, why not the oceans of today? Nor does the atheist explain why certain forms of lowly life were fired by this noble ambition to become men, whereas other protozoa have jogged along quite contentedly for millions of years, and have never apparently wished to take the next stage in the upward evolutionary process.

The origin of life is the first, but it is by no means the last, of the problems to which atheism provides no clue. The atheist has to bridge the great ragged gaps in the fossil record. As I showed last month, the rocks have no record of any missing links. It is not only that we miss the links between man and the ape, there are no real links connecting any of the genera.

How were these great ragged gaps in the evolutionary theory bridged? From creatures without shells to creatures with shells, from scales to feathers, from creatures that emerge from an egg to creatures that emerge from the womb. The rocks supply no clue to this problem. It is difficult to believe that these tremendous disruptive changes can have been brought about by an accumulation of small fortuitous mutations. We can imagine minor changes being effected in this fashion, such as the evolution of a three-toed horse into a hoofed horse, but as Macfie remarks, "we can hardly imagine a shelled egg *gradually* giving up its shell, and its food supply, and *gradually* making a placental connection, blood vessels and all, with the parental uterus.

It is one of these variations which—if it occurred in the course of reproduction—must have been sudden and complete in all its complex correlation" (Macfie, *The Theology of Evolution*, page 60). Once we are forced to postulate vast complex mutations, leaps not of a single character but of battalions and guilds of characters, mutations involving elimination and reconstruction on a stupendous scale, we might as well admit special creation and have done with it. For, as I pointed out in *The Flight from Reason*, is it much more difficult to believe in a deity who evolves a bird out of nothing than in a deity who evolves a bird, by a sudden mutation, out of a lizard?

A human surgeon produces mutations in the body when he removes an appendix or grafts new tissue, but, as Macfie points out, the greatest surgical skill is needed to mutate without mutilating. It is almost as inconceivable that pure chance should produce one of these complex and valuable mutations as that a complete beginner could perform without previous experience a complicated major operation.

The atheist who rejects God is driven back upon the environment as the sole agent capable of originating the evolutionary process, and the most important agent in its continuance. It is the credulity rather than the scepticism of the atheist which chiefly impresses me. Veritably, the faith that moves mountains is trivial indeed compared to the faith which mutates mud into man.

The primeval seas produced the fortuitous blob of colloid. Immediately environment set to work and by a series of happy inspired mutations produces from this parent cell all the existing varieties of life: moths and monkeys, trilobites and trees, sharks and Shakespeare.

FOR my own part, I find it easier to believe in God than in an environment as fastidious as a professional wine-taster, as neat fingered as the most skilled of surgeons.

A foolish young man once went up to the Duke of Wellington at a public function, and remarked inquiringly, "Good afternoon, sir. Mr. Smith, I believe?" "If you believe that," replied the Iron Duke, "you would believe anything." Much the same retort might be made to the evolutionary atheist.

"To suggest," writes Professor T. Young Simpson, "that this sustained, orderly, pulsating, rhythmical way, in which things on the whole progressively advance, is all a haphazard affair makes a greater demand on our credulity than the most literal acceptance of an Old Testament miracle.

"In fact no explanation will ever satisfy the human reason that does not in some way make Mind the essence of the process."

An Old-fashioned Bouquet

WHEN I was a little girl, there lived in our home a white-haired, rosy-cheeked aunt—my mother's aunt. She had come over from Yorkshire with her family when she was a girl in her teens, so long ago that, to the wonder of us children, she had come in a sailing-ship.

Old English customs lingered and lived in her genial presence. To her we owed the blazing brandy around our Christmas puddings. It was occasion for rejoicing when she invaded the kitchen to concoct a Yorkshire pudding or a beefsteak pie, with which she had a master-hand. And she doctored our childish aches and pains with oldtime, Old Country remedies. For she knew well the ancient wisdom of sage and mint and catnip.

As I recall her gentle ways and her aromatic remedies, I am reminded of other humble herbs that grow in the garden of charity—remedies that in many ways the modern world tramples under foot, unaware that they would go far to heal the restless fever of our times. They are growing still, but we must stoop to find them.

First, let us search for the little flower of Contentment—so misrepresented and misprized in our “progressive” times. Was it Tennyson who first launched upon the world the phrase “divine discontent”? Ever since, the alliterative misleader has been beloved of the modern mind, and used *ad nauseam* by the industrial world as a spur to the buying of a million unnecessary. “Throw out your old and buy new,” was the advertising cry of the booming years, until these more recent times when we have learned the lesson of guarding tenderly the things we have, and guarding still more tenderly the delight we take in them, treasuring the little joys that are within our means.

Robert Louis Stevenson drew a fine line between Sweet Content and “divine discontent” when he wrote, “Let me be content with my circumstances, but not satisfied with myself until I have made the best of them.”

Smug self-satisfaction is a far cry from contentment. Yet one meets—and pities—people who totally reverse the wise program of R.L.S., and seem entirely satisfied with themselves and most sourly discontented with their circumstances. To such an upside-down outlook the whole world is out of focus. Fortunate are we, if in these days of many losses we are recalled to appreciation of what is left, and most especially to the abiding Treasure that cannot be lost, being “laid up where moth and rust cannot consume, nor thieves break through and steal.”

By Grace Brewster

From this thought, as from a living root, springs the little flower Contentment.

Another flower is Gratitude, fragrant as a mignonette in the garden of the heart. There may have been times when, like Gluttony in the Milton poem, we “ne’er looked to Heaven amid our feast.” The “feast” may be now but half a loaf; yet our thanksgiving imparts savor, even as the courtesy of our thanks to God gives a gracious charm to life. We were so sure of our self-sufficiency in the heedless years. “Self-made men,” “Masters of our Fate,” “Supermen”—the pages of the brazen era are scribbled all over with words which reveal fathomless disregard of the Divine Giver. The blowing of our trumpets drowned out the voice of praise. And now we know that some of the “self-made” have not made such a marvelous improvement upon the image of God after all. The Fate we thought we had mastered has turned upon us: and there are no supermen, but only the blundering children of God, ever in need of the Grace of His forgiveness and the strength of His Holy Gifts, and ever grateful for the Divine Goodness which keeps us from day to day.

Of all the little flowers of Charity, the one the world hates worst and God loves best, is Humility: even as pride, the sin of Lucifer, heads the list of the deadly seven. There is indeed a sham humility, even as there is a sham Charity. Yet these can no more cheapen the true than paste can cheapen diamonds. True Humility is indeed divine, God Himself having given us the supreme example in the Incarnation and the Blessed Sacrament. In this connection Jacques Maritain quotes from a work attributed to St. Thomas Aquinas:⁽¹⁾

“There is another feature inflaming the soul to the love of God, and that is the divine Humility. . . . For Almighty God subjects Himself to each single Angel and every holy soul exactly as though He were the purchased slave of each, whereas He is in truth their very God. . . . Now such Humility derives from the multitude of His goodness and divine nobility, as a tree is bowed down by a multitude of fruits.”

The last sentence of the foregoing suggests, by inversion, that pride may be the barren soul's compensation for its emptiness. It bends not in the Divine Presence because it has no gift to offer.

The *Magnificat* is the perfect song of Humility. In the lowliness of the Handmaiden, Mary accepts her high estate as

the Blessed of God. “He that is mighty has done great things for me.”

Close cousin to Humility is the little flower of Holy Poverty—no exotic of Assisian hillsides, but thriving in the gardens of all who know the heavenly joy of seeking first the Kingdom of God.

Because we have forgotten the sweetness of Holy Poverty is perhaps one reason why we have found unholy poverty growing like an ugly weed beside our doorsteps. Yet even this weed, if offered to God in humility, will distill its fragrance too.

A WOMAN who had lost everything, even to the point of being turned out upon the street without a penny, said to me, “No matter how poor I am, I can still have the joy of loving God.” And as she went about her work of earning a trifle here and there, the joy that was in her heart shone in her eyes.

The world blindly conceives that those who wear the little flowers must needs be cringingly meek, drably naive. Yet Teresa the mystic, well-nigh lost in the humble love of God, was the most dynamic woman of her times. She reformed her Order, stood her ground against the great, and also provided the laughter for her cloister's recreation hour. And the little Thérèse, who wished to be just a ball for the Child Jesus to play with, could say with confidence, “I know that God will do everything I ask, because I have not sought my own will.” Joan, meekly obedient to her Voices, lowly of heart, faced a King without fear, met the enemy in her flashing armor, defied her persecutors with bold answers, and dared the fire, as other martyrs, with courage from the same Source, had dared the lions. The Poverino of Assisi, who gave up all for God, feared no man, for fear had been consumed by love.

St. Paul's Epistles are a garden of the little flowers. “Of myself I can do nothing.”—“Be ye thankful.”—“Rejoice!”—“Make melody in your hearts.” Such words sing themselves all through the writings of the man who faced persecutors, mobs, rulers, and the cynical intelligentsia of Athens with his bold preaching.

Pride hardens the heart, makes the intellect haughty, the manner ungracious. Greed sours the spirit, sharpens the features, writes its unlovely lines about the mouth and eyes. Self-worship cramps the imagination, shuts the windows that open toward Heaven. But the little flowers give to life the grace of courtesy, the boldness of faith, the fearlessness of the Peace of God. Their fragrance is the frankincense of happy lives.

⁽¹⁾Art and Scholasticism, page 155.

BY ENID DINNIS.



THE HOLY OAK

THE great, spreading oak tree, known as the King's oak, and later as the holy oak—it was a holy king who had planted it—was in full bloom when Matt Polt-whistle, the wheelwright's son, and John, the son of Roger Cherrybutton of the grange, presented themselves at the gate of the Abbey seeking admission to the Order that sang the *Opus Dei* (the Divine Office) and taught the humanities to the youth of the countryside, together with the verities of the Catholic Faith.

There was little in common between the wheelwright's son and the son of the franklin, but inasmuch as they both entered religion on the same day they were given the names of the twin martyrs, Cosmas and Damian, who themselves were, probably, an oddly assorted pair. The name of Cosmas was given to the franklin's son. He was a keen-witted youth, well assured of himself, and perhaps less well-assured of other people. The Lay Brothers chuckled together and said that the new Brother had the makings of a thundering abbot, when the time came; and, withal, prayed that they might be in their graves before it so fell out. The youth who became Brother

Damian, on the other hand, was somewhat slow at learning and ill-assured as to his own attainments. The Father Abbot spent much time and prayer in deciding what to do with Damian. Cosmas, it went without saying, would be a Choir Brother.

In the end the Abbot decided to put the new-comers to the test which was the fashion in those very practical days. The method employed was altogether admirable for the purpose. The community being assembled together, along with some of the elder scholars from the school, in the big chapter room, the two new-comers were set on a platform at the end thereof, with the Father Abbot seated at a table in their midst. There, they were instructed to hold a disputation. Brother Damian was invited to present a theological problem to Brother Cosmas which the latter would answer according to his ability.

It was no light ordeal. Father Abbot opened the proceedings with a prayer to the Holy Spirit, and then implored the patronage of the blessed Mother of God. Damian, who had been standing in a state of trepidation arising from the oc-

casione, suddenly took heart as the prayer ended. He appeared eager for the fray. His question had come readily to his lips for all that he had some difficulty in framing it in the right words. Yet it was rather in the gentle tones of pious enquiry that he at length put it to Brother Cosmas, who stood there, primed for the forthcoming display of his parts.

"Suppose," Damian said, "that by the mercy of God a man's days were to reach three-score-and-ten, would he, in that time, be able to say as many *Aves* as there be leaves on the King's oak?"

A hush fell over the assembly. The question was not a conventional one, such as one learns to propound in school.

A FROWN settled on the Abbot's face. Was this levity or just stupidity? Cosmas, drawn up to his full height—he was of meagre build, whereas his opponent was a good six feet—made prompt reply. He had his reputation for readiness of speech to uphold.

"That were a problem for a mathematician, not for a theologian," he replied. "Moreover thou hast not defined clearly whether the *Aves* would repre-

sent the number of leaves borne on the branches during one year or seventy years."

Damian scratched his head—the newly-shaven crown where a shock head of hair had lately grown. "I did only mean one summer," he said falteringly. "The other were beyond thinking; like the counting of the stars."

The Abbot intervened at this point. "It would seem," he remarked, drily, "that the counting of the stars might be the occupation best suited to thy understanding."

DAMIAN'S eyes sparkled. He did not notice the laugh that was going round the assembly at the Abbot's apt remark. His new father had named the very occupation that he loved most. "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" The words of the psalm were echoing in his ears for he had a good knowledge of the psalter.

"And scare away the crows, mayhap," the Abbot added. "There are many of them round about the great oak." Whereat Brother Damian was still more enchanted, for he knew it best as the holy King's oak.

"Well," the Abbot concluded, "we will make of thee a Lay Brother"; and Damian remained delighted, although he had the psalter nearly by heart and a Lay Brother needs but say a certain number of *Paters* and *Aves* for his Divine Office.

As for Cosmas, he had acquitted himself well in his readiness of repartee and insistence on a clear definition of the thesis. He was made a Choir Brother, and a teacher in the school, and the sharply-contrasted pair remained associated solely by their names.

Brother Damian took very kindly to his manual tasks. As he worked he repeated the *Hail Mary* practically without ceasing and at a swift pace. Brother Damian, as will have been guessed, had a tremendous devotion to the *Hail Mary*.

One day when he was sweeping the cloister his name-twin passed by on his way to the school and stopped to take him to task.

"Think you," Brother Cosmas asked him, using the modern form of speech which was replacing the "thee" and "thou" in high places, "that any good can come of prayers pattered off like yours?" and then he added, being apt in the making of similes, "A prayer that contains not thought can no more reach Heaven than the dead leaf yonder that drops to earth." He pointed to the King's oak from which the leaves were dropping, ever and anon, for it was autumn.

Brother Damian took the admonition humbly to heart. He had an immense admiration for his name-twin. After that he took to saying his *Aves* very slowly and with great intensity. So

much so that the Father Cellarer received intimation that the cook had threatened Brother Damian with a saucepan when the latter was scraping the turnips for dinner and saying his prayers the while. Father Cellarer found it wise to forbid Damian to pray out loud during his work in the kitchen. He might do as he wished out in the fields.

Meanwhile Brother Cosmas was achieving great things in his studies. His passion for putting people to rights made him less popular than his twin, although he never gave annoyance in the matter of saying his prayers. Brother Cosmas found it more interesting to read about God than to speak of Him. There were sharp tongues in the Abbey that said it were just as well, for Brother Cosmas might have begun to find fault with his Creator. There was no doubt that the franklin's son was a man of fine intellectual parts. Learning was much in vogue in the monasteries. Father Abbot was duly proud of his brilliant son and sent him over to study in the universities of Germany, from which Brother Cosmas returned staggering under the weight of a newly-acquired culture.

Brother Cosmas had become Master Cosmos—he had so treated his name in religion which had a better sound than his patronymic. "Cosmos" suggested something far more cultured than the name of a poor wight who had died in torments for his Faith, although in those days learned folk had not started to use the word "cosmic" whenever they put pen to paper; Cherrybutton was the kind of name that would have fitted all right onto Brother Damian.

DAMIAN was at work in the garden with a hoe when he first encountered the returned traveller. The latter was swift to note that the brother was up to his old tricks. "Hail Marys" were pouring from his lips as he hoed the stubborn soil; and moreover they came at a great pace for Brother Damian had suffered a bad relapse in the matter of saying his *Aves* in a recollected manner. He had come to find recollection very distracting—far more so than the manual work upon which he might happen to be engaged.

Brother Damian's method of prayer had a curiously irritating effect on Master Cosmos—it always had done, it will be remembered. He had no saucepan in his hand, but he had a tongue in his head, and a well-trained intellect above that.

"Now, look here, my good Brother," Master Cosmos remarked, "do you suppose that this constant repetition of the same words can possibly give any satisfaction to Almighty God?"

Master Cosmos had disputed on this point over in the Land of Luther and

had absorbed much new doctrine in the so doing.

"They be words said by an angel," Damian replied. "Mighty wondrous words." He gazed vaguely into space and then focussed the King's oak in the near distance. "T'would seem a pity that they should only be said once, and never by mankind that they most concerned."

"That may be," the other retorted, "but there is a difference between saying a thing once in a way and repeating it all day long."

BROTHER Damian was leaning on his hoe. He would have made rather a fine picture of Adam the gardener. He gathered together his brows.

"Holy Church repeats it a-many times," he said. "The wonder is that she can ever stop. How many times would you have it that she might repeat it without it becoming a vain thing?"

The man from the universities was accustomed to direct questions. He recalled the fact that this same Brother had asked him an irrelevant question touching the same subject many years before.

"A thing oft repeated becomes vain," he replied. "Tis in the course of nature."

Damian considered. "Then," quoth he, "a thing often pondered doth also become vain, for 'tis the thought that causeth a man to shout, 'Hail, Mary!'—the thought that God did become man. If an archangel could not hold himself from crying out, how should a man remain dumb?"

The other jumped to his opportunity. He was a trained disputer. "But the archangel," quoth he, "did but say it once. He did not start telling his beads."

Damian's eyes moved skyward. "Belike he's saying it still," he said, "and all the angels with him. I'm told an angel can do a powerful number of things at the same time, and ever and anon, as though it were once only."

Master Cosmos smiled indulgently. He went on his way, leaving the Brother who was no good at dialectics to his prayers and his digging.

Damian continued hoeing. It was summertime and the King's oak was in full foliage. Myriads of green leaves bloomed on its spreading branches. Perhaps nature had made a pact with the great archangel that each leaf should be an echo of his glorious message to men? A word containing the unfathomable truth. Or perhaps it had been left to him—Brother Damian—to use the leaf-laden branches in place of beads. For each an *Ave*—as many as could be said in the life-time of a man.

The years leading to a fateful epoch passed by quietly at the Abbey. Echoes reached the monks of trouble between the King and the heads of the great re-

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ligious houses. Then came the devastating tidings of the suppression of the Charterhouses and the execution of those heads of monasteries who refused to take the oath acknowledging the King's supremacy in matters spiritual. At length the Abbey's own turn came. The old Father Abbot had gone to his reward and the new one was—Master Cosmos. Very willingly the latter yielded up his lands and office and retired with a pension from the Crown which rewarded the in-such wise shepherds who yielded up their flock to the wolf.

The community, which had dwindled considerably, was dissolved. The Brothers returned to their relatives and an enforced secular life. A respite was found for Brother Damian. There was a pest-house kept by a community of Religious some miles off. This had been allowed to remain on account of its usefulness, and the Brothers were willing to take in the stalwart Lay Brother who bore a character for not minding what he turned his hand to.

FOR a number of years Damian spent his days far from unhappily nursing the sick in the pest-house, relieving alike their souls and bodies. As for Cosmos, the news came along that he had become a great king's man, high in the royal favor. The Abbey property had been presented to a certain Sir Piers Collingbury who had converted it into a sumptuous dwelling house for himself and his family. The chapel, too large for the needs of a lay owner, was now used for other purposes.

It was said that the late Abbot had paid Sir Piers a visit and complimented him on his architect. Master Cosmos, so it was said, had himself undergone a "conversion," and now cut a fine figure out in the world. Damian received tidings of all this from a man stricken with the plague who was cared for at the lazaret house. He told Damian, when the latter had nursed him back to utterance, how Master Cosmos was wont to make game of the beads upon which the people counted their prayers, and of many other customs of Holy Church; and after that Damian put Cosmos into the second part of his "Hail Mary," which was, as it were, the respiration of the intaken breath that was born of wonder. Damian's *Ave* was said in two breaths, as it were in these days, and the second breath was a prayer for sinners, as it is in every *Ave*.

So the years went by. Then one day there came over Damian a great craving to see once more the place where he had made his religious profession. He knew that it was now in lay hands but the chapel would still be there. Damian greatly longed to see the chapel once again. The place where he had knelt and said his little office of *Aves* whilst

the Choir Brothers chanted the psalms that sent his soul into ecstasy. It was a strange, sudden craving. The Brothers put no obstacle in the way of his curious caprice. They lent him a horse, and Damian rode forth. The community bade him good-bye, gaily telling him to be sure and come back. The sick folk wept and made the same request, with

the chapel were lighted up. There would be Vespers going on—Solemn Vespers, for the lights were brilliant. Sir Piers must be a devout man for all that he had taken over church lands.

Damian knew his way. He found the little postern gate, near the King's oak—the latter was spreading its naked branches in the full architectural beauty



HE LAID THE LASH HEAVILY ABOUT THE MASTER'S SHOULDERS

tears in their eyes, as they clung to his garment.

It was a long ride and Damian's horse cast a shoe on the road, and the blacksmith who mended it had a sick child that needed attending to, and Damian was apt at the task. It was night-time when he at length came in sight of the Abbey, standing in the valley below. His heart gave a great bound for the windows of

of a winter tree—and, dismounting, made his way to the door which led into the chapel.

Strange, unwonted sounds greeted his ear as Brother Damian opened the door. The next moment he was standing, petrified, staring in horror at the scene before him.

The chapel had been converted into a banqueting hall. Crowds of gaily

dressed men and women were diverting themselves in the body of the hall, and on a dais at one end—the end which had once formed the sanctuary—a drunken dwarf was disporting himself for the amusement of the company, whilst a man waited with a big brown bear on a chain to take his turn when the revellers had tired of the present performance.

Sir Piers Collingbury happened to be standing near-by when the sudden apparition of a man in a threadbare black garment that was not quite a monk's habit burst on the scene. For one minute the stranger stood still and gazed round him; then, quick as thought, he sprang forward, seized the whip that was in the hand of the bear-keeper and laid the lash heavily about the shoulders of the master of the house. The latter sprang away with a yell. The remainder of the company turned and fled before the fury of the intruder whom they had first mistaken for a mummer engaged for their diversion. He had driven them along like a flock of sheep across the one-time chapel before he was secured and led away, bound, by a party of serving-men.

Sir Piers Collingbury behaved with great magnanimity, so everybody said. Of course the fellow was raving mad. It appeared that he was one of the dispossessed community who, no doubt, had lost his wits along with his home. He had quieted down almost at once, but a fellow like that could not remain at large. The Brothers at the lazar house begged to be allowed to have him back and look after him; it was part of their business to tend the sick thus afflicted; but the sting of the lash still lay heavily on the pride of Sir Piers Collingbury. "I will put him under lock and key myself," quoth he.

So they took Brother Damian and locked him up in a hut that had been used for storing charcoal. It had a little window high up in the wall that let in some daylight, and they gave him Daft Wat, a stable lad that was likewise witless, to look after his needs—no such bad treatment for one who had laid a whip about the shoulders of the lord of the manor. Wat begged that he might be allowed to bring his charge to Mass on Sundays but this was refused. The sight of a crowd of people would doubtless arouse the frenzy that had for the moment abated.

SO Brother Damian remained in his cell like the hermits of old. "Let no man go near him save the daft lad," Sir Piers gave orders, "for that, likewise, might arouse him to frenzy." So Damian saw no one save Wat and his dog, Patch, who accompanied him on his visits to the hut. The latter and Damian became very great friends.

When springtime came Damian rejoiced in the discovery that through his little window he could catch sight of

the top of the King's oak. He spent all his day now in prayer. The green leaves reminded him of the *Aves* that a man might plan to say in a life-time, if God gave him his three-score-years-and-ten. He had time in plenty to say them now. Wat would bring him news of the outside world from time to time—he more than shared Patch's affection for the gentle hermit—but Damian showed no interest in such things. One question only he asked from time to time. Was there any news of the great and learned man that was called Master Cosmos? Daft Wat did his best to find out and one day he brought the information that nobody had heard of Master Cosmos for many a long day. It was thought that he must be dead.

THE hermit wept a little at that, and a certain sadness seemed to settle on his soul. His thoughts dwelt on Cosmos and the far-away past, and the sadness increased. He began to ask himself: did his *Aves* indeed ascend to Heaven, or did they fall to earth like the dead leaves as Cosmos had once said prayers did that were only said with the lips. His *Aves* had become almost like his breathing. One word opened the door to a great gust of thought—of the gigantic Thought that sought a dwelling in Gabriel's *Ave* because it was said in Eternity. It was almost impossible to think of the words. Yet Cosmos had been heading for sanctity when he gave him that warning about words without thought.

Daft Wat brought him strange news in these days. The King's oak was spreading its branches. It had started to grow at a great pace. So much so that people for miles round had become interested. Some said it was because a saint-king, King Harry VI of holy memory, had planted it, a hundred years ago. Damian listened, and then fell to wondering if a man living, by the mercy of God, to three-score-years-and-ten would be able, after all, to say as many *Aves* as there were leaves on the holy oak. (People had begun to call it the holy oak, suddenly remembering that it had been planted by a saint.)

Patch would sit by his side, for Wat often left him with Damian, and gaze up into the hermit's troubled face, conscious that something was wrong.

It was some years now since Brother Damian had been taken with the sudden craving to see his old home—the craving that had led to such dire consequences. Now, as suddenly, the craving returned again. This time it was an overweening desire to look once more upon the holy oak. One night, Damian sat up on his bed. It was wintertime and the middle of the night. Never before had he contemplated the possibility of leaving his present abode, though Wat sometimes left the door unbolted, but tonight the desire to wander abroad was irresistible.

Brother Damian crept out of bed—it was clean and comfortable, albeit of straw—and went over to the door and lifted the latch. It was unbolted and Damian walked forth into the night.

Stumbled would perhaps be the better word. His legs were unused to exercise. He had not realized how feeble he had become. His heart thumped painfully against his ribs and his breath came in gasps. It would be a very long way to the holy oak, albeit that it was only just across the meadow. Past the cattle sheds and pigsties amongst which his own shelter stood; out beyond the farm buildings Damian walked or, rather, crept, until he found himself in the meadow where the King's oak stood, gaunt and naked.

Beneath the great tree the leaves lay thick, blown into drifts by the late gale. Damian regarded the scene before him. He had quite forgotten that it was winter and that there would be no leaves on the oak. The great bare branches stood out in the moonlight. Alack! He could not count the green leaves and calculate how long it might take a man to say as many "Hail Marys." There were dead leaves, piles and piles of them. They formed a drift in one place the length of a man's body. He recalled Brother Cosmos' words about dead prayers that fell back to earth like dead leaves, and a stab went through his heart. How many of his prayers had been as dead leaves? Was his tree as bare as the vast, spreading branches of the King's oak?

The darkness fell upon his soul. Patch was not there to wonder what had happened to his human friend. Damian fell on his knees—he was close beside the curiously-shaped drift. It looked as though the leaves might be covering the body of a man. It was no uncommon thing to find a dead body lying out under the shelter of a tree. Many a poor plague-stricken creature had perished that way. Bending over, he removed the dead leaves sufficiently to reveal what lay beneath. He found himself looking down on the face of a man.

It was a finely-moulded face. The brow, about which the damp hair clung, was broad. Death had smoothed away whatever lines there might have been. A youth lay there, but a man getting on in years may have lain down to die.

Damian gave a little cry that must have contained a plenitude of prayer, for the face that he was gazing on was the face of Cosmos.

WHAT was Cosmos doing here, what had he died of? Had there been foul play, or was it the plague, which was rampant in the neighboring countryside? With trembling hands he cleared away the damp leaves from the dead man's breast and opened his shirt. His experience at the pest-house had taught him to look for the plague spot. Sure

enough, the dread spot was there; but the searcher had no eyes for it. His gaze was fixed upon something else.

The hands of the dead man, joined below his breast, held in their grasp a string of beads. The stiff finger and thumb still held a bead in their grip. It must have been the death-grip. A miracle had been accomplished when the world heard no more of Cosmos. The heretic, the mocker, had returned to his Mother.

It is usual to seek help when one makes such a discovery as Damian's, but Damian simply went on kneeling where he was, gazing at the sight before him in a kind of ecstasy. It was such a goodly sight. He knelt on and on, until he grew dizzy and stiff; then he stretched himself on the bed of leaves alongside the body of Cosmos, his lips still repeating the "Hail Marys" that needed no thought. His mind was in the great silence of the Divine Cloud.

Side by side they lay under the naked tree. . . . Damian opened his eyes, He gazed upward. Strange! There were leaves on the tree. It was bright daylight—dazzling daylight—and he could see them. They were singing, like the birds, only whereas the song of the latter was the *Benedicite*, the song of Creation, this song was the song of Redemption—of the Incarnation; the *Ave Maria*. "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus." Myriads of green leaves were singing it. And, up above, for all that it was noonday, there were myriads and myriads of stars—shining lights, brighter than stars—and they were singing the song of Redemption, too. "Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus," they were saying to the Queen of Angels, and the singing leaves below answered in their own way with their own part of the anthem: "Pray for us sinners."

Then Damian seemed to hear a voice saying to him:

"The winter is past. . . . Arise, my beloved, and come."

And the soul of Damian rose and went up. His body remained stretched out beside that of Cosmos. There they found it when, led by Patch, Wat and others went in search of the witless man that had made his escape.

Damian's companion remained unidentified. The two bodies were buried in the nearest possible place, for was not one of them, at least, plague-stricken?—and that happened to be the old burying ground of the monks. So Cosmos and Damian slept together, not far from the holy oak where the tangled song of the birds in June mingles with the great Song that Gabriel sent ringing down the ages, the Song of Redemption, of redeemed humanity: "*Ave Maria, gratia plena!*"

Whither Civilization?

Catholic Action in the Social Fabric

By P. W. Browne, Ph.D.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ill a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

"CIVILIZATION is usually taken to mean the refinement of man in his social capacity. Whatever uplifts, cleanses, purifies, inspires man as a member of the common human family is held by all men to be civilizing. . . . While the forms, the outer dress, as it were, of civilization, change from one epoch of time to another, there is forever common to all mankind an irrepressible trend, like a rising flame or a flowing current, that impels us to create and share common interests and common enjoyments, that calls forth common efforts for causes that are common and therefore higher than any or all of us. In the common struggle we learn to admire and love the natural forces, gifts, opportunities, and institutions which have been the means of creating what each race, or people, or epoch calls its civilization." (Shahan, *Middle Ages*, p. 135.)

How do we measure up to this standard? What follows will indicate the present-day trends of civilization in this land of great opportunity: "Crime has increased 17% in this country, within a brief period"—"A Federal Commission

will convene in Chicago next week to study the appalling crime wave that threatens to engulf us"—"Yesterday, within a radius of 100 miles from the National Capital one of the most revolting lynchings within our memory took place on the eastern shore of Maryland, and the authorities seem to have been powerless to prevent it." These items appeared within a week in the columns of a reputable daily newspaper. Do they mean decadence? Perhaps even more significant than the above items is the record of the investigations recently conducted in Washington. The investigations disclose that numerous corporations have been systematically plundering thousands of unfortunates of their savings, and have brought untold misery into tens of thousands of homes—a misery that can never be measured.

It is said that "Caesar coined the blood of his captives into sesterces." Is there not a parallel between the mighty Caesar and the plutocrats who filched millions of dollars from unsuspecting investors? Yet "society" kow-tows before the magnates of Wall Street, and pays them more

obsequious homage than does a Chinese coolie to a Mandarin. Perhaps I seem too severe in my judgment of the plutocrats. Let me quote the Rev. Dr. Edmund Walsh, S.J. who, in an address delivered some days ago at the First National Anti-crime Conference, in Washington, said:

"THE unholy lust for gold and what it can command has brought such sin and sorrow into the world as only the concupiscence of the flesh can match. The public greed of licensed money-changers, of unscrupulous bankers and legally incorporated buccaneers has provided, alas! evil example for the criminal whose methods lacked only legality and the comfort of a respectable name. The former plundered through loop-holes, the latter at the point of a sawed-off shot-gun. Both had the same objective though they stalked their prey by different paths. When greed in high places operated through bucket shops, fraudulent investment trusts . . . and the dumping of worthless securities on unsuspecting clients, crime in low places retaliated

with racketeering, gunmen, assassination, kidnapping, extortion, bootlegging, corruption of public officials, suborning of juries and by mobilizing a flock of unscrupulous criminal lawyers skilled in paralyzing the nerves of judges, witnesses, and prosecutors."

IN the face of such indictments one should not be categorized as a pessimist, if one feels that we are being whirled towards a crisis in our civilization more tremendous for the gravity of its issues than any upheaval of which there is a record.

Today our entire social fabric seems to rest on the thin crust of a volcano whose ominous rumblings are being heard everywhere. God and His commandments are being spurned; Christian principles have been set aside, and greed, not conscience, rules. The iron law of supply and demand has supplanted the Golden Rule. Wealth is tightening its purse-strings, entrenching itself behind huge trusts, is daily drawing to itself powers that make it well nigh impregnable. Workmen look with distrust upon their employer, regard him as their natural foe, give willing ear to every extravagant theory for the amelioration of their lot, and, too often, in their frantic desire to pull down the strong, seize every weapon left to the hands of desperate men.

Time was when the world acclaimed the Church as the bounteous mother of humanity, but today the welkin rings with blasphemous shibboleths. Men seem to have forgotten that the Church is the moral self of Him, Who, nineteen centuries ago under the shadow of Hattin, said: "I will have compassion on the multitude." The Church, through the voice of Christ's Vicar, proclaims the same message; she teaches the rich that they are merely stewards of their wealth—that the right of ownership brings with it an imperious duty to bestow upon the poor what is above their reasonable needs. The Church is independent of economic change; and Christ's power is as active today in the Church as when He trod this earth. She has passed safely through the tempest-tossed sea of the ages; and from the throne of Peter the Church still proclaims the Divine message. But puny men will not heed it. If we desire to arrest the decadence of our civilization, and stem the tide of social and economic disorder we must seek the guidance of the Church, for she still speaks in unmistakable tones the words of a compassionate Savior.

The only constructive ideas that can bring human peace and happiness were formulated by the Church. Yet it must not be forgotten that the Church, which is the moral self of Christ, cannot bring order out of chaos or solve the problems which now confront us if we be apathetic or disloyal, too ready to condone wicked-

ness in high places. This is only too patent. Many of our large cities are reeking with dishonesty—cities where Catholics can wield tremendous power through the ballot-box. Only recently in one of our great American cities there was enacted a scene in which supine Catholics participated—a scene which should have brought the blush of shame to every Catholic within its borders. The rottenness which had permeated the official life of the city was condoned and abetted by Catholic officialdom; and only when transgression of the moral code became too transparent did even those who occupy the seats of the mighty take action. There seems to be an accepted code in civic life which would dissociate official life from morality.

We can arrest the decadence of our civilization by developing a strong common consciousness of civic and personal duty. This will possibly differentiate us from other people, in trade, in commerce, and in many departments of public life. The more profoundly we understand this truth, the greater shall be our influence in solving existing problems, and saving our civilization from wreckage.

It is of great importance that we understand how numerous and insidious are the agencies that imperil our social life: some of them seem quite harmless. Amongst these is the effort being made by certain agencies in this country to educate children under a system whose sole aim is "good citizenship." The advocates of this system hug the delusion that citizenry is man's only function, and they forget that the individual means more than the "citizen." It is not enough for a boy or a girl to become a good citizen, for the preparation that our boys and girls must receive is not merely for life, but for membership in the great community of the hereafter. Similar words were uttered recently by an English educator, and he added (quoting the dictum of a great statesman): "If you teach your children the three R's, and leave out the R. of religion, you will produce a fourth—Rascaldom."

A FEW days ago I read an excellent article in an English Catholic magazine, in which the writer says: "Are not veritable savages those who are calculating how they can 'develop' what has hitherto escaped them, and how many petrol pumps and film-houses can be planted with pecuniary advantage to themselves, between Jugginsville and Red-Paint Valley, or how many coalpits can 'profitably' replace the orchards, fields, and farmsteads of Kent and Sussex?" This writer also tells of a questionnaire sent out to several quarters some time ago as to the accepted meaning of "civilization." After the replies had been tabulated, the *Morning Post* (London) said: "The common denominator of the replies is a vague statement to the effect that the pur-

pose of civilization is to make life more tolerable for all and to raise the general standard of culture by *n* per cent." The paper says by way of comment: "Would it not be better to base one's philosophy of life on the century-old principle that material discomforts, trials, and even suffering, are not in themselves evil, but essential factors in training spiritual character, that personality may fit itself for existence in some supra-material sphere?" Most of us forget that material comfort is like pleasure; it is only wholesome when it is not pursued for its own sake.

The plutocrats who are now so much in evidence while these senatorial investigations are in progress seemingly do not realize that enervating, satiating luxury is not comfort; perhaps some of them may awaken after the grilling to which most of them are being subjected, and discover that

Who follows pleasure, pleasure slays;
God's wrath upon himself he wreaks.
But all delights fulfil his days
Who takes with thanks and never seeks.

CATHOLICS should understand that we are today facing conditions such as never before confronted us, and that we have a well-defined duty to perform. Warnings have come to us from a quarter that demands a respectful hearing. Four decades ago the immortal Leo XIII said: "Catholics must take the initiative in all true social progress; to show themselves the enlightened counsellors of the weak and defenceless; to be champions of the eternal principles of justice and Christian civilization."

Those who were privileged to assist at the great Congress of Catholic Charities recently held in New York heard a similar message from the representative of the Holy Father, the Most Rev. Amleto Cicognani who, in discussing Catholic Action, said: "Catholic Action can illumine society with the light that comes from the living Gospel, and can make the Gospel the supreme code of private and public action, bringing home to the Christian the realization that he cannot be a Christian for himself alone, but that, like a soldier who has given himself to the service of his country, he has pledged himself to a Christian society to labor for its general welfare. Catholic Action will make him conscious of his obligation to exercise both privately and publicly, whatever influence he may possess for the good of others; it will make him realize also that he has at his command not only means of the natural order, but also the gifts of the order of grace. . . . It is within the scope of Catholic Action to reconstruct the Christian city and the Christian nation, which modern pagan forces have sought to destroy. This means in a certain sense a holy battle for the defence of society, both domestic and religious."

THE HOLY SHROUD

By Peter M. Rinaldi

THE publicity given to the Holy Shroud during its recent public exposition at Turin did all but create definite ideas about this venerable relic in the minds of Catholics at large. Beyond the vague notion of a singularly precious relic of Christ's Passion and the vision of fervent multitudes, the Press could present us with nothing better than a few unimportant details on the eventful exposition.

Yet things both new and soul stirring can be recounted of the Holy Shroud of Turin. This holy relic, which the Church has treasured throughout the centuries, lies no longer unknown in its triple silver case amid the lofty splendors of the "Sainte Chapelle" at Turin. The meaning of its mysterious signs, which the faith of generations had divined but not understood, science has now definitely and unmistakably disclosed. In a language which is both vivid and impressive the Holy Shroud tells the story of the Passion and Death of Christ. It is no wonder that the Church should call on her faithful to read about and meditate on this unique version of Calvary's Divine drama during the Holy Year commemorating the nineteenth centenary of our Redemption. Thus it was that the extraordinary exposition of the Holy Shroud drew countless pilgrims to Turin.

Eagerly and reverently they gazed at the double imprint of a human body dimly outlined on a wide linen which the ravages of time and fire have considerably damaged. The vision of that first gruesome Good Friday must have dawned on their minds in all its tragic reality. And what feelings have entered their hearts but the feelings of those few faithful ones who cared for the body of their beloved Master the night of the Passover nineteen centuries ago?

When, on May 3, 1931, the Holy Shroud was once more exposed to the veneration of the faithful, doubt was rather widespread as to the authenticity of the relic. Thirty-three years had passed since it had last been exhibited. If known at all, the Turin Shroud was

known more as an object of polemics than of veneration. Even now, on the morrow of a new and extraordinary exposition, the Holy Shroud is but little known in the Catholic world.

There are, no doubt, many who will be glad to know how far this claim—that we have the actual Burial Sheet of Christ—has been confirmed by the examinations that have recently taken place. A detailed description of the Shroud will help our readers to a thorough comprehension of the subject.

The Holy Shroud is a seamless linen cloth woven in the ancient Damascus patterns, 4.77 yd. long and 1.20 yd. wide, showing a number of stains or marks which differ in their origin and significance. Over two black lines running

the length of the cloth parallel to the sides, eight large burns are strikingly noticeable. These are the signs left by the fire which threatened to destroy the relic at Chambéry (Savoy) in 1532. Prompt intervention saved the Shroud from destruction, but not from damage. The fire had singed a corner of the carefully folded relic, the scorching reproducing itself to the extent of the entire length of the cloth. The mended portions are the work of the Chambéry nuns, who used altar linen in repairing the precious cloth.

These and other spots divert considerably the attention of the onlooker from the two dim images (one frontal and the other dorsal, placed head to head) of a human body in natural size outlined in the center of the linen. Even to the casual onlooker this mysterious figure reveals itself with the unmistakable traits of the Crucified One. But what is the true nature of this double image or imprint? Science was confronted with this problem for the first time during the exposition of the relic in 1898. The researches to which eminent scientists applied themselves and in which the camera, the microscope and the laboratory proved of the utmost usefulness, have led to discoveries so astonishing that they leave no longer any room for doubt about the authenticity of this famous relic.

It is a curious paradox that whereas eminent scientists (some of whom, like M. Yves Delage, are not even Christian believers) are willing to accept the Shroud as authentic on purely scientific grounds, not a few learned Catholics have opposed this view wholeheartedly, basing their opposition solely on historical grounds. The outcome of the violent polemics that ensued was that those who had not directly examined the relic very rashly concluded that the scientific evidences gathered in 1898 were all too fragile to withstand the overwhelming weight of historical objections. To them the images upon the Shroud were merely paintings executed in the middle of the fourteenth century.

The difficulty with the his-



THE HOLY FACE OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER—
A DETAIL FROM THE NEGATIVE PHOTOGRAPH
OF THE HOLY SHROUD AT TURIN, ITALY.

torian of the Shroud is apparently very serious. His efforts to reconstruct the chain of events that links the Turin Shroud with Christ's burial have literally come to nothing. The chronological data at his service are all too scarce and often even doubtful. The few documents that directly bear on the subject would seem to discourage any serious attempt to prove the Shroud's authenticity on merely historical grounds. Besides, it must be stated, other "shrouds" are known to have existed.

THESE objections, which the opponents of the authenticity advanced with so much certainty, face to face with the more recent examinations of the relic, have broken down irrevocably. In archeology when an object can supply its own authentication it is of small consequence what may have been its history. Now the evidences gathered from the objective examination of the Turin Shroud are more than sufficient to warrant its claim to authenticity. This explains why opposing scarce and doubtful literary documents to scientific evidences of the highest import has become, in the case of the Holy Shroud, a rather discomforting task.

Doctor Arthur S. Barnes who, to an extensive knowledge of the Shroud's literature, joins the experience of a personal examination of the Relic, thus sums up the scientific evidences gathered in 1898 and fully confirmed during the more recent expositions:

"There are four reasons, each of which could be decisive by itself, and which, taken together, make any further suggestion of painting quite inadmissible. They are as follows:

"1. The process of painting on a fabric involves the deposit of solid particles of coloring matter upon the threads, so that these latter become partially or entirely hidden. But in the case of the Shroud every thread is visible, and no trace of solid extraneous matter can be detected even by microscopic examination. The threads themselves are stained more or less throughout, so that the same figures, fainter in coloring but otherwise identical, appear on the other side. Not thus was any human painting done in the fourteenth century, or indeed at any other time.

"2. Human work, however minute, necessarily shows outline and shading. It may be so fine as completely to delude the unaided eye, but its nature at once becomes manifest when it is put under the microscope. But these figures have no outline and no trace of shading. The coloring becomes more or less intense by quite imperceptible degrees. The edges fade away into the general fabric so that it is impossible to say where the tint begins and where it ends. That effect is characteristic of natural processes; it is quite unattainable by human effort, at



THE HOLY SHROUD AS SEEN BY THOUSANDS DURING ITS RECENT EXPOSITION AT TURIN. THE FIGURE OUTLINED ON THE CLOTH RESEMBLES A PHOTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVE.

any rate if unaided by any elaborate mechanical device.

"3. In the fourteenth century in France anatomy was not understood, and nothing was known of the circulation of the blood. But here the anatomical detail and proportion is exact, the behavior of blood flowing from a wound is true to nature, and the contrast between living blood and dead blood is duly preserved. Even the characteristic way in which a clot of blood dries, the coloring matter thicker on the circumference than in the center, is truly represented on the Shroud, though it takes the microscope to reveal it. But the realism of the fourteenth century was not of this kind; science had not attained to such details of knowledge, nor did men do work that only the microscope could test; the microscope itself had not been invented!

"4. The fourth reason carries conviction to the mind even more readily than those three already given. It is that the figures upon the Shroud are shown reversed in light and shade, something after the manner of a photographed negative. If they are photographed they produce upon the plate a positive picture, with light and shade more as we are accustomed to see it. Even the expression upon the face is perfect. But no human being, even now, could paint in this way, not even if he were an expert retoucher of photographs. Such a one might be able to produce a passable representation of a human body in negative, but to preserve so delicate a thing as the expression on a face while thus reversing the light and shade is quite beyond human skill. If that is so even today, when photography has made us familiar with the phenomena of inverted light and shade, how much was it so in the fourteenth century, when the very idea had not yet been thought of. Nor, even if it had been possible, could there be any conceivable motive which would have led a painter to work in this way, and make his work so hard to understand.

"These four considerations are sufficient to put completely out of court the theory that the Shroud is nothing but a medieval painting. It should never be heard of again."

THE double imprint upon the Shroud has, then, all the characteristics of a photographic negative (light and shade reversed, inverted positions, etc.) so that if photographed it produces on the plate the positive picture of a man exact in every detail, proportioned, artistically beautiful and endowed with a marvelous expression. Through photography we have the surest identification of this mysterious image and the irrefutable proof of the Shroud's authenticity.

The magnificent photographs, taken in 1931 by competent Signor Enrie of Turin and issued with ecclesiastical authority, have once more disclosed the

astonishing characters of the figures of the Shroud.

The stain images of the linen become on the photographic negative (plate) a perfect portrait of a dead body, and evidently enough of the body of a man who has suffered crucifixion after a cruel scourging; who has been crowned with thorns and whose side has been pierced with a lance. The face which on the Shroud is quite meaningless, reversed as it is in light and shade, takes on the photographic negative the wondrous expression which has excited the admiration of countless artists. The wound which is to be seen in the left wrist (the right hand is covered over by the left), while against all pictorial traditions, is in perfect harmony with anatomical requisites. The rivulets of blood visible on both forearms would imply that the arms of the Crucified One were raised above the head. The arms had, therefore, to support much of the weight of the body. The long nail, driven through the lower part of the palm, would have to be slanted downwards that it might hold the better and not tear through the flesh. The wound on the back of the hand would naturally come out on the wrist.

THE wounds of the feet are strikingly noticeable on the back image, part of the linen having been folded back from the heels so that it lay along the bloodstained soles.

The wound of the side is clearly situated on the right (in proximity of the mended portion of the linen). The flowing of the blood is true to nature, Doctor P. Barbet of Paris can infer the trail of the lance from the position of the wound. "It penetrated between the fifth and sixth rib, bored through the right lung and pierced the right auricle of the heart."

The scourge has left traces of its gruesome work over the entire body; yet the bruises are particularly numerous and distinct on the dorsal region. Their shape, number (about 80) and distribution (two by two) enable us to infer that the condemned was inflicted the forty legal strokes and that the two whip lashes were provided with a metal strip. But the eye is irresistibly drawn to the face of this mysterious figure. It is a true photographic portrait because it has resulted from a negative (the stained image of the Shroud). The features are as impressive as they are definite: the white showing blood marks on the forehead tell of the crown of thorns; the long semitic nose shows a pronounced tumefaction; the right cheek is swollen; the lower lip slightly protruding; the hair stiffened by the sweat and the trickling blood.

Yet neither the insults of the mob nor the agony of an excruciating death has altered the calm, serene, majestic expression of this incomparable countenance. One can only cry out with Professor



THE HOLY SHROUD AS IT APPEARS ON THE PHOTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVE PLATE. THE FIGURE IS NO LONGER NEGATIVE, BUT HAS TURNED POSITIVE. NOTE THE DISTINCT BODY.

Yves Delage, non-Catholic and non-Christian as he was, "Who but the Christ could impress this image on the Shroud?"

Some there are, even among the more learned admirers of the Holy Shroud, who would not entirely eliminate the supernatural factor in dealing with this relic. They see something more than the merely ordinary course of nature in the way with which God was pleased to leave to His Church so striking a memorial of the Passion of His Son. The scientist, however, believes himself to have reached a very definite conclusion as to the origin of the Shroud's images. Whatever providential guiding there may have been, their origin, he holds, was natural.

CLEARLY, these images are not the work of an artist; consequently they can only have been caused by some influence proceeding from an actual body which was laid upon one half of the sheet and then covered with the remaining portion. But under what circumstances can a dead body produce upon the linen which surrounds it definite images of itself such as we see upon the Shroud? Two are the requisites determined by laboratory experiments: first, a coloring substance on the linen, which being thus made susceptible of impression, would act much like the sensitized plate in the camera; second, a fluid emanated from the body which determining a reaction with the coloring substances causes indelible stains to be formed on the linen. This fluid is evidently a gas since it acts at a distance and by osmosis through whatever linen cloths that might separate the sheet from direct contact with the skin. Furthermore it must draw its origin from the blood. The stain images of the Shroud show that the emanation has been present in greater activity where the flesh was bruised and most of all in the blood itself.

Now physiology points to urea, present both in the clotted blood and in the sweat, as a substance which yields first carbonated ammonia and then ammoniacal gases. Experiments have shown that alkaline substances, such as ammonia, react with a principle of the aloe, forming a red-brown colored and coloring substance.

It was following these considerations and the Gospel narratives that Paul Vignon, Professor of Biology in the Institut Catholique of Paris, framed his famous theory of "contact" experimented and accepted as the most probable explanation of the Shroud's images by eminent professors of the Sorbonne University.

The body of the Redeemer was given a hurried and temporary burial. We insist on this fact because, while it answers to truth, it is of capital importance to the theory.

"The sabbath drew on" (Luke 23, 54)

and the usual ceremonies had to be postponed to the first day after the hallowed season of rest. The fact that the women "returning prepared spices and ointments" (Luke 23, 56) implies that the body had not been anointed at all. St. John says that "they bound it in linen cloths with spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury." (John 19, 40.) He does not say that they went through all the operations after the manner of the Jews. It is rather arbitrary, then, to infer from that text that the body was washed, anointed and wrapt with the long linen bands. What would the women come to the tomb for early on Sunday morning?

Still unprepared for the definite burial, the Body of the Savior was laid upon one half of a "clean linen cloth" and then covered with the other half. This linen, purchased by Joseph of Arimathea on the spur of the moment (Mark 15, 46), had been profusely spread with the spices (a compound of myrrh and aloe ground and mixed together) provided by Nicodemus (John 19, 39). It is quite certain that some smaller linens were used besides the wide sheet. The hands, reverently composed together, were bound with a strip of cloth. The napkin referred to by St. John (John 20, 7) was probably put about the head to hold the chin into position. A cloth was quite certainly placed about the loins where the hands rested.

Joseph, after having thus "wrapped the body in the clean linen cloth laid it in his own new monument" (Matt. 27,

60); "there," adds St. John, "because of the parascave of the Jews, because the sepulchre was nigh at hand." It was, then, but a temporary deposition they provided for the body of their beloved Master, and this in view of the definite burial they would give it soon after the hallowed repose of the Great Paschal Sabbath.

THE Body which the Shroud enveloped was exceptionally fit to produce the amount of ammonia necessary for the reaction. An agony of sorrow and of dismay had drawn from its pores a heavy perspiration of blood, particles of which remained hidden along the channels of the sweat glands. Then, the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the tragic journey up Calvary, the crucifixion, the violent death after hours of untold sufferings. These were the determining causes of an abundant emanation of ammoniacal gases which, developing from the dissolving urea, reacted with the aloe on the Shroud.

The ammoniacal vapors did not equally react on the different parts of the sheet. The linen was stained through and through; very strongly at those points where there had been actual contact, less intensely precisely in proportion to the distance which separated that particular portion of the Body from the surface of the sheet. The blood and the bruises acted most strongly of all, and made darker and redder stains. The images thus formed present the appearance of a

photographic negative, with light and shade reversed from the effect ordinarily produced upon our eyes.

As to the probability of this theory, which still enjoys the favor of many learned admirers of the Turin Relic, we will observe with Doctor Barnes that to reproduce the conditions of the crucifixion is obviously impossible. Once it is granted that the images like those on the Shroud may conceivably have been caused by slow chemical action of this kind, there is little to be gained by further experiment. But it will be well to note that all the four points, mentioned before in order to prove that in the case of the Shroud we are not dealing with any human production, are precisely those which would certainly be present in any such work of nature.

Does the theory of contact exclude the supernatural factor?

When we think of the unusual process that has caused the images on the Shroud and consider all the circumstances that were necessary for their production, we cannot but admire the Providence of God Who was pleased to leave to the Church and to the world the material document of the Passion and Death of Christ. And if by a new and no less admirable trait of His Providence, it has pleased Him to reveal to us the figure of the suffering God-Man, it is doubtlessly in order to call us to a greater and deeper appreciation of His love for us. "He hath loved us, and hath delivered himself for us." (Eph. 5, 2.)

UNCLE SAM: INVESTOR

The Government Enters the Investment Market

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

NOW that the wheels of industry are turning again, that more men go to work and larger pay envelopes find their way into millions of happy homes, old friends are showing up again: doubts in the Government's wisdom, complaints about retarding what is conveniently called the natural process of business recovery, and last, but by no means least, a rather tardy self-awakening of private business, proudly proclaiming its ability to pull itself up by its own bootstraps.

We have not heard much from private business since the spring of 1933 when it was not precisely ambitious to get anywhere, except out of the red. Occasionally, it was accused of code violation; more often, it showed itself ready to co-

operate, or, at least, careful not to take any direct attitude toward, in favor or against, the New Deal, as long as the course of business was not more definitely ascertained.

The time has come now when even conservative business interests admit the general improvement that has taken place in almost every field and branch. And, with the assurance of a limited amount of business recovery, there has come an also limited amount of opposition on the part of private business. There is, as you can convince yourself in your daily routine of news digesting, opposition to further restriction of production, to further reduction of working hours, to code administration, and many

other prominent New Deal measures.

One of the more important attacks deals with the complaint that the Government is competing with private capital in seeking investment opportunities. The recovery program absorbs many a million dollars which, in normal years, would have gone directly to industry.

By the middle of next year, it is estimated, the Government will have spent more than ten billion dollars for purposes which, in former years, attracted private capital, for instance, loans to banks, to farmers, to home owners, railroads, mortgage companies, power trusts, and the like. There is truth in this charge. The Government is, indeed, in-

vesting in fields which formerly were the privilege, if not the monopoly, of the private investor. About 95 per cent of these ten billions are long-term requirements.

Since the Reconstruction Finance Corporation first started operations in February, 1932, until the middle of next year, when the lending activities of the Government are expected to come to a close, a period of three-and-a-half years will have been covered. And if we divide this period into the above amount, we will have an annual average of about 3 billion dollars. In contrast, private investors in the United States put about 3½ billions year after year into American business, figuring the period between 1919 and 1932. In other words, the Government is replacing private investment activity.

This is serious. Uncle Sam's children have made their profits very largely by putting money into his enterprises. They grew, and, as they grew, they yielded a nice profit; and with the profit reinvested, they grew some more, and again poured out a handsome surplus. And so, American industry was built until it matched and, later on, exceeded any other nation's industry on earth. It prospered and, with it, the people prospered. Hence the warning: Don't rob the people of their investment activities. Don't let the Government get hold of this source of national strength because, they point to the past, it tends to undermine the basic principles of American prosperity.

It is this writer's opinion that, far from being detrimental to the interests of private capital, this Government activity seems to be working out to the distinct benefit of industry, of investors and of the taxpayers. For one thing, private capital started its retreat as soon as the business slump cast its shadow over the plants and chimneys of industry, particularly of that part of industry which makes durable goods, that is, goods that are not "consumed," for instance automobiles, steel, bridges, tunnels, highways, machinery, and so on. Between 1929 and 1933, employment in these "capital goods" industries dropped from 96.5 to 38, which means that where in 1929 a hundred men had been employed, only 40 were working in 1933.

Why? They were not prosperous and, therefore, neither profitable nor secure for investments. No wonder, capital issues for these industries fell from 4½ billion dollars in 1930, to 170 millions in 1933, a drop of more than 96 per cent. Now it must be remembered that these heavy industries form the bulwark of the nation's industrial power, because they form the largest industries, employ most men, and give work to thousands of other factories, and hundreds of related industries. To bring back prosperity to the

country meant to float these heavy industries. Private capital withdrew, as shown above.

Then the Government stepped in. The results? Dividends declared by these industries in the first quarter of the current year are 7 per cent above a year ago; employment in the steel industry is only 10 per cent below the 1929 peak. Production gained, profits gained, employment gained, prices went up—in short, Government interference was highly successful. As the profits have returned, so has a certain amount of security of the investment. But does private capital come back?

It does not. The tremendous resources of banks and insurance companies are continuing their flight from industry. Take ten of the leading New York banks. At the end of the first quarter, their deposits had risen 11 per cent, but their holdings of U. S. Government securities had increased by 27 per cent. And what the investment in Government papers gained, was, of course, lost to industry. Insurance companies are not much better; on the contrary, they are distinctly worse. In 1933, they still had a reasonably sound distribution of their investments between Government bonds, mortgage loans, railroad bonds and public utility securities. But at the beginning of this year, they had fully two-thirds of their investments in Government papers, with the rest scattered over the mortgage, railroad and public utility markets.

Evidently, even if the Government were willing to leave the investment market to private capital, the latter does not seem to be ready or willing to take up the support of industrial investments. Clearly, if the Government were to make radical changes in its recovery and investment program, disastrous consequences would be the result. So why complain about "the Government steal-

ing the opportunity of the private investor," when the banks and insurance companies showed no willingness in recent months to take over the responsibility?

THE Government has done more; it has forced down the rate of interest through its conversion operations, lately, of the Fourth Liberty bonds. This is an important step on the path leading toward ultimate prosperity. Look at the distribution of our national income and you will appreciate the weight of interest rates. Between 1929 and 1932, wages dropped 40 per cent; dividends more than 56 per cent; but interest payments fell only three per cent. The "cost of money" is out of all proportion to other items on the list of production costs. A lower interest rate, as forced by the Government conversion operations on the money market, will benefit industry, as it will benefit the investor, for it is bound to show in increased earnings.

The conversion operations carry another benefit; they bring relief to the taxpayer. The latest conversion of over a billion dollars of Fourth Liberty bonds reduce the annual carrying charge for the Government by something like ten million dollars a year. Former, as well as future, conversions will result in similar savings, benefitting the taxpayer and the taxpaying industries in years to come. Then again, relief in taxation must reflect in greater enterprise and business activity.

These are some of the reasons why, far from interfering with private capital, Government investment activity is but clearing the path for it—till such time as the private investor, through the banks and insurance companies not to forget the *stock exchange market*, is willing and ready to take over and elaborate on the measures which the Government has so successfully initiated.

Spring Rain

By Earl Lawson Sydnor

THE rain plays music on the hill,
And treetops hold the notes, then spill
Them into melodies that race
Like teardrops down a lovely face.
Each silver note—a new refrain
Snared by the wind to sing again
On mossy stumps and padded beds
Of leaves. And now, like little heads
Of laughter, courting not a care,
The merry rain combs earth's green hair.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

FOR four years, so runs a news story, Miss Charlotte Field has been at the head of the kitchens of the Hotel Lexington in New York City. And during that time she has run it from two hundred guests a day, which was the record when she took it over from chefs, to two thousand which is the present attendance. Who of us has not heard men orate about how only men can really cook or design clothes or plan nearly anything from ruffles to refrigeration? Oh, they can cook! Sure—give a man seventeen bowls, eight spoons, eleven dollars worth of groceries and most of the house and he can cook. He can make such things as spaghetti Caruso or toss a green salad after taking two hours to mix it. I even knew one who could can tomato and okra something grand—an English professor he was at that. But these men are always one dish people. Can you fancy feeding a family one dish forever? And usually the pet dish is so constituted that it will give you rough dreams later on. But leave it to the women to do the steady purposeful everyday cooking, the oatmeal and baked apples, the stews made of round steak, the various staffs of life. They may not be so dashing as the work of the one dish artists but, believe me, they are more necessary. And the difference is shown in the way women ask you to get out of the kitchen and let them work and the way men invite you in to watch them flip and stir. Women cook because they want to feed people and men cook because they want people to watch them cook. And has anyone who chances to read this ever cleaned up a place after one of these gentlemen has been concocting indigestion in it? It is worse than fixing the living room after the heir of the house has used it as a terminal for his Christmas trains.

SOMETIMES I have an idea for an editorial but no time to set it down in words so I make a notation to develop later. Sometimes the notes look odd when I find them again. For instance, here is one which, on a scrap of paper, says, "chops tom salad coffee orange peace of the sacraments." It looked odd even to me its author but later I reconstructed it the way they do ancient hieroglyphics. Some years ago a rector of my acquaintance grumbled about the meals the lady parishioners invited him to. Being nervous about his weight and hating sweet stuff anyway, he did not want to indulge in marshmallows sweet potatoes nor yet continuous chicken with heavy gravy and stuffing. He said his ideal of a meal was the one above—in fact, he published this simple desire in a

By
Katherine Burton

magazine of which he was editor, but did he get the food of his desire? He did not. He simply insulted the ladies and they put a few more marshmallows in and a lot more gravy on things just to prove they were right and he was wrong. I gave him one night the meal he had pleaded for and his blessing when we rose from the table was a heartfelt robust one.

The rest of the memo—"peace of the sacraments"—came to me at the same time. I had been at Mass and later been invited to a breakfast of the very heavy variety. I made a note of both and that was how they came together on the paper. It had been very brief, a five minute talk. The priest simply said that there was no use in everlastingly talking about peace by mere arguing and pleading. A better way was to avail oneself of the peace of the sacraments: if one had within oneself the peace the sacraments of Communion and Penance bring, then one could also send that peace out. Not by arguing but by accepting these greatest and active gifts of peace and putting them actively into our lives—by peace from within and not merely from without—we help bring to the world that peace which Our Lord preached about.

LORD ROBERT CECIL pleads with women—the women of the whole world—to bring about peace for the world. "She is the creator and not the destroyer," he says. "Her duty is to the coming generation and in the next war everybody will be killed alike—children too."

Yes, my Lord, that is all true. But before she can do anything like that she must have in her hands the spending power. She has some of that now; the spending power of things for the home. But it would be interesting to see how she would spend for armaments should she be empowered to buy those too. So long as that is tied up by greedy and selfish men there will be no peace and the rumors of wars will be louder every day. The blindness of self keeps men from seeing what is going to happen on each side of them; they see only the profits directly in front of them. It is true that in women's hands lies a chance for world peace, but here mere pleading will not help. But suppose the matter of saying who shall sell arms, to whom they shall be sold and how much of a

supply shall be manufactured—suppose a committee of women elected by direct vote of all the women in the United States or of the world—well, I prophecy that there would be far fewer nations saying after another series of years of destruction, apologetically, "We didn't know it was loaded."

THEY were talking about wish phantasies at an authors' tea the other day, reports Isabel Patterson of the *Herald Tribune*, and Blair Niles, one of the authors honored, said she had just one wish phantasy: she wishes she could sell some property to the Government at its assessed valuation, as Vincent Astor had expressed himself willing to do. That, she thinks, would easily be twice what one could get for some of it even during good times. Then she could sail away in a yacht on the proceeds. "Give," she said dreamily to her interested audience, "is such a beautiful word in that connection. . . . How very much more blessed to give than to receive on those terms."

NEVER have I seen better proven the everlasting love of men for getting things done by long complicated processes and the great desire of women for practical simplicity than in the event I chronicle herewith. I know, of course, that it was a man who cut the Gordian knot but I feel pretty sure that some women told him to do it and not spend all night plotting how to get the thing untangled.

It seems that Mrs. John Demchuk of Third Avenue in New York City let her son aged four play outdoors some mornings ago. Also it seems that in some way young Michael, wearying of his doorstep, went into the street and in some way fell under a taxicab and was pinned there. A man going by turned in an alarm until an emergency squad of nine policemen, two detectives, and four policemen on post, an ambulance with two internes, and a fire company with eight men all were on the scene. They went over the situation at length while Michael waited for a decision. Finally they all twenty-six decided the thing to do was to lift the cab with block and tackle. And just then Mrs. Demchuk, having missed her son, arrived. She asked the crowd if anyone had seen her Mike. The twenty-six rescuers pointed to the space under the taxicab. She took one look, squirmed under, got her son by the collar and pulled him out. Then she and Michael went home and the assortment of detectives, internes, firemen and policemen went back to their jobs.

RELIGION *and* HUMANITY

EVEN in a life which has not plumbed the deeps the need of God is felt. For men hunger for truth and find it only in Him Who is the way and the truth. Men seek beauty and find it in Him, Whose marred and broken body shows how beautiful flesh can be when it is mastered by the spirit. Men seek life and find it only in Him Who came that they might have life and have it more abundantly. Men seek goodness and find it in Him Whose holiness shames them into decency. Men today are a-thirst for God, and the words of Augustine remain as true for man in the modern world as they were for him who first uttered them 1,500 years ago: "Thou, Oh God, has made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

By James H. Moynihan, Ph.D.

IN the history of the human race there has been no fact more sublime than the persistence of religion. There has ever existed in the heart of man the conviction that he is a child of God and that his destiny is inseparably bound up with the Eternal. He has ever felt that

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Hence he has ever regarded himself as the Pilgrim of Eternity. Refusing to be cabined and confined in the prison-house of the flesh, he has ever stretched forth eager hands to touch the vesture of divinity. Standing on the shores of life he has striven to pierce through the mists which hide the dim battlements of Eternity. Throughout the history of the world the human heart has alternated between hope and fear. To and fro it has swayed as the mists unsettled and it glimpsed on the ramparts of the Empyrean a face divine, or as the dark clouds of doubt settled as a pall upon its faith and trust. To and fro it has swayed as it listened to two voices, one whispering to it of a power beyond itself, a Presence who could know and could love, and whom to love was Life; the other reminding it that its kinship was with the beast and that it was "of all earth's clotted clay the dingiest clot."

Matthew Arnold watching the tide from Dover Beach saw in it this ebb and flow of human faith. Have you ever watched the tide going seaward? The ocean seems to return upon itself as if it would go away for ever and come again no more. But there comes a moment of pause, of hesitation, of change, and the return begins. First in ripples, then in swells, and then in mighty breakers the tide rolls back, impelled by its love for the shore. So it is with religion. At times it seems to ebb away, to die out of the hearts of men. But then from out the depths and from far distances it comes back and rises to the flood.

This quest of man for God is writ large in the long record of man's hopes and aspirations. In the complex pattern of human thought which has come down to us reflected in the literature of the ages the theme of religion runs like a golden thread. In the mighty symphony of humanity, above the jangles and the discords of life, the terror and the pity of the struggle for existence, its heroisms and its weaknesses, rises the strain of worship of the Godhead. No matter where we turn, whether to the earliest records which have come down to us from the

dawn of civilization, whether to the great epics of the world, in some respects the mightiest products of the human mind, or to the great creations of the master-spirits of literature, we find man's sense of divinity. Indeed, I wonder how many really great works of literature there are, books which have stood the test of time, which do not deal with religion, with the relations between man and God, with the soul and its implications, the problems of evil, suffering, and human destiny.

If we turn to the civilization which *Homer's poems* represent, we find men worshiping nature-gods in human form, the guardians of mankind and the punishers of impiety. Their gods, though full of defects when viewed with the eyes of Christianity, in reality represent a lofty conception for a people who had scarcely shaken off the slime of barbarism. In the foreground of the *Iliad* loom large the clash of contending armies, the struggles of heroes, but the radiance which illumines them and gives them perspective is from heaven. Showing clear against the sombre back-ground of life are the radiant forms of the gods, who preside over the hero's destiny and breathe upon him with a divine afflatus, who in the words of *Odysseus*,

"Even hear and pity hapless men like me
for sacred to the gods is misery."

DAUNTLESS bravery and a careless acceptance of whatever the gods send—these are the twin strains of the blind bard.

If we study the *Greek dramatists* of the fifth century before Christ, we find everywhere a preoccupation with moral problems. In the *Oresteia* of *Æschylus*, which *Swinburne* called the greatest spiritual work of man, the tales of the Homeric pantheon are interwoven into practical ethics. The favorite ideas of *Æschylus* are the curse which haunts families, propagated from generation to generation by the transgression of the individual

"for impious act it is that offspring breeds
like to the parent stock"

the sins of the fathers visited on the children, the wages of sin is death, for

"For while Zeus liveth through the ages, this
Lives also, that on him that wrought shall vengeance
be outpoured"

the blind obsession which pursues the sinner, takes possession of him, and ruins him, and the cleansing worth of sorrow, for

"'Tis Zeus who leadeth men in wisdom's way
And fixeth fast the law"

That pain is gain
And slowly dropping on the heart in sleep
Comes woe-recording care
And makes the unwilling yield to wiser thoughts."

FOR Æschylus Human life is a warfare between good and evil principles in which the issues lie with man. For him divine justice is a prophetic and awful law, mysteriously felt and awfully revealed.

Sophocles views Justice much as Wordsworth regards Duty, as the

"Stern daughter of the voice of God
Stern lawgiver, who yet doth wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace."

He, too, stresses the essentially spiritual quality of human action, the supremacy of

"the unwritten laws of God that know not change
that are not of today nor yesterday
but live for aye"

the redemptive power of suffering

"One law holds ever good
that nothing comes to life of man on earth
unscathed throughout by woe,"

the existence of a righteous power which punishes pride and sin, which visits the sins of the guilty on the children but which shows mercy to the contrite

"Oh that my fate were fixed
To live in holy purity of speech
Pure in all deeds whose laws stand high
In heaven's clear aether born
(Of whom Olympus only is the sire
Whom man's frail flesh begat not)
Nor ever shall forgetfulness o'erwhelm
In them our God is great and grows not old."

Sin and suffering—the pitiful record of humanity—men are in the hands of chance or fate—but God is good—such is the broad lesson of Greek tragedy.

Time does not allow the tracing of religious ideas through the work of Socrates, who when arraigned for rejecting the gods of Athens, replied:

"I do believe in the gods as no one of my accusers believes in them,"

of Plato, for whom "the knowledge of the gods is one of the noblest sorts of knowledge," of Marcus Aurelius, for whom

"It is pleasant to die if there be gods and sad to live if there be none"

of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Aristotle who regarded God much as we might, as

"the Power behind the Universe"

of Epictetus who

"dared look up to God and say 'Do with me henceforth as Thou wilt.'"

a thought singularly Christian.

Both the Stoics of Greece and the Neo-Platonists of Rome preached submission to the will of the gods as well as a contempt for the world and the flesh. In the *Aeneid* of Virgil, who seemed to St. Augustine an example of the highest bloom of pagan art, Virgil who saw

"Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind,"

Æneas is the ideal of the religious man, ever responsive to the call of duty, not less pious in his relation to heaven than to

his own kin, ready at once to sacrifice his will and his love when word comes from Jove.

The theme of the *Indian epics*, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana is that of Ecclesiastes, Vanity of Vanities, the need of detachment from the things of earth, which pale into insignificance when viewed from the heights of Eternity.

The Upanishads teach that God's dwelling place is the heart of man and remind us of the words of Christ: "The kingdom of God is within you."

Running through all these works we hear "one supreme note, a yearning for God, a kind of divine home-sickness. The religious sentiment becomes lyric with this yearning, the eternal in man answering, tenderly to the insistent call of the Eternal from without."

Thus in the pitiful aberrations and distortions of the truth which we find in pagan letters there ever occurs the same consciousness of divinity which has been at work since the first of our forefathers felt a feeling of awe in the presence of the mysteries of the universe. In the *Literature of Israel* this rises to a higher mood and takes on a nobler form. It becomes a sense of the majesty and grandeur of a Being who holds the seas and the mountains in the hollow of His hand; a sense of relationship to a Being infinite in holiness and power. It finds expression in the cry of the tortured Job, Job who stood questioningly before the Shrine of Eternal Justice demanding an explanation of God's ways with men but taught at least the spirit of submission and crying out: "Oh that I knew where I might find him," in the lyric outburst of the Psalmist:

"Where from thy spirit shall I go; where from Thy presence hide?
Climb I to heaven, Thou'rt there, or go I to hell,
Thou'rt by my side
If morning wings I take, and dwell beside the farthest sea
E'en there Thy hand shall lead me, and Thy right hand succor me."

IT finds expression in Jeremias, the mystic, who saw everywhere signs of God's power and presence; in Ezechiel's imaginative vision of the glory of the Creator; in Isaiah's august picture of the majesty of God; in the swooning and raptures of Solomon's Song.

When we turn to the *literature of Christianity* we find the hunger for the infinite more clamorous and insistent than the hunger for bread, and the hunger for sex. To the highest consciousness of the *Middle Ages* the world of the living was but a shadowy appearance through which the eternal realities of another world were continually betraying themselves. The literature of this period, permeated with the spirit of religion, reaches its apogee in the poetry of Dante, which, in the words of Shelley, was a bridge thrown over the stream of time, uniting the ancient and modern world. Dante's was the vision of the world under the aspect of eternity. His *Divina Commedia* is the drama of the soul in its journey to God. The hatefulness of sin which is symbolized in the repulsive monsters presiding over the circles of Hell, in the environment in which the sinner is punished, and in the torment of the sinner himself; the quest for peace, which is found only in the will of God—(*La sua voluntade e nostra pace*); the power of Love to lead the pilgrim soul above, the Love which moves the sun and the other stars—*L'Amor che muove il sol e le altre stelle*; such are the theme of this poem of the earth and air, this medieval miracle of song. It is a poem which answers the question of all ages—the meaning of freedom, of harmony, of a life of perfect beauty.

The simple faith of this age, a period when, as Ruskin says, religion was most vital in the lives of men, was followed by the humanism of the Renaissance during which Spencer, Petrarch, Erasmus, and More held aloft the torch of faith only to find the flame of religious inspiration burning with brighter incandescence in the mystical outpourings of a Catholic Crashaw and Southwell, an Anglican Vaughan,

Herbert, and Donne, a Puritan Marvell, or "blaze with volcanic energy" in the utterances of that mighty-mouthed inventor of Harmonies, Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* is, after the *Divina Commedia*, the greatest religious poem of the West.

Shakespeare, alone of the great, teases us out of thought. But while we may say with Arnold: "Others abide our question. Thou are free," and while it is true that Shakespeare does not attempt to lift the veil that hides from us eternity, nevertheless, in the words of John Churton Collins: "If a thoughtful person, after going attentively through the thirty-six plays, were asked what the prevailing impression made on him was, he would probably reply 'the profound reverence which Shakespeare shows universally for religion, his deep sense of the mysterious relation which exists between God and man, his silence on transcendental subjects, which springs not from indifference but from awe, his belief in the efficacy of prayer, in the omnipresence of God, on conscience as a divine monitor, and the peculiar tenderness and solemnity with which he refers to the person and teachings of Christ.'"

If Shakespeare nowhere reveals his own faith, at least the morality which underlies his work is essentially Christian. Was there ever a more striking example of the self-multiplying character of crime, a more penetrating analysis of temptation than *Macbeth*, which reveals the devastating power of an evil conscience and proves the truth of the words of the Gospel, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul." If Iago shows the tragedy of a keen intellect uncurbed by conscience, *Cymbeline* and the *Tempest* are instinct with the optimism of Christianity. Running through his grimmest dramas is the conviction that there is no tragedy, however apparently inexplicable, which Love cannot tough to finer issues.

The skepticism of the *Eighteenth Century*, an age which Carlyle calls "that withered, unbelieving, second-hand century," is broken by the humble piety of Samuel Johnson, and the avowed purpose of Pope to give a reason for the faith which was in him. He sees

"All as but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is and God the soul."

GOETHE, one of the first evolutionists, agrees with Dante, Francis of Assisi, Shelley, and Browning that unselfish love is the only hope of humanity. His *Faust* expresses the restless doubt of the seeker after truth, the inability of things of sense and intellect to satisfy man's highest aspirations, and final submission to the designs of God. For him salvation lies in unending struggle aided by divine grace:

"Who'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming."

The lesson of the poem is that the bitter bread of humility brings trust and peace, and altruistic love alone gives life value and meaning. The second part of the drama which gives utterance to the poet's maturest religious convictions—all the more impressive because they have passed through the alembic of philosophy—ends in a vision of heaven, where

"All things corruptible
Are but reflection
Earth's insufficiency
Here finds perfection
Here the ineffable
Wrought is with love."

In the beginning of the *Nineteenth Century* Wordsworth and Coleridge gave fresh expression to the mystical tradition that Nature in her beauty is but the vesture of the Divine. Wordsworth, the poet-priest of Nature, yet saw Nature as the breath of God. Ever mindful of "those high instincts before which our mortal nature doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised," he never loses sight of the eternal sea, haunted by the eternal mind.

In the *Victorian Age*, when science was quite dogmatic

about theories which have since proven false, nearly all the great writers lit their lamps at the glowing brazier of religion. Browning strove to reconcile religion and philosophy on the plane of experience. He accepted Christianity as the only force that could give meaning to life, because it offered Eternity itself for the explanation of mysteries insoluble in time. Our day might well profit from the lesson contained in his definition of faith as "the stoop in the soul which in bending upraiseth it too."

Tennyson, who strove to reconcile faith and experience, prayed that

"Knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell
That mind and soul according well
May make one music as before."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, the Anglican saint, voiced the nostalgia for heaven in paradisaical imageries.

In our own age the decline in literature may be explained in the words of Robert Lynd: "It is my belief that literature begins to go to the dogs as soon as Earth becomes restive and declares its independence of Heaven." Yet religion is not without its witnesses as might be shown in the work of Bridges, Masfield, Eliot, and the latest play of O'Neill. Bridges, for example, in his *Testament of Beauty* regards faith as "the humanizer of brutal passions, the clarifier of folly, the medicine of care, and the clue of reality."

And so literature which took its origin with Religion has ever been a by-product of it, for the story of man is the story of his quest for God, and literature, while it has its roots in the earth, flourishes when it lifts its branches into the clear air of heaven. Life is not only acceptance but wonder, and the insistent questioning of the spirit is as clamorous as the hunger of the body. The human spirit cannot be imprisoned in the flesh without the constant pressure of aspirations which seek satisfaction, questions which demand an answer. Life is a search for the Holy Grail. And sooner or later to every man comes the consciousness of this quest, this hunger for a larger and a diviner life.

Man may try to find satisfaction in material things, may try at times to sell his heritage for a mess of pottage, to give his heart away—a sordid boon—but only at the cost of his own peace. It is significant that the rejection of religion brings with it a deep unrest and a resultant pessimism. For the believer, life is full of meaning. Beneath the seeming diversity and complexity of life there is unity and purpose.

For Aristotle: "God draws the world to Himself as Love."

For Socrates: "No evil can happen to a good man, living or dead."

For Plato: "All things work together for good to the man who is dear to God" a thought amazingly like St. Paul's "To all who love God all things work together unto good."

For Browning: "The acknowledgment of God in Christ accepted by thy reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it, and has so far advanced thee to be wise."

But for the impercipient life is without spiritual significance; there is a negation of purpose beneath the scheme of things. Hence:

For Shelley:

"We look before and after
And pine for what is not."

For Keats:

"To think is to be full of sorrows
And leaden-eyed despair."

For Arnold:

"This world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams
So various, so beautiful, so new
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain.
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

For Housman:

"In all the weary road we tread
There's nothing but the night."

For Aiken:

"The pages of our life are blurred palimpsests."

For Hardy:

"Life has a sad seared face."

Is there anything more poignant in literature than that cry which escapes his lips as he watches the believers in church and laments

"That He who breathes All's Well to these
Breathes no All's Well to me."

IN all of this I cannot help being reminded of a statement of Huxley: "I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute only more intelligent than other brutes, a blind prey to impulses which as often lead him to destruction, a victim to endless illusions which make his mental existence a terror and a burden and fill his physical life with toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of comfort and develops a more or less workable theory of life in the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then for thousands of years struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellowmen."

What a sorry view is this of him who was called by Plato "a child of the stars, a son of heaven"; by the Psalmist "a little lower than the angels, crowned with honor and glory"; and of whom Shakespeare said "What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god." Is this picture of nature red in tooth and claw, of life as one of struggle, brutality, and suffering, or that other picture of the universe as a scheme of symbols connected by mathematical equations, and of mind as but a ripple on the surface of life, adequate to satisfy the aspirations of the human spirit. No, for when science breaks off at this point and has nothing more to say, it leaves nature mutilated and the meaning of life blurred and clouded.

It is religion and religion alone that can answer the question "What is the aim and the sense and the issue of all this strife and suffering?" That this interpretation of life has not satisfied is amply borne out by the fact that science itself is more and more coming to a spiritual concept of the universe. Behind the phenomena of nature Younghusband sees working a mind with the genius of a mathematician and the love of beauty of an artist. Thomson and Haldane see emphasized in every advance of science the truth that "Great are the works of God." Jeans and Eddington find among scientists almost unanimity of opinion that the stream of knowledge is heading towards a non-mechanical reality. McDougall testifies that forty years of scientific studies have brought him to a position more favorable to religion than that from which he started. The testimony of Millikan is strikingly beautiful: "The prophet Micah said 2,500 years ago: 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.' Modern science of the real sort is slowly learning to walk humbly with its God, and in learning that lesson it is contributing something to religion."

These reactions of modern scientists were anticipated in his *Anthem of Earth* by Francis Thompson, who spiritualized the findings of science, showed it ministering to the thought of

immortality, pointing to a Supreme Designer behind the scheme of things, seeing in death the occasion of renewed life and regarding dissolution as:

"Pontifical death, that doth the crevasse bridge
To the steep and trifid God."

Thus the insight of the poets is often keener than the sight of the scientists. It is no wonder that they have been called

"the only truth tellers now left to God
The only speakers of essential truths."

This glance over the field of literature has indicated that the kingdom of values is at least as real as the kingdom of facts and that religion has ever been of supreme importance to man. It shows that in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever man has sought God. Man may try to stifle the cry of the soul, afraid lest having God he must have naught beside, but there comes to every man a time when his spirit cries out for God. Try as he will to find refuge in the things that perish he cannot close his ears to the voice of God. The experience of many a man has been that of Thompson:

"I fled Him, down the night and down the days;
I fled Him down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter
Up vistaed hopes I sped
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'"

SOONER or later the need of God comes and it often comes in the deeper experiences of the soul. It may come as it came to Elijah in the death of a friend. It may come as it came to Hosea who brought the message to the Hebrew world that God is love, but who learned it in a broken heart and a desolate home. It may come as it came to the father in Robert Bridges' poem as he watched the dead body of his child and felt that now he

"Must gather his faith together, and his strength
make stronger."

In such sanctities of pathos when the fire of sorrow sears the soul, we think of that cry of another desolate spirit, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," and we turn for sympathy to one who Himself has known desolation, One whose eyes euphrasied with tears knew the bitterness of grief. In such moments the agony of the heart becomes vocal and we are forced to cry out with Job: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him." It is not to science but to religion that men turn instinctively in the time of their profound crises, in great joy or heartbreaking tragedy.

Even in a life which has not plumbed the depths the need of God is felt. For men hunger for truth and find it only in Him Who is the way and the truth. Men seek beauty and find it in Him, Whose marred and broken body shows how beautiful flesh can be when it is mastered by the spirit. Men seek life and find it only in Him Who came that they might have life and have it more abundantly. Men seek goodness and find it in Him Whose holiness shames them into decency. Men today are a-thirst for God, and the words of Augustine remain as true for man in the modern world as they were for him who first uttered them 1,500 years ago: "Thou, Oh God, has made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee."

The THIRTEENTH STATION

*The Fifteenth of a
Series of Devotional
Papers on the Stations
of the Cross*

By Hugh F.
Blunt, LL.D.

THE darkness grew thicker and thicker. Jesus was dead upon the cross. And at that very moment all nature seemed to burst asunder. "The veil of the temple was rent in two from top even to the bottom, and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent. And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints that had slept arose, and, coming out of the tombs after His resurrection, came into the holy city and appeared to many."

It looked, indeed, as if Christ's prophecy were about to be fulfilled, and not only the Temple and Jerusalem were to be destroyed at once but also the whole world. It stunned all Jerusalem. Down in the Temple the crowds were gathering, the priests were making their preparations of prayer and sacrificing to God, when God Himself took a hand in affairs. It could only be the mighty hand of God that could tear in twain the veil of the Temple. There before the Holy of Holies it was hanging in solemn grandeur in its rainbow hues, a mighty thing which required three hundred priests to control, when all of a sudden it was torn apart from top to bottom by an invisible power.

It horrified the priests and people. They were afraid. Deep down in their hearts they had the feeling that this catastrophe boded ill to them. They were too blind to see the connection between the event and the great tragedy of injustice which had just been done on Calvary. They little guessed that for them and their nation it was the beginning of the end, and that the prophecy as to the destruction of their Temple was soon to be fulfilled.

Simultaneous with this rending of the veil of the Temple the earthquake occurred. It is impossible now to discover if this catastrophe was universal or only local to Jerusalem. It makes little difference. The clefts in the road to Calvary could be seen for many years after the death of Jesus, and even today in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a fissure in the rock still awes the beholder. It



THE BODY OF JESUS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS

was a sign to Jerusalem of the wrath of God and the fast approach of His justice and judgment.

SO terrific was the revulsion of nature that even some of the tombs were split asunder and the protecting grave-stones thrown aside. The graves were opened and many of the saints arose from their sleep. Who were they? It is but a guess again. One likes to fancy St. John the Baptist, St. Joseph, St. Elizabeth and St. Zachary, thus testifying to the Divine Mission with which they had so much to do.

The rending of the veil, the quaking of the earth, the splitting of the graves and the appearance of the dead were testi-

monies to the Divinity of Jesus Christ. The heavens, the earth, the dead—all united in a chorus of testimony, and in a protest against the crime of Deicide. Nor was man wanting in this testimony. Fear was rampant now on Calvary. The Centurion could be very debonair, astride his horse, as he managed the great stage-show. A proud Roman, captain in the army, he was boss today over this mob of conquered Jews. He had no care for the religious disputes of these people, no thought about the killing of this criminal. It was all in the day's work and he had conducted executions before.

But as the hours dragged along and he sat silent on his horse, nobody to talk to, some strange feelings began to stir in his

breast. Somehow, he could not get away from this Jesus. He had never seen any criminal so abused, so insulted, as this Man; had never seen any criminal endure so much pain. And how He endured it! There was the difference. Other victims screeched and yelled and cursed and pleaded. This man not only bore it all in silence and in patience, but even spoke words of forgiveness for those who had killed Him. A shudder went through the Centurion. What if! What if He was different? He shivered. It must be this darkness. How chill it was getting. His very horse trembled.

THROUGH the darkness he could just make out the form of Jesus on the cross. He heard the death-words of the Man. Then all Hell seemed to be unlashd and the earth rolled and shook and the rocks at his feet were split asunder. He was stunned. He was afraid, sore afraid. It was not mere nature that was angry, it was the God of nature. God! Yes, God! Indeed this was the Son of God! The soldiers, too, now scared out of their half-drunkenness, huddled together in fear. They had need to fear! Had they not been the actual killers of this Man? Fear! Had not some one said that their Victim was really put to death because He claimed to be the Son of God? Son of God! That was it. How else explain this terrible upheaval of nature. And with the Captain they cried out, "Indeed, this was the Son of God!"

The Captain and his soldiers were Roman pagans. Jesus in that final hour of agony had reached their souls. But there were others than these pagans who bent low to the ground that moment to confess their crime. Of the multitude of Jews that surrounded Calvary not all were hard-hearted haters of Jesus. There were many who sympathized with Him. It was all too horrible, too inhuman. And what really had He done to deserve such treatment? Nothing! On the contrary He had been the dispenser of blessings, the giver of kindness. It was their leaders that had hurried them into this murder. Murder! What else was it? Then when the earth quaked amid the darkness and the ground under their feet split in ditches they froze with sudden fear. Woe, that they had ever come out to Calvary. Home, hurry home! And they hurried off down the hill, through the darkness, with the terrible fear pursuing them, and all the while beating their breasts before the God they had outraged that day.

That day had dawned a festal day of cheer. They had tried to make it a red-letter day by coloring it with the blood of Jesus, but the joy had turned to ashes on their lips and the songs of the morning had ended in a wail as they entered Jerusalem that late afternoon. Already the curse was being fulfilled. His blood was on them and their children. And so the multitude slunk away. They no longer

had the jaunty air of a few hours ago. They were crushed.

Calvary was soon left to the Captain and his soldiers, who still were obliged to stay on duty, and to the holy band of women, who with Mary and her new son John stood beneath the death-tree of Jesus.

Death on the cross was generally a slow, dragging affair, where the victim was obliged to drink pain to the full. There was no mercy for him. The punishment was to be made as acute and as lingering as possible. Since no vital organs were injured, sometimes the crucified one lingered several days. Drop by drop his blood oozed away, limb after limb became festered and dead. The flesh dropped away, and sometimes the wild beasts had a feast on the still living man. This was so in other Roman provinces. The victims were nailed to the cross and then left to their fate, to die and rot. But in Palestine the Roman conqueror had some consideration for the customs and the sensibilities of the Jews. They permitted them to remove the bodies at sunset, for it was the Jewish law that the victim be buried on the day of his execution.

Jesus had died at three o'clock; hence there was little time left to take Him down from the cross and bury Him, with all the preparations that were necessary, before the evening of the Great Sabbath. The friends of Jesus gathered about the cross knew that there was need of haste. The body of their beloved master must not be thrown into the common grave of criminals. But to avert that it was necessary to get the permission of the Roman Governor, by whose authority the execution had taken place. Some one must go immediately to Pilate and present the case.

OF all the group gathered there, no one was so fitted for the task as Joseph of Arimathea. Strange character, this Joseph, but a loving one. He had been born at Ramatha, noted as the birthplace of Samuel, and had come to live at Jerusalem. He had become a man of importance in the city, owned a lot of property there, was immensely rich, and was a fine handsome man of noble bearing. He was more than that, however. He was, as St. Luke says, "a good and just man." With all these qualifications, especially his wealth, he became in time a member of the Great Council which had condemned Jesus to death. But he was very different from most of the other members of that materialistic body. He was a spiritual man "who also himself looked for the Kingdom of God." He looked for and found it. He believed in Jesus. He followed Him, but only secretly. He was afraid. He did not have the courage to declare himself. It was a big thing to expect a member of the Council to come out openly for Jesus. Joseph was torn

this way and that. He was playing with his faith.

It may be that he had not been present at the deliberation of the Council when Jesus was condemned. If he were there he made no open protest. It is hard for the rich man to enter the kingdom of God. And Joseph had more at stake than most men. But whether he was there or not "he had not consented to their counsels and doings." He was still in favor of Jesus though he was quite as weak as Peter and the Apostles who had run away.

FEAR, fear! Nearly everybody was afraid. If the authorities had done such things to Jesus they would not hesitate to do the same to His followers. What good can we do, they all thought, by coming out in His favor now that there is no hope to save Him. So in this spirit of fear, in silent protest against the iniquity of the whole business, Joseph, accompanied very likely by his friend and fellow-Councillor, Nicodemus, came to Calvary in the footsteps of Jesus. He had gathered strength and grace by the way.

Weak while Jesus was alive, he became strong and brave when Jesus was dead. When the last sigh was drawn he took his courage in his hands. He had been so weak, such a coward, so discreet, cherishing his high position, his land and his money bags. Now all that he threw to the winds. He, a Councillor, came over to the cross. He sympathized with the poor Mother. He offered his services. If he could do anything—but of course he could. Joseph saw his work cut out for him. It meant defiance to his fellows, it meant taking sides with the dead Jesus, it meant the declaration that he had been a coward, it meant ruin. He must take charge of the burial of Jesus. He offered his services to Mary. They were graciously accepted.

Joseph knew what had to be done. He was used to controlling things. He drew aside Nicodemus, who till now had been another weakling, and consulted with him. Nicodemus would hurry to the city before the stores closed and get what was necessary for the burial, the ointments and the spices. As to the grave, Joseph decided that. He himself owned a tomb which he had prepared for himself. He would give it to Jesus instead. It was an honor to have Jesus in his tomb. Now hurry! It's getting late. Joseph and Nicodemus hurried down the hill. As they entered the gate their ways divided. Joseph took the short way to the Praetorium. He would have to see Pilate and get his formal permission to remove the body of Jesus and bury it in his own tomb.

I like that expression of the Evangelist that Joseph went to Pilate, and "begged the body of Jesus." It seems like a gentle sarcasm, when Pilate had no use for the body of Jesus but to throw it out on the

...dunghill or cast it into the ditch of the common criminal.

There was no trouble for Joseph to get an audience with Pilate. Pilate catered to the rich and powerful and he knew the reputation of Joseph's immense wealth. Money talked. Pilate must have been amazed that a man of this calibre should get mixed up in this bad business. The Jews would despise him. However, that was his lookout.

But Pilate could hardly believe that what Joseph said was true, that Jesus was already dead. Impossible! Pilate knew something about crucifixions. No victim ever died so quickly. Why, sir, I've known them to last for days. You must be mistaken. Well, we can settle it very easily. I'll send for the Captain Longinus.

PILATE despatched a messenger to Calvary to have Longinus come at once to the Praetorium, and while waiting, I can imagine that he discussed with Joseph the things that had taken place that day. Pilate was still upset. It had been a horrible experience for him. He had time to think it over and he was at heart ashamed of himself, even while he tried to convince himself that he had been forced to do what he had done.

Longinus arrived in a short time. He was still nervous, trembling from the spiritual experience he had gone through. What about it? asked Pilate. Yes, replied Longinus, Jesus was dead. He could say no more. He could not dare reproach Pilate, nor could he bare to his materialistic, selfish eyes the knowledge he had learned at Calvary that Jesus was indeed the Son of God.

Pilate wanted no more. He had had enough of it anyway. So he turned to Joseph and very graciously granted him leave to take charge of the body of Jesus. He little guessed what a treasure he was handing over to Joseph.

But Joseph and Longinus were scarcely out and on the way back to Calvary when Pilate was disturbed again. This time it was a delegation of the hated Jews. They would not come in for fear of defilement, so Pilate had to go out to them. He listened impatiently. They told him their story. Tomorrow was the Great Sabbath. The bodies of Jesus and the thieves must come down from the cross before sunset, hence they wanted permission to break their legs and so hasten their death so that the law could be complied with. No words were wasted. Go and do what you want, said Pilate, only, I have given the body of Jesus to one of your Councillors, Joseph. Jesus is dead already. I'll see that the soldiers get their orders.

Joseph and Longinus had arrived back at Calvary. A few minutes later came Pilate's messenger with the orders that if the criminals were still living their legs should be broken so as to hasten their death and get them out of the way before the Jewish Sabbath.

Longinus gave the orders, and the soldiers hastened to carry them out. With a heavy club or hammer they proceeded to break the legs. The thieves were still alive, they might live for days. The breaking of the legs was an added agony. That was the purpose of it, as well as to hurry the victims' death. Heartlessly they smashed the legs of the two thieves, but as they saw that Jesus was already dead they did not have to resort to this drastic punishment. Poor Dysmas and Gestas went into their death agony.

Jesus was dead, no doubt about that, but to make it absolutely certain one of the soldiers thrust a spear or lance into His right side whereupon a miraculous flow of blood and water came from the wound. There is a tradition that it was the Captain Longinus who gave this *coup de grace* with the lance. The Roman Martyrology, March 15, says that the name of the soldier who opened our Lord's side was Longinus and in the old "Acts of Pilate" the name of the Centurion is given as Longinus. Hence it is logical to deduce that Longinus himself was the soldier who pierced the side of Jesus. There is another tradition that Longinus suffered from a disease of the

eyes, and that when he pierced the side of Jesus, a drop of the Precious Blood spurted into his eye and cured him, whereupon he became a convert. There is another tradition that he was the son of the Centurion who had begged Our Lord to come and heal his servant.

THE lance has always been held as a very precious relic. The major part of it was once in the hands of the Turks but, in 1492, was sent by the Sultan Bojozet to Pope Innocent VIII. It is still venerated in St. Peter's in Rome.

Meanwhile Nicodemus had returned from the city bringing the material necessary for the burial of Jesus. Nicodemus had at last come into his own. He was so wealthy that it was said he could have maintained the city at his own expense for ten years. He was a member of the Sanhedrin and was a strict Pharisee. Even at the beginning of Our Lord's public ministry he was so impressed by His teaching that he came to Our Lord on His first Pasch at Jerusalem to be instructed in what to do to enter the Messianic Kingdom. He was afraid, however, and had come at night, secretly. But, weak as he was and afraid to take the final step, he had continued to be in sympathy with Jesus, and just six months before the condemnation he defended Him to his fellow-Councillors who had already set themselves definitely against Jesus without a hearing. "Doth our law judge any man," said he, "unless it first hear him, and know what he doth?"

But he had lived to see the day that Jesus was condemned without a hearing. He saw the injustice of it all and his faith in Jesus blazed forth, and, old as he was, he decided to confess himself openly a follower of Jesus. His faith was no longer of the night. Nicodemus was no longer afraid.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon. All things were ready. But the time was short. Everything was done in haste, for the Great Sabbath was nearing. There were many hands to help, however. Joseph, Nicodemus, Longinus, John, Mary, Magdalene and the other holy women—all were eager to do the last kind offices for the Master. Even the soldiers who had been so brutal when the cross had been raised were now anxious to atone for their former unkindness. The cross was gently lifted out of the hole and laid upon the ground. The ropes were loosed, the nails were drawn out. An empty cross again. Mary sat at the side of the cross; she lifted up into her lap the dead body of her Son, and bending over kissed the cold lips. That kiss was to her another sword. It was her sixth dolor.

A dolor to Mary, but to us a prophecy of hope, for the death moment when she will sit by our cross, our bed of death, and lovingly, motherly, fold our head to her breast and kiss our lifeless lips.

Star from Star

One is the glory of the sun, another the glory of the moon, and another the glory of the stars. For star differeth from star in glory.—1 Cor. 15:41.

By Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

PRAY, why has that been written:

"Star differeth from star,"

Except some see Him closely,

But others from afar?

And would you see Him closely?

'Tis love that gives the light;

Aye, they who draw Him closest

Shall have the fairest sight.

True, none shall see Him darkly,

For stars are stars, I know.

Yet, some burn most intensely,

While others faintly glow.

And as stars draw more closely,

The more glorious they are . . .

'Tis thus, you see, quite simple,

Why star differeth from star.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

CATHOLIC MISSION HISTORY.
By Joseph Schmidlin, D.D. Translation by Matthias Braun, S.V.D. Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill. \$5.00.

Because of its filling adequately a long-desired need, this scholarly volume of detailed information on past missionary development is assured of a hearty welcome. With references accurately valued, the work reveals sound judgment on the part of its author who has produced an absorbingly interesting narrative. From apostolic times the growth of the Church's mission activity is traced through the early centuries to its wider field in Græco-Roman civilization. Affected by the migrations of the northern tribes, the missionaries accommodated themselves to the conditions, winning Europe to the Faith.

The modern epoch, beginning with the great discoveries of America and remote islands, is treated impartially. An honest account is given of the cruelties committed by colonizers whose crimes were the greatest obstacle to the conversions of newly found races. Missionary activities in the near and the far East, in North and South America are related with just enough suggestion of detail so that the reader is not detracted from the general view.

A decline in missionary interest is pictured, with its reasons, before the latest upswing of intensive activity. Through the ages the Church, after being thwarted for a time by obstacles, is shown as ever mindful of her missionary task. The extensive bibliography alone is worth the price of this volume. Schools and colleges especially will suffer a loss if *Catholic Mission History* is not on their shelves for reference. It should also be in every public library.

CATHOLIC MISSION THEORY
(*Katholische Missionslehre im Grundriss*). By Joseph Schmidlin, D.D., Professor of Missiology at the University of Muenster. Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill. \$5.00.

In his preface to the first German edition of this excellent work, the author says: "This book sets forth a tentative effort toward the production of a scientific treatise on mission theory from the Catholic point of view." He modestly states that it is not to be considered an exhaustive work on the subject, but merely a sketch to be filled in later by others. It is as complete as he can make it with the sources available in this day. However, a book of 544 pages, including a bibliography of 18 pages, and an index of 64 pages would strike a casual reader as being fairly exhaustive. What the

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author has in mind, in declaring that his book is not to be considered complete, is not any lack of knowledge of mission principles, but lack of details in the matter of putting them into practice in the various missions. These details, he hopes, others with the necessary knowledge and talent will supply.

The text in essence is a somewhat amplified version of a course of lectures delivered at the University of Muenster. It is a pioneer effort—a first furrow ploughed in an uncultivated field. It is the only Catholic work of its kind, according to Rev. Matthias Braun, S.V.D. Catholics have reason to thank the author for developing his theme so interestingly and thoroughly. There is also ground for embarrassment in the knowledge that our Protestant friends have far outdistanced us in publishing treatises on Missiology. In the bibliography of this book there are 373 entries, of which only 20

are by Catholic authors. And these were supplied by the translators and publishers. Dr. Schmidlin gives as his reason for this contrast the necessity of Protestants having a rationale for missions, when one of the fundamental principles of the Reformers was *Cujus regio illius religio* ("The religion of the State should be the religion of the Prince.") Since even heathen and pagan nations had and have their official religion (or religions), it would be illogical for Protestants to attempt to convert them to Christianity. Despite the illogicality of their position, Protestants have labored and still do labor diligently to produce a mission literature, in which they attempt to prove that the religion of Jesus was and is truly universal in scope.

Catholics, however, from the very beginning were conspicuous for their zeal in propagating the Faith. They were more intent on laboring in the mission fields than writing books defending their activities. This is Dr. Schmidlin's excuse for the dearth of Catholic Literature on the subject. Perhaps the most honest explanation of this lack is plain intellectual laziness and inertia.

To give our readers an idea of the matter covered in this exceptional book, we think there is no better way than to summarize its contents. In the introduction he lays down his definition of Mission Theory "as the scientific investigation and statement of the principles and rules which govern the work of spreading the Faith." He goes on to give a survey of the History and Literature of the Missions, together with the Sources of Mission Theory and the meaning of Mission. In Chapter I he treats of the Basis of Missions, both supernatural and rational. Chapter II is concerned with the Mission Subject—the person to whom should be entrusted the work of spreading the Faith. The Mission Object—the territory in which the mission is erected is discussed in Chapter III. In Chapter IV is the Mission Aim, both personal (conversion) and social (Christianization of society, ecclesiastical organization, collaboration of natives, etc.). In Chapter V Missionary Means are discussed. He enlarges upon the Direct Missionary Means, as prayer, sacrifice, example, preaching, and baptizing; and the Indirect Missionary Means, as natural factors, mission schools, mission literature, and economic and charitable activity. An appendix deals with Initiation into the Christian Life.

Dr. Schmidlin writes with a steadiness of purpose and sureness of touch. He appears to be thoroughly conversant with his subject. The only point in which he may not be accurate is, as said above, in

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the application of Mission Theory to particular places and times—a matter which he confesses is beyond his capacity, and which those in possession of the necessary details (and inclination to write) must supply. He will welcome them.

As to the general accuracy and worth of this book there can be no doubt. In our opinion it is a work of exceptional merit. We strongly recommend it to superiors of missionary institutes and to all schools and colleges which are interested in Missiology (and we hope there are very many). Where Missiology is taken up seriously and not as a pastime, Mission Theory should serve as a text book.

We congratulate the author, the publishers, and the translator, and hope that the book will have a large sale. In a very exceptional sense it supplies a long felt need.

THE GATES OF HELL. By Erik R.v. Kuhnelt-Leddihn. Translated by I. J. Collins. Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York. \$2.50.

This is an amazing and a tremendous book. It is the first Catholic novel to treat of the present-day Russian scene. The author is a young Hungarian newspaperman who is quite familiar with the locale of his story. He knows Eastern Europe exceptionally well, but in treating of the Church and the methods used by the Church in its advancement and protection in Russia he seems to take certain things too much for granted and in some of his assertions is somewhat far-fetched.

The Gates of Hell is an out-and-out propaganda novel, the theme being Catholicism versus Communism, Protestantism, Capitalism, and Puritanism. The hero, Eugen Düring, a young German Catholic journalist, is a spy in the employ of a Jesuit, Fr. Scapinelli. He goes to Soviet Russia with the passport of a dead man, there to observe and report on affairs and happenings. Beneath the titanic struggle of the Church against modern heresies and Soviet godlessness, and the vivid descriptions which the author so cleverly presents, there is woven a rather dreary story of frustrated love.

All through the book there seems to run a strain of bleakness and futility so that in the end the reader is conscious of a depression, a feeling of sadness. It is as if the author, deeply moved and affected by the people and the places and the events depicted in his story, had been overcome with depression. *The Gates of Hell* often makes unpleasant reading. However, Soviet Russia of today is not a particularly pleasant place. His description of the land of the "Hammer and Sickle" is graphic. It is a land "where a few Christian principles are

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thrashed into the people with terrorism and bloodshed and dirt and meanness," and as an "obligatory monastery with furiously locked-up monks, and a prior obsessed with collectivist mania." Reflecting on the Reformation we learn that "since 1517 we have been sitting in a 'preserving tin', and silently watching schizophrenic, monomaniac, paranoiac humanity setting up their home in Europe." Moral and physical evil, filth and degeneracy are described in unmistakable terms. There is no mincing of words. While this is rather unexpected in a so-called Catholic novel, *The Gates of Hell* is none the less a Catholic novel.

The author more than once betrays his youthful immaturity and callowness. He is only twenty-four years of age. At times he lets his imagination speed his pen while his reason lags behind. This is a fault that time will undoubtedly correct. At all events, Erik R.v. Kuhnelt-Leddihn reveals a dazzling fertility of thought combined with terrific force and energy. He has given us a great book, a highly dramatic novel and an unforgettable picture of Middle Europe today. It is most certainly a book that should not be missed.

THE CATHOLIC WAY IN EDUCATION. By Rev. William J. McGucken, S.J., Ph.D. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$1.50.

Despite the somewhat formidable title on this book, it is not, so the author's Foreword informs us, "... for the professional doctors in education." Rather, is it written for "... mothers and fathers, the best of educators; for the thousands of sensible teachers who are really educating the youth of the country. Most of all the book is written for the Catholic layman and laywoman who are making such heroic efforts to support Catholic education."

It may be true that the author did not have professional doctors in education in mind as he wrote, but they can find much in his book that will be of profit to them. They can behold themselves and their expensive and, generally, silly systems held up to the glaring light of Catholic principles of education. They can read how the Church, ready and willing to examine, and sometimes to adopt, newer and more modern methods and modes, is so successful in education because of reasonable adherence to old and basic fundamentals without which there can be no true education.

The first chapter treats of the modern trends in American education. With admirable logic and clarity the many defects of dangerous experimentalism and utilitarianism are pointed out. In Father McGucken's opinion, it all began with Jean Jacques Rousseau and his *Émile*, "that incredibly unreal book, the product

of an unreal age, which has become the Koran of the American school," but which the French themselves discarded as a practical theory of education. Then came Eliot of Harvard who visited the American school with the curse of eclecticism. Following Eliot is Dewey of Columbia with his theory of freedom and abhorrence of discipline. This triumvirate is mainly responsible for the hodgepodge of the educational system in our country. Added to this triple influence we have a contemporary cult of sentimentalism and pragmatism and the doctrine of essential progress. The result is a "cafeteria system" of education and a loose and unbalanced curriculum which allows a child to take up "batik work" and other nonsensical subjects. All this is shown to be worthless and extravagant.

Other chapters discuss the supernatural in education, the Catholic college, modern psychology and character education. Of this last named there is far too little in the American public school system. What there is of it is usually confined to the football field and like occasions where the youthful player learns "the sporting thing to do," and that's the end of it. The deeper, finer and essential elements in character education are neglected. Only the Catholic system regards them as necessary. Chapter Five, the longest and the most important in the book, is given over to an outline of a complete workable scheme of Catholic education, suitable to a diocese or city in twentieth-century America.

This is an important and a valuable book. Educators and pedagogs will find it interesting and stimulating. Layfolk, many of whom make sacrifices to support Catholic schools or to send their children to them, will find here an unanswerable argument for continued support and, if need be, sacrifice.

INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF NAMES. By C. O. Sylvester Mawson, Litt.D., Ph.D. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$2.00.

This is a very useful and up-to-date book that should be kept in an accessible place in the home, the office, the schoolroom, and in school or college or public libraries. It is of eminently practical use for public speakers. The words are arranged alphabetically with the proper pronunciation clearly indicated in parenthesis followed by a line or two of explanation and identification. All together there are some nine thousand names of persons, places and things to be found in geography, literature, mythology and other branches of learning.

The author is an old hand at compilations of this sort and the benefit of his years of experience is plainly evident throughout. Of special interest are names frequently heard over the radio or often seen in the newspapers at the

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present time. There are many items in the book which would be of interest to Catholics. For instance, there is the name Hilaire Belloc. The gentleman's right name is Hilary and not Hilaire and his surname is accented on the first syllable as in bullock or hillock. The hundreds of new names which have come into use since the War and the changing of geographical boundaries are all carefully noted. The information is authoritative, being drawn from official sources and approved local use. Pronunciation of the names of well-known people are vouched for by the persons themselves. All of which makes this an indispensable reference work.

SAINT JOHN BOSCO. By H. L. Hughes, B.A. D. Litt. By Herder Company, St. Louis, Mo. \$1.25.

The recent canonization of St. John Bosco, the founder of the Salesian Congregation, renders this book especially timely. Father Hughes, who is, by merit of his past works, an experienced and interesting biographer, gives us a charming and edifying short life of our newest saint.

Saint John Bosco was born in 1815 of Italian peasant parentage. He became a priest in 1841. Most of his subsequent life until the time of his death in 1888 was spent in caring for the boys of working-class parentage in Turin. So extensively and so rapidly did this work grow that he was moved to found a Religious Congregation which would carry it on after his death. This society of men he placed under the patronage of St. Francis de Sales and called them the Salesians. At present they are actively engaged in nearly every part of the world in the training of Catholic youth. One of the most interesting chapters in the book describes the educational system of St. John Bosco.

The reading of this book will be a source of consolation and encouragement in that we follow the life of a man closely associated with the present generation, canonized by a Pope who was his personal friend, and who, in his exterior characteristics, seemed to be a very ordinary mortal, but who was motivated in his every action by the love of God. This is one of the better biographies of the Saints.

THAT WHICH WAS LOST. By Isabel C. Clarke. Longmans, Green & Co. New York, N. Y. \$2.50.

This is one of the finest stories to come from the prolific but not always interesting or successful pen of Isabel C. Clarke. For some time past she has been giving us rather weak, inconsequential, unreal and trashy society novels dealing with the upper-crust of London. To be sure they all had a Catholic twist

to them but they were none the less poor stories. In *That Which Was Lost* she comes back to ordinary, commonplace people and at the same time succeeds in finding herself.

It is the story of the Tanzi family. The father, a descendant of a Tuscany peasant family, is a waiter in a London hotel. Bettina, the wife and mother, is a chamber-maid. The bulk of the story is given over to the lives of the four children and the mother. Mario, the eldest, goes back to his ancestral land of Tuscany; Sandro becomes a priest; Florinda, the highstrung, impetuous daughter, is swept into fame and a brilliant marriage; Nando, the youngest, is brought up as a Calvinist. The action of the novel brings us to several interesting and widely separated places. We visit Tuscany, catch a glimpse of life in an English country estate, on ship-board, in Rome, and in the London slums.

That Which Was Lost should please the many admirers of Isabel C. Clarke's style and at the same time win for her many new readers. It is undoubtedly the most dramatic and the most charming novel that Miss Clarke has yet offered to us.

THE WORLD'S STAGE: OBERAMMERGAU, 1934. By Raymond Tift Fuller. Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. \$1.00.

This year marks the three hundredth anniversary of the Oberammergau Passion Play. For three centuries, despite hardship and adversity, the simple Catholic inhabitants of this picturesque Bavarian village have continued to present their famous dramatization of the life of Christ. This small book gives a complete history of the Passion Play, an explanation of its meaning and a few pen-sketches of its most important characters. For any who are going to Europe this year and intend to see the Passion Play of Oberammergau, this book will be a most useful and interesting guide.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER. By Sister Mary Paula, S.N.D.deN. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.75.

This story of the life of Our Blessed Mother is based upon the Gospel narrative and, where necessary, supplemented by the imagination of the author. No liberties have been taken, however, with the words of Our Lord or of His Blessed Mother, but legends and traditions have been prudently drawn upon.

It is an inspiring and completely orthodox story that is here presented. We follow Our Lady from her birth and early childhood through the various and better known incidents in her life. We behold her in the Temple, listen to the story of her espousal, stand awestruck

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with her in the stable in Bethlehem and weep with her on the dreary heights of Calvary. The last years of her life, spent in company with St. John and the members of the early Church, are beautifully described.

The book is narrative in form, the story being related by Vesta, a pious woman convert of early Christian days. The language and style are accommodated to youths of high-school age but adults also can gain much interesting information and profitable enjoyment from the reading of this excellent book.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN PICTURES. By Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire. Doubleday Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$1.75.

In this picturization of the "Our Father" for children, by Mr. and Mrs. D'Aulaire, the artists have grasped remarkably well the understanding of child psychology.

Many educators, in their endeavors to assist the child in his psychological conflicts, make the mistake of projecting their own conflicts into the life of the young. They view the problems of children through their own eyes rather than through the eyes of the child. Consequently they minimize his problems. Difficulties which to the young are tremendous, may be in themselves, or may appear to the adult to be, ridiculous trifles. It remains none the less true that to the child they present heart-breaking difficulties.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Aulaire have not made this mistake. They have illustrated each significant phrase of the ageless prayer with an eye to the practical conflicts of child life. Such trifling things as being sick in bed while other children are playing, sharing one's toys with others, picnicking with all its accompanying joys,

boating in a nearby stream,—all these are shown to have a definite religious aspect; to provide occasion for the practice of real virtue.

If children are taught the "Our Father" by such charming object-lessons, which are at the same time so eminently practical, it cannot but have a very real bearing upon their spiritual growth. They will be taught that religion is not a mere Sunday affair, but that it has intimate relations with the most ordinary events of each day; it is not a harsh and repellent thing, but sweet and comforting, bringing its peaceful influence to bear upon innocent joys and merriment.

Another commendable feature of this book is the attempt to spiritualize the notion of God. In the initial phrase, "Our Father Who art in Heaven," God is represented not as the conventional bearded man seated on the clouds, but as a source of streaming light, pouring golden rays upon all creation, surrounded by myriads of angels. This departure from anthropomorphism cannot but exalt the true notion of God.

The book should have a most beneficial effect upon children at their most formative years, presenting to them, as it does, some of the tremendous truths of revelation, linked with the most ordinary events of an ordinary child's life. The pictures are attractive. The coloring excellent. Soft pastels are used throughout which subdue the psychological tension that more violent colors produce in the child. It is to be wondered, though, if it is necessary to simplify perspective to the extent to which it has been done. Doubtless it may help to a readier appreciation by the

child, but would more accurate perspective have minimized these benefits?

THE REFORMATION AND THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE. By David Mathew and Gervase Mathew, O.P. Sheed & Ward, Inc., New York \$2.50.

The two well-known and gifted brothers—one of them a secular priest and the other a member of the Order of Preachers—wrote this learned book on what the Reformation meant to the contemplative life. The sub-title tells us that it is a study of the conflict between the Carthusians and the State. This is a more accurate title, for in reality it is the story of how the Carthusians of several countries fared at the hands of the instigators and leaders of the Reformation. The two famous Carthusian monasteries of the London Charterhouse and the Grande Chartreuse feature prominently in the story. Others in Spain and Hungary and as far removed as Scandinavia are mentioned. The book, while it has every earmark of erudition, learning and profound research, is a bit cumbersome in parts making the reading slow and laborious. The effect of the Peasants' Rising on the German Charterhouses and the Anabaptist Rising are described vividly. The mediæval world order is contrasted with the new theory of the State. Cloisters like those inhabited by the Carthusians suffered greatly at the hands of the Reformers. Such a book has necessarily only a limited appeal. It is a work for scholars and pedants, but in its class it is unsurpassed.

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THE GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH. By Gustavus A. Eisen. Published by Fahim Kouchakji, New York. \$1.50.

The exhibition of the Chalice of Antioch at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago last year occasioned widespread comment and numerous enquiries for some book which would treat the subject adequately. The only existing and worth-while book was a ponderous and technical work of two volumes and at a price inaccessible to the layman. Accordingly this popular and much reduced edition has been published. It suits the purpose admirably. The price is nominal. The text is readily understandable, almost wholly non-technical, and the illustrations sufficient in number and wisely chosen and arranged. It is a pleasing and artistic work. Those who are interested in learning more about the Chalice of Antioch should procure a copy of Prof. Eisen's book. It furnishes the only popular and complete discussion of that famous relic of Christian antiquity. School and college libraries and museums would be improved by adding copies of the larger, two volume edition.

CHARLES THE FIRST. By Hilaire Belloc. (\$4.20.) In his forceful style the author reviews the life and times of Charles Stuart, last reigning and governing King of England, from the day of his birth in Scotland to the day when he bravely faced the hangman.

WEeping CROSS. By Henry Longan Stuart. (\$2.10.) A vivid and penetrating story of love and intrigue in early Puritan New England. Powerfully and beautifully written, and with consummate artistry. Without doubt the finest Catholic novel in recent years.

PREFACE TO POETRY. By Theodore Maynard. (\$2.90.) A book of valuable information. It introduces one to the beauty and magic of poetry, and helps one to derive from poetry much that, perhaps, has been heretofore missed or unappreciated.

BY POST TO THE APOSTLES. By Helen Walker Homan. (\$2.75.) Wherein the human qualities of the Twelve are caught in all their naive frankness and translated into modern terms to bring them home. The author combines lightness of touch with an amazing breadth of vision.

OUR MOVIE MADE CHILDREN. By Henry James Forman. (\$2.75.) No priest or teacher should be without a copy of this startling and informative volume. An exceptionally timely study of one of the nation's most serious contemporary problems.

THIS IS CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE. By Adrian Lynch, C.P. (\$1.60.) A veritable mine of pertinent information on a misunderstood subject. Practical, understandable, instructive and up-to-date. There is no other book like it in English. The Question-and-Answer method used throughout.

LIFE OF IGNATIUS SPENCER, L.C.P. By Urban Young, C.P. (\$2.25.) A splendid biography of one of the most picturesque and influential figures in the early days of the Oxford Movement. Particularly valuable for the graphic and remarkable view it gives of those memorable days.

BROADCAST MINDS. By Ronald Knox. (\$2.75.) The irrepressible Father Knox here turns the guns of his keen wit and sure logic upon several of our better known intellectual lights, as well as upon some of the more prominent "isms" of the day. The result is devastating.

UNDER HIS SHADOW. By Francis Shea, C.P. (\$1.60.) There is an unction in these pages that cannot but warm the heart with love for Jesus Crucified. The author presents sublime thoughts in a striking and appealing manner. For priests, for religious, for lay-folk.

WORTHWHILE BOOKS

CATHOLIC writers are producing many fine books from month to month, books that establish a viewpoint on the many questions of modern life; books that should not be missed by intelligent Catholics. *THE SIGN* has selected the works named below as some of the best examples of the Catholic literature being created today. To facilitate its readers in obtaining these books, *THE SIGN* is offering a new service. Simply send a card to *THE SIGN*, Union City, N. J., for any of the books named below. Prices in parentheses include free delivery.

GREAT MAGDALENES. By Hugh Blunt, LL.D. (\$1.10.) Thrilling and dramatic stories of lives which have furnished material for many a scarlet page in the world's literature. Father Blunt describes a feature of their lives seldom dwelt upon—their return to God as humble penitents.

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MORE MYSTICS	\$1.60
OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE	\$1.60

Who Will Die Tonight?—

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship. Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$.....) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within..... months after my demise.



In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this.....day of....., 19.....

Signed.....

Witness.....

Witness.....

Witness.....

Painless Giving ♦ ♦ ♦



GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank.

They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving.

If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You may have both, if you wish.

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS



STUDENT BURSES



YOUR LAST WILL



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of { \$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

* * *

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

* * *

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

* * *

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

* * *

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

* * *

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

* * *

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

* * *

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

* * *

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it
with you!

—

Will you hoard it
or spend it?

—

Give it away or
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

* * *

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

* * *

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

* * *

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **PERMANENCE:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **ABUNDANT YIELD:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **SECURITY:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **FREEDOM FROM WORRY:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **ECONOMY:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **STEADY INCOME:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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